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THE

ADVENT HARP;

DESIGNED FOR

BELIEVERS IN THE SPEEDY COMING OF CHRIST.

Speak to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord. Eph. 5: 19.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY J. V. HIMES.
1851.

STEREOTYPED BY
HOBART & ROBBINS;
NEW ENGLAND TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERY,
BOSTON.

PREFACE.

THE ADVENT HARP, in its new form and dress, is now presented to our brethren and friends. That it is free from defects, and will be received without objection or complaint, is too much to expect; though we may say, justly, we believe, that in preparing it we have done what we could.

It has required, from our first efforts in the advent cause, a large amount of labor to prepare hymns and other works that are adapted to the department of labor in which we are engaged. But from the sympathy and patience which have been manifested towards our faults and infirmities, by the great mass of advent believers, we may hope that the unavoidable defects of our new Harp, or even those which may be seen to be avoidable, will be excused, for the sake of its general adaptation to meet our wants, in the service of God, and in view of its many excellences.

It is with gratitude we state that we believe this compilation of hymns and music to be much better than all the others which have been in use among us. It retains all the pieces that have been considered valuable; it replaces many

pieces, that have seldom been sung, with new pieces that have never appeared in any other collection, or good selections; while the whole have been carefully revised so as to make them suitable for general use.

To the friends who have contributed their poetical effusions, and to those who have forwarded choice selections, we are very grateful, though it has been impossible to insert all that has been sent us without swelling the book beyond any reasonable size. To those brethren of the committee that was appointed at New York who have aided in the revision and correction of the old book, and also in selecting new hymns, we express our sincere thanks.

Our friends will be gratified to find this book free from "parts," although it unites all the advantages of the "Millennial Harp." The pages are numbered from beginning to end, as one book. The index refers to the page where any hymn may be found by the first line. The hymns without music are arranged under appropriate heads, according to the particular subject to which they refer.

Still commending our Harp to God, whose aid we have sought in its preparation, we trust it will be the means of aiding some of our fellow-pilgrims to hold on their way, till they all strike their harps of immortality to the songs of the redeemed in the kingdom of God!

J. V. Himes.

Boston, August, 1849.

THE

ADVENT HARP.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

1. S. P. M.

1 HOW pleased and blessed was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

2. 7s. M.

1 TO thy temple we repair;
Lord, we love to worship there;
While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips, inspire our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Christ, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

4 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
Then, at evening, we may say,
"We have walked with God to-day."

3. C. M.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand;
And they must drink, or die.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

4. S. M.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

5. L. M.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
Thy saints adore thy holy name;
Thy creatures bend th' obedient knee,
And, humbly, thy protection claim.

2 Thy hand has raised us from the dust;
The breath of life thy spirit gave;
Where, but in thee, can mortals trust?
Who, but our God, has power to save?

3 Eternal Source of truth and light,
To thee we look, on thee we call;
Lord, we are nothing in thy sight,
But thou to us art all in all.

4 Still may thy children in thy word
Their common trust and refuge see;
O, bind us to each other, Lord,
By one great tie — the love of thee.

6. 7s. M.

1 CHRISTIANS, brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

7. L. M.

1 IF, in a temple made with hands,
God speaketh still his high commands,
Let me to that blest place repair,
That I may learn my duty there.

2 If, in the ailments of the soul,
There be a power that makes it whole,
Let me to that pure fount apply,
Lest the neglected spirit die.

3 If there be still a sacrifice,
That may to God with favor rise,
Let me present a contrite heart,
Ere from this temple I depart.

4 Where God would have the off'ring made,
There be the willing tribute paid,
Till to his name I consecrate
The worship of an endless state.

8. L. M.

1 GOD of the morning! at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies:

2 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

9. C. M.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Oft to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

5 The men that love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfilled;
The mighty God shall compass them
With favor as a shield.

10. L. M.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

11. L. M.

1 GREAT God, attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun — he makes our day;
God is our shield — he guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

12. 7s. M.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown the day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come!
No! the church is called to raise
Psalms and hymns of grateful praise.

13. L. M.

1 WE bless thee, Lord, that we have met
Once more before thy mercy-seat;
Thy ransomed family, to raise
In Jesus' name one song of praise.

2 And now thy blessing we implore,
To guard and keep us evermore;
Into thine hand our souls commend,
To guide, to strengthen and defend.

14. L. M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise to set no more.

15. 8 & 7s. M.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

16. L. M.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'T is here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live;
It bids the drooping saint revive.

3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

4 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye;
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

17. C. M.

1 THE counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

2 Here light, descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our numerous gifts are here redrest,
And all our wants supplied;
Nought we can ask to make us blest,
Is in this book denied.

4 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find.

18. C. M.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour near.

19. 7s. M.

1 HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine, art thou, to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O thou holy book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

20. C. M.

1 HAIL, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night;
Diffusing o'er the mental world
The healing beams of light.

2 Jesus, thy word, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

3 O send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze,
And bid th' admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

21. L. M.

1 'T WAS by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word — and must endure.

22. C. M.

1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun!
It gives a light to every age;
It gives — but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
It makes the simple truly wise,
It gives the hungry meat.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
Where we shall meet above.

23. C. M.

1 WHAT is the chaff, the word of man,
When set against the wheat?
Can it a dying soul sustain,
Like that immortal meat?

2 Thy word, O God, with heavenly bread
The children doth supply;
And those who by thy word are fed,
Their souls shall never die.

24. C. M.

1 O, HOW I love thy holy law!
'T is daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 I wake before the dawn of day,
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3 Thy heavenly words my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue,
And, through my weary pilgrimage,
Yield me a heavenly song.

4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

PREACHING AND TEACHING

25. 8s. M. 61.

1 INSPIRER of the ancient seers,
Who wrote from thee the sacred page,
The same through all succeeding years;
To us, in our degenerate age,
The spirit of thy word impart,
And breathe the life into our heart.

2 When from the way of life we rove,
The living God through sin forsake,
Our conscience by thy word reprove,
Convince and bring the wand'rers back;
Deep wounded by thy Spirit's sword,
And then by Gilead's balm restored.

3 The sacred lessons of thy grace,
Transmitted through thy word, repeat,
And train us up in all thy ways,
To make us in thy will complete;
Fulfil thy love's redeeming plan,
And bring us to a perfect man.

4 Furnished out of thy treasury,
O may we always ready stand
To help the souls redeemed by thee,
In what their various states demand;
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
And build them up in holiest love.

26. C. M.

1 JESUS, my Saviour, and my Lord,
To thee I lift mine eyes;
Teach and instruct me by thy word,
And make me truly wise.

2 Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will;
Fain would I learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.

3 Help me to read the Bible o'er
With ever new delight:
Help me to love its Author more;
To seek thee day and night.

4 O let it purify my heart,
And guide me all my days;
Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,
And thou shalt have the praise.

27. S. M.

1 HOW happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

2 How blessèd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

3 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

4 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

28. C. M.

1 LIGHT of the world, shine on our souls,
Thy grace to us afford;
And while we meet to learn thy truth,
Be thou our teacher, Lord.

2 As once thou didst thy word expound
To those that walked with thee,
So teach us, Lord, to understand,
And its blest fulness see;

3 Its richness, sweetness, power and depth,
Its holiness discern;
Its joyful news of saving grace
By blest experience learn

4 Help us each other to assist,
Thy Spirit now impart;
Keep humble, but with love inflame
To thee and thine, each heart.

5 Thus may thy word be dearer still,
And studied more each day;
And as it richly dwells within,
Thyself in it display.

29. L. M.

1 COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord;
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the gospel word.

2 Go into every nation, go,
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
Glad tidings unto all we show;
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh!

3 Hark! in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls, Prepare!
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh:
Then he the guilty will not spare.

4 The glory of the Lord displayed
Shall all mankind together view,
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

30. C. M.

1 FATHER of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright, celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While in thy word we search for thee,
(We search with trembling awe!)
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

31. C. M.

1 BEFORE thy mercy-seat, O Lord!
Behold thy servants stand,
To ask the knowledge of thy word,
The guidance of thy hand.

2 Let thy eternal truths, we pray,
Dwell richly in each heart;
That from the safe and narrow way
We never may depart.

3 Lord, from thy word remove the seal,
Unfold its hidden store;
And teach us, as we read, to feel
Its value more and more.

4 Thus, while thy word our weakness guides,
Oh may we safely go
To those fair realms where love provides
A final rest from woe!

32. L. M.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And cheering our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls

33. C. M.

1 ONCE more we bow before our God,
Once more his blessing ask;
Oh! may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task!

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven in Jesus' name;
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessing suit,
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce a plenteous fruit.

34. L. M.

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts on things above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To each thy sacred word apply,
With sov'reign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

35. 8 & 7s. M.

1 PRAISE to Him by whose kind favor
Heavenly truth has reached our ears;
May its sweet reviving savor
Fill our hearts and calm our fears.

2 Truth! how sacred is the treasure!
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know:
Vain the hope, and short the pleasure,
Which from other sources flow.

3 What of truth we have been hearing,
Fix, O Lord, in every heart;
In the day of thy appearing,
May we share thy people's part.

4 Till we leave this world forever,
May we live beneath thine eye;
This our aim, our solè endeavor,
Thine to live, and thine to die.

REDEMPTION.

36. L. M.

1 COME, tune, ye saints, your noblest strains,
Your dying, risen Lord to sing;
And echo, to the heavenly plains,
The triumphs of your Saviour King.

2 In songs of grateful rapture tell
How he subdued your potent foes;
Subdued the powers of death and hell,
And, dying, finished all your woes.

3 Then to his glorious throne on high
Returned, while hymning angels round,
Through the bright arches of the sky,
The Lord, the conquering Lord, resound.

4 Almighty love! victorious power!
Not angel tongues can e'er display
The wonders of that dreadful hour—
The joys of that illustrious day.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous grace
Fill every heart, and every tongue;
Till the full glories of thy face
Inspire a sweeter, nobler song.

37. L. M.

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
When earth dissolves, then, without dread,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved, through these, I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

4 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

5 O, let the dead now hear thy voice;
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
"Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness."

38. C. M.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

39. C. M.

1 NOW to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head.

2 Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
And set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

40. C. M.

1 OH for a thousand tongues to sing
The great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of our God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 Jesus! the name that soothes our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears;
'T is life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
And sets the prisoners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

4 He speaks; and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The broken, contrite hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

41. L. M.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in thy death, thou Just and Good!
All the vain things which charm me most,
I leave them for thy precious blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

42. C. M.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief,
He came, and (oh amazing love!)
He died for our relief.

3 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

4 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But, when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

43. H. M.

1 COME, ye who love the Lord,
And feel his quick'ning power,
Unite with one accord,
His goodness to adore;
To heaven and earth aloud proclaim
Your great Redeemer's glorious name

2 He left his throne above
His glory laid aside,
Came down on wings of love,
And wept, and bled, and died:
The pangs he bore, what tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

3 He burst the grave: he rose
Victorious from the dead;
And thence his vanquished foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the heavens the Conqueror rode,
Triumphant to the throne of God.

4 He soon again will come,
(His chariot will not stay,)
To take his children home
To realms of endless day:
We there shall see him face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace.

44. C. M.

1 MY song shall always be of him
Who gave himself for me;
Who died a sinner to redeem,
And bled upon the tree.

2 I never can his love forget
Who suffered for my good;
His wounded head, hands, side, and feet,
Poured forth the sacred flood.

3 Like him, on earth I wish to be,
That when he doth appear,
I may rejoice his face to see,
And his blest voice to hear.

4 For time to come I would fulfil
The wishes of my Lord,
Obey his precepts, do his will,
And magnify his word.

45. L. M.

1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive!
Behold, the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of his Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises! and appears with God:
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

4 Hence and forever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine

PROVIDENCE.

46. C. M.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

47. 11s. M.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion! awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
Arise, for the night of thy sorrows is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion! the power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel shall be;
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

48. 10 & 11s M.

1 O, WORSHIP the King, all glorious above!
O, gratefully sing his unchangeable love!
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O, tell of his might! O, sing of his grace!
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

5 O Lord of all might, how boundless thy love!
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

49. 7s. M.

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Humble, upright, free from art;
Make me as a little child,
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide
Let me thankfully receive;
What to-morrow may betide
Calmly to thy wisdom leave;
'T is enough that thou wilt care —
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own, —
Knows he 's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone ;
Let me thus with thee abide,
Thee my Father, guard and guide.

50. L. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me ;
His loving-kindness, oh how free !

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;
He saved me from my lost estate ;
His loving-kindness, oh how great !

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along ;
His loving-kindness, oh how strong !

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood ;
His loving-kindness, oh how good !

5 Soon I may pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers may fail ;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death !

6 When conquered death shall yield its prey
When Christ shall call his saints away,
I 'll sing with rapture and surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies.

51. C. M.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown ?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thy house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

4 Let me be thine, forever thine;
Let not my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bands of pain,
O bind me with thy love!

52. C. M.

1 LORD, in the winds, and waves, and sky,
I see thee present here;
And looking at thyself I cry,
"Can I be still thy care?"

2 I think of days and dangers past,
When I have found thee nigh;
And wonder how thy love can last
To one so vile as I.

3 I think of terrors near at hand,
Of judgment yet to come,
When I before thy face must stand,
And hear my final doom.

4 The sense of all I've been and done
Would fill me with despair;
But to my Saviour's cross I run,
And find a refuge there.

5 I know he has the power to aid;
I know he has the will;
And he who once for sinners bled
Can rescue sinners still.

53. L. M.

1 THAT man no guard nor weapon needs,
The power of Jesus' love who knows;
But safe may pass where duty leads,
Through burning sands or mountain snows.

2 Released from guilt, he feels no fear;
Redemption is his shield and tower;
He sees the Saviour always near,
To help in every trying hour.

3 Christ's love possessing, he is blessed;
Secure whatever change may come;
Whether he go to east or west,
With Christ he always is at home.

4 If placed beneath the northern pole,
Though winter reigns with rigor there,
Christ's gracious beams will cheer his soul,
And make a spring throughout the year.

5 Or if the desert's sun-burnt soil
His lonely dwelling e'er should prove,
Christ's presence will sustain his toil,
Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

54. C. M.

1 FATHER, 't is thine each day to yield
Our wants a fresh supply;
To clothe the lilies of the field,
And hear the ravens cry.

2 Thy love in all thy works we see,
Thy promise, Lord, we plead,
And humbly cast our care on thee,
Who knowest all our need.

3 Let not the world engage our love,
Nor cares our bosom fill;
But fix our heart on things above,
That we may do thy will.

4 The comfort of thy light bestow ;
Our faith, O Lord, increase,
And grant thy presence here below,
The dawn of endless peace.

55. L. M.

1 ALMIGHTY Lord of earth and skies,
Supremely good, supremely wise ;
Fix thou the place of our abode ;
But may we still live near to God.

2 Where'er our dwelling shall be found,
We will thy throne of grace surround,
An altar to thy name we 'll raise,
With sacrifice of prayer and praise.

3 With faith and with devotion, Lord,
Teach us each day to hear thy word ;
Grant us thy light to learn thy will,
Grant us thy strength to do it still.

4 Give thou the visits of thy grace ;
Let all our household seek thy face ;
Our circle with thy presence bless ;
Keep out each root of bitterness.

5 Thus, while we sojourn here below,
Let streams of mercy round us flow,
Till safe we see our Father's face,
And in his mansions find a place.

56. C. M.

1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King ;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word,
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

57. L. P. M.

1 GOD of my life, how good, how wise,
Thy judgments to my soul have been;
They were bu mercies in disguise,
The painful remedies of sin;
How different now thy ways appear!
Most merciful when most severe.

2 Since first the maze of life I trod,
Hast thou not hedged about my way;
My worldly vain designs withstood,
And robbed my passions of their prey
Withheld the fuel from the fire,
And crossed each foolish, fond desire?

3 Thou wouldst not let thy captive go,
Or leave me to my carnal will;
Thy love forbade my rest below —
Thy patient love pursued me still,
And moved me from my sin to part,
And tore the idol from my heart.

4 But can I now the loss lament,
And murmur at thy friendly blow?
Thy friendly blow my heart hath rent
From every seeming good below;
Thrice happy loss! which makes me see
My happiness is all in thee.

58. C. M.

1 LORD, through the dubious paths of life
Thy feeble servant guide;
Supported by thy powerful arm,
My footsteps shall not slide.

2 To thee, O my unerring Guide,
I would myself resign;
In all my ways acknowledge thee,
And form my will by thine.

3 Thus shall each blessing of thy hand
Be doubly sweet to me;
And in new griefs I still shall have
A refuge, Lord, in thee.

4 Lord, by thy counsel while I live,
Guide thou my wand'ring feet;
And when my course on earth is run,
Conduct me to thy seat.

59. L. M.

1 AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near;
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy day thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engaged by firm decree
That as thy day thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For as thy day thy strength shall be.

4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That as thy day thy strength shall be.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

60. 7s. M.

1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own;
See! it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn!
Watchman! let thy wandering cease
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

61. 4 8s. & 2 6s. M.

1 HOW happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their guardian Rock,
In all commotions rest;
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie,
And lodge in Jesus' breast.

2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gathered into thee
Before the floods descend
And while the bursting cloud comes down,
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.

3 The plague, and dearth, and din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise;
Earth's basis shook, confirms our hope;
Its cities' fall but lifts us up
To meet thee in the skies.

4 Thy tokens we with joy confess;
The war proclaims thee Prince of peace;
The earthquake speaks thy power;
The famine all thy fulness brings;
The plague presents thy healing wings
And nature's final hour.

5 Whatever ills the world befall,
A pledge of endless good we call,
A sign of Jesus near.
His chariot will not long delay;
We hear the rumbling wheels, and pray,
"Triumphant Lord, appear!"

62. C. M.

1 THE Lord our Saviour will appear;
His day is nigh at hand;
The signs bespeak his coming near,
And all may understand.

2 Behold, he comes! he comes to reign
On earth with all his saints;
Jesus, the Lamb of God, once slain,
Will end our long complaints.

3 The prince of darkness he will bind;
The hosts of hell o'erthrow;
Satan, in the abyss confined,
The power of Christ shall know.

4 Then, those who suffered for his name,
And did obey his word,
Shall rise in glory, and proclaim
The goodness of their Lord.

5 The wonders of that happy age
What mortal can declare?
We view with joy the sacred page,
For we can read them there.

63. 7s. M.

1 SEE the gloomy, gathering cloud,
Hanging o'er a sinful land!
Sure the Lord proclaims aloud
Times of trouble are at hand;
Happy they who love his name;
They shall always find him near;
Though the earth were wrapped in flame,
They have no just cause for fear.

2 Hark! his voice, in accents mild,
(O, how comforting and sweet!)
Speaks to every humble child,
Pointing out a sure retreat.
Come, and in my chambers hide;
Here 's your refuge, here alone;
Here you safely may abide
Till the storm be overblown.

3 You have only to repose
On my wisdom, love and care;
And when wrath consumes my foes,
Mercy shall my children spare.
While they perish in the flood,
You, that bear my holy mark,
Sprinkled with atoning blood,
Shall be safe within the ark.

4 Sinners, see the ark prepared!
Haste to enter while there 's room,
Though the Lord his arm has bared,
Mercy still retards your doom.

Seek him while there yet is hope,
Ere the day of grace be past;
Lest in wrath he give you up,
And this call should prove your last.

64. C. M.

1 WHEN a black o'erspreading cloud
Has darkened all the air,
And peals of thunder, roaring loud,
Proclaim the tempest near;

2 Then guilt and fear, the fruits of sin,
The sinner oft pursue;
A louder storm is heard within,
And conscience thunders too.

3 But whither shall the sinner flee,
When nature's mighty frame,
The ponderous earth, and air, and sea,
Shall all dissolve in flame?

4 Amazing day! it comes apace;
The Lord as Judge comes down;
Will sinners bear to see his face,
Or stand before his frown?

5 Believers, you may well rejoice;
The thunder's loudest strains
Should be to you a welcome voice,
That tells you "Jesus reigns!"

65. C. M.

1 THE gath'ring clouds, with aspect dark,
A rising storm presage;
O to be hid within the ark,
And sheltered from its rage!

2 See the commissioned angel frown;
That vial in his hand,
Filled with fierce wrath, is pouring down
Upon our guilty land.

3 Ye saints, unite in wrestling prayer,
If yet there may be hope;
Who knows but mercy yet may spare,
And bid the angel stop?

4 May we at least, with one consent,
Fall low before the throne;
With tears the nation's sins lament,
The church's and our own.

5 The humble souls who mourn and pray,
The Lord approves and knows;
His mark secures them in the day
When vengeance strikes his foes.

THE SECOND ADVENT.

66. L. M.

1 THE Lord will come; the earth shall quake;
The hills their fixed seats forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come; but not the same
As once in lowly form he came, —
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come; a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind.

4 Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
O God! is this the Crucified?

5 Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountain-cleft in vain!
But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, the Lord is come!

67. 7 & 6s. M.

1 JESUS, faithful to his word,
Shall with a shout descend;
All heaven's host their glorious Lord
Shall joyfully attend.
Christ shall come with dreadful noise,
Lightnings swift and thunders loud;
With the great archangel's voice,
And with the trump of God.

2 First the dead in Christ shall rise;
Then we that yet remain
Shall be caught up to the skies,
And see our Lord again.
We shall meet him in the air;
All wrapt up to heaven shall be;
Find, and love, and praise him there,
From death forever free.

3 Who can tell the happiness
This glorious hope affords?
Joy unuttered we possess
In these reviving words;
Happy while on earth we live;
Higher bliss ordained to know;
When our King to his shall give
The kingdom here below.

68. C. M.

1 OUR Saviour Christ will quickly come,
As lightning shines on high;
In clouds, with power and glory great,
Be seen by every eye.

2 The dead are raised, the living changed;
From every land they come;
And thus triumphant over death,
They now are gathered home.

3 O glorious hope! if Jesus be
Our Saviour and our Friend,
For we shall then be with our Lord,
In joys that never end.

4 O may we wait, and watch, and pray,
Free from tormenting fear;
Our life be all devotedness,
Till he our Lord appear.

69. 7s. M.

1 IN the sun, and moon, and stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Tossed with stronger tempests, rise;
Darker storms the mountains sweep,
Fiercer lightnings rend the skies.

3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
Racking doubt, and restless fear;
And, amid the thunder-cloud,
Shall the Judge of men appear.

4 But though from that awful face
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye his chosen race;
Your redemption draweth nigh.

70. C. M.

1 "BEHOLD I come!" the Saviour cries;
"On wings of love I fly."
So come, dear Lord, my soul replies,
And bring salvation nigh.

2 Come plead thy truth's much injured cause,
And make thy glory shine;
Unite us firmly in one band,
And our whole frame refine.

3 With wingéd speed, Redeemer dear,
Bring on th' illustrious day;
Come, lest our spirits droop and faint
Beneath thy long delay.

71. L. M.

1 O JESUS, Lord! when shall we see,
And cast our longing eyes on thee;
On thee our light, our life, our love,
Our all below, our heaven above?

2 O happy day! when we no more
Shall grieve him whom our souls adore;
When sorrows, conflicts, fears, shall cease,
And all our trials end in peace.

3 Come, Saviour, come! O quickly come,
Take us, thy waiting people, home;
We long to stand around thy throne,
To love and serve thee, Lord, alone.

72. C. M.

1 ATTEND, O earth! God doth declare
His uncontrolled decree;
"Thou art my Son, this day, my heir,
Have I begotten thee.

2 "Upon my holy Zion's hill
My King I thee ordain;
And though thy foes dispute my will,
Thou shalt forever reign.

3 "Ask, and receive thy full demands;
Thine shall the heathen be;
The utmost limit of the lands
Shall be possessed by thee.

4 "Thy righteous sceptre thou shalt sway,
And all thy foes command;
Just as the potter breaks the clay,
And moulds it with his hand."

5 If but in part his anger rise,
Who can endure the flame?
Then blest are they whose hope relies
On his most holy name.

THE JUDGMENT.

73. L. M.

1 THE great archangel's trump shall sound,
(While twice ten thousand thunders roar,)
Tear up the graves and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.

2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain conceal;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

3 But we who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesus' righteousness,
Stand as the Rock of Ages sure.

4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurled,
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world;

5 The earth and all the works therein
Dissolve, by raging flames destroyed;
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.

74. S. M.

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;

2 Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

3 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down;

4 Th' immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

75. S. M.

1 LORD, help us to insure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

2 To damp our earthly joys,
T' increase our gracious fears,
Forever let the archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears,

3 The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come!
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"

4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord.

76. S. M.

1 BEHOLD, with awful pomp
The Judge prepares to come;
The archangel sounds the dreadful trump,
And wakes the general doom.

2 Nature, in wild amaze,
Her dissolution mourns;
Blushes of blood the moon deface;
The sun to darkness turns.

3 Horrors all hearts appall;
They quake! they shriek! they cry!
Bid rocks and mountains on them fall, —
But rocks and mountains fly.

4 'T is time we all awake;
The dreadful day draws near;
Sinners, your proud presumption check,
And stop your wild career.

5 Now is th' accepted time,
To Christ for mercy fly;
O turn, repent, and trust in him,
And you shall never die.

6 Great God, in whom we live,
Prepare us for that day;
Help us in Jesus to believe,
To watch, and wait, and pray.

77. C. M.

1 THAT awful day will surely come, —
Th' appointed hour makes haste, —
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'T would tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 What, to be banished from my Lord,
To rocks and mountains cry!
And yet to them must call in vain;
For who his wrath can fly?

5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

78. C. M.

1 THE angel comes; he comes to reap
The harvest of the Lord;
O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,
Wide waves his flaming sword.

2 And who are they, in sheaves, to bide
The fire of vengeance, bound?
The tares, whose rank, luxuriant pride
Chokes the fair crop around.

3 And who are they, reserved in store
God's treasure-house to fill?
The wheat, a hundred fold that bore
Amid surrounding ill.

4 O King of mercy! grant us power
Thy fiery wrath to flee;
In thy destroying angel's hour,
O gather us to thee!

AWAKENING.

79. 8, 8, & 6s. M.

1 O GOD, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

2 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar:
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

3 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss t' insure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

4 Then, Saviour, me through grace receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And in thy kingdom dwell,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
That mortal ne'er can tell

80. S. M.

1 HOW will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before the Judge,
Astonished, shrink away!

2 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

3 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of the cross,
And find salvation there.

4 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

81. P. M.

1 DARK brood the heavens o'er thee!
Black clouds are gathering fast!
In awful power thy God has come,
Thy days of mirth are past.

2 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
Red flames are bursting round;
Bright lightnings flash, loud thunders roar,
How shakes the trembling ground!

3 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
Behold, the Judge appears;
Unnumbered millions throng around,
Raised from the dust of years.

4 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee!
Sinner, behold thy doom;
Destruction opens wide for thee
Thy chosen, final home.

5 Yet stay — the vision lingers;
Why, sinner, wilt thou die?
Dark brood the heavens, but mercy waits;
This hour to Jesus fly.

82. S. M.

1 SINNERS, the call obey,
The latest call of grace;
The day is come, the vengeful day
Of a devoted race.

2 To shelter the distressed
He did the cross endure;
Enter into the clefts, and rest
In Jesus' wounds secure.

3 Jesus, to thee we fly
From the devouring sword;
Our city of defence is nigh,
Our help is in the Lord.

4 Or if the scourge o'erflow,
And laugh at innocence,
Thine everlasting arms, we know,
Shall be our sure defence.

83. 7s. M. 6 l.

1 CHURCH of Christ! awake, arise!
Let not slumber seal your eyes;
Let not joy, nor grief, nor fear,
Fill your heart, or close your ear:
For those clouds begin to roll
Which shall spread from pole to pole.

2 Church of Christ! till his dread day,
All shall eat, and drink, and play,
As though God nor cared nor knew
What an evil world could do:
Yet the wrath shall come at last,
And the day of grace be past!

3 Church of Christ! like lightning's glance
Flashing over heaven's expanse,
Shall the Son of Man appear —
Watch and mark; the hour is near:
Blessed ye who then are taken —
Woe to those who are forsaken.

84. 7s. M.

1 SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day?

See, his mighty arm is bared;
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment stand prepared;
Thou must either break or bow.

2 At his presence nature shakes;
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax;
What will then become of thee?
Who his advent may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapt in flame?

85. C. M.

1 COME to the ark — come to the ark,
To Jesus come away;
The pestilence walks forth by night,
The arrow flies by day.

2 Come to the ark — the waters rise,
The seas their billows rear;
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near!

3 Come to the ark — all, all that weep
Beneath the sense of sin;
Without, deep calleth unto deep,
But all is peace within.

4 Come to the ark — ere yet the flood
Your lingering steps oppose;
Come, for the door which open stood
Is now about to close.

PENITENTIAL.

86. C. M.

1 ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night;
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

2 There 's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 't is writ,
Against the judgment day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and published there?
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

4 Lord, at thy foot ashamed I lie;
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

87. 7s. M.

1 LORD, a better heart bestow;
Hear a sinner's broken prayer;
Full of weariness and woe,
To thy mercies I repair.

2 Once I thought I could amend
All the evil of my ways,
To thy throne my steps could bend,
Do thy will, and gain thy praise.

3 But in vain I toiled and prayed;
Still I did but sin the more;
All the efforts that I made
Showed me weaker than before.

4 Now I find no hand but one
Can deliver me from guilt;
On the merits of thy Son
All my confidence is built.

5 Ruined, helpless, and forlorn,
To the Saviour's cross I flee;
O, since Christ my sins hath borne,
Let my burdered soul go free!

88. L. M.

1 SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting sinner live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not the guilty trust in thee?

2 My crimes, though great, do not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean!

3 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment be severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

89. L. M.

1 COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
The Saviour offers heavenly rest;
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
O, come and spread your woes abroad!
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace,
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hopes thy gracious word impart:
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

90. S. M.

1 BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From day to day my helpless soul
Hath waited for a cure.

2 How often have I thought
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

3 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sovereign mercy flow,
To make a sinner whole.

4 Still then, from day to day,
I 'll wait, and hope, and try
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

5 No ; he is full of grace,
And never will permit
A soul that fain would see his face
To perish at his feet.

91. 8 & 7s. M.

1 GOD of mercy and compassion,
Look with pity on my pain ;
Hear a mournful, broken spirit,
Prostrate at thy feet complain :
Many are my foes and mighty,
Strength to conquer I have none ;
Nothing can uphold my goings,
But thy blessed self alone.

2 Saviour, look on me with pity ;
Triumph over all my foes ;
Turn to heavenly joy my mourning ;
Turn to gladness all my woes :
Live, or die, or do, or suffer,
Let my weary soul abide,
In all changes whatsoever,
Sure and steadfast by thy side.

3 When temptations fierce assault me,
When my enemies I find,
Sin, and guilt, and death, and Satan,
All against my soul combined ;
Hold me up in mighty waters,
Keep my eyes on things above ;
Jesus lives, divine atonement,
Peace and everlasting love.

92. L. M.

1 GOD of my life, to thee I call ;
Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint;
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

93. 7s. M.

1 GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
My request vouchsafe to hear;
Burdened with my sins, I cry,
Give me Christ, or else I die.

2 Wealth and honor I disdain;
Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain;
These can never satisfy;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only ease me of my guilt:
Suppliant at thy feet I lie;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

4 All unholy and unclean,
In my flesh is nought but sin;
For thy mercy I apply;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

5 Thou hast promised to forgive
All who in thy Son believe;
On thy promise I rely;
Give me Christ, or else I die.

6 Father, thou hast given thy Son,
Bruised for sins that I have done;
To that refuge now I fly;
Christ is mine; I shall not die.

94. C. M.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

95. 8 & 7s. M.

1 DREAD Jehovah, God of nations,
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications;
Now for their deliv'rance rise.

2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

PRAYER.

96. L. M.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer keeps the Christian's armor bright
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have we no words? ah! think again:
Words flow apace when we complain,
And fill our fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all our care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful songs would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

97. S. M.

1 OUR Heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now;
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come, thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine then forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne and majesty,
Of heaven and earth are thine.

98. C. M.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Show us some token of thy love,
Our feeble hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The hearing ear, the watchful eye,
The contrite heart bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith address our prayers;
And in the presence of the Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

6 And may thy gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by grace divine,
Awaken many sinners round
And bend their wills to thine.

99. C. M.

1 WHERE two or three together meet,
To seek the Lord by prayer,
The Lord is in the midst of these,
And he will surely hear.

2 Shine, Lord, on every soul that comes
By prayer to seek thy face;
Thou knowest our hope, our only hope,
Is grounded on thy grace.

3 Help us, O Lord, to ask in faith;
Take unbelief away,
And for the blessings that we need,
Give us a heart to pray.

100. 7s. M.

1 SAVIOUR, at thy feet we bow;
O vouchsafe to meet us now!
At thy people's earnest cry,
Bring thy loving mercies nigh.

2 Thou hast said, where two or three
In thy worship shall agree,
That thou wilt be present there,
Answering their faithful prayer.

3 Lord, we plead thy promise here,
Let thy presence now appear;
On our souls thy Spirit pour,
Light, and life, and peace restore.

4 Raise our thoughts from things below;
Faith's discerning eye bestow;
Let our hearts, from sin made free,
Hold sweet intercourse with thee.

5 With a beam of living fire
Purify each low desire;
Be thou, Lord our aim and end,
Our best hope, and dearest friend.

101. 7s. M.

1 HOLY Lord, our hearts prepare
For the solemn work of prayer;
Grant that when we bend the knee,
All our thoughts may turn to thee,
And thy presence may be found
Breathing peace and joy around.

2 Lord, when we approach thy throne,
Make thy power and glory known;
Thus may we be taught to call
Humbly on the Lord of all,
And with reverence and fear
At thy footstool to appear.

3 Teach us, as we breathe our woes,
On thy promise to repose,
All thy tender love to trace
In the Saviour's work of grace,
And with confidence depend
On a gracious God and friend.

102. L. M.

1 ON Tabor's top the Saviour stands;
His altered face resplendent shines,
And while he elevates his hands,
Lo, glory marks its gentle lines!

2 Two heavenly forms descend to wait
Upon their suffering Prince below;
But while they worship at his feet,
They talk of fast approaching woe.

3 Amid the lustre of the scene,
To Calvary he turns his eyes,
And, with submission all serene,
He marks the future tempest rise.

4 Then let us climb the mount of prayer,
Where all his beaming glories shine,
And, gazing on his brightness there,
Our woes forget in joys divine.

5 O that on yonder heavenly hills,
Where now the risen Saviour stands,
And peace, like softest dew, distils,
I, too, may elevate my hands!

103. C. M.

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve.

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "But should the Lord reject my plea,
And disregard my prayer,
Yet, still, like Esther, I would stay,
And perish only there.

5 "I can but perish if I go —
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

FAITH.

104. C. M.

1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by many a foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe;

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod;
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God.

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor its soft arts beguile.

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way,
By truth restrained and led,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

6 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I 'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

105. 8 & 6s. M.

1 AUTHOR of faith, to thee I cry;
To thee, who wouldst not have me die,
But know the truth and live;
Open mine eyes to see thy face,
Work in my heart thy saving grace,
And life eternal give.

2 Shut up in unbelief I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till thou the veil remove;
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write thy name upon my heart,
And manifest thy love.

3 I know the work is only thine;
The gift of faith is all divine;
But, if on thee we call,
Thou wilt the benefit bestow,
And give us hearts to feel and know
That thou hast died for all.

4 Be it according to thy word!
Now let me find my pardoning Lord;
Let what I ask be given;
The bar of unbelief remove,
Open the door of faith and love,
Make me a child of heaven.

106. C. M.

1 FAITH adds new joy to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
Fresh aid in every duty brings,
And softens all our cares.

2 Faith mortifies the love of sin,
Kindles the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give,
Which e'en the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Faith draws aside the veil of heaven,
Where unknown glories reign;
And bids us seek our portion there;
Nor bids us seek in vain.

5 Faith holds to view the promise, sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

107. C. M.

1 HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven;
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 O, what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O, would he all of heaven bestow!
Then like our Lord we 'll rise;
Our bodies, fully ransomed, go
To take the glorious prize.
On him with rapture then I 'll gaze,
Who bought the bliss for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity.

108. C. M.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

3 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars
To meet thee from above;
Thy goodness thankfully adores,
And sure I taste thy love.

4 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss
And everlasting rest.

109. 10 & 11s. M.

1 THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide:
The Scripture assures us the Lord will provide.

2 His call we obey, like Abraham of old,
Not knowing the way; but faith makes us bold;
For, though we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise — the Lord will provide

4 He tells us we 're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions — the Lord will provide.

5 No strength of our own, or goodness, we claim;
Yet, since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide —
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

110.

L. M.

1 'T IS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we shall gain our endless home,
Faith is our guide — and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into things unseen she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

111.

L. M.

1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face;
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no;
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-trees droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race;
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren although my soul remain,
And not one bud of grace appear,
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But sin, and only sin, is here;

Although my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see;
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he died for me.

112. H. M.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Saviour stands;
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die!

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 To God I 'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh
And Father, Abba, Father, cry

113. L. M.

1 AUTHOR of faith, we seek thy face,
For all who feel thy work begun;
Confirm and strengthen them in grace,
And bring thy feeblest children on.

2 Thou seest their wants, thou knowest their names;
Be mindful of thy youngest care;
Be tender of the new-born lambs,
And gently in thy bosom bear.

3 The lion roaring for his prey,
With ravening wolves on every side,
Watch over them to tear and slay,
If found one moment from their Guide.

4 Satan his thousand arts essays;
His agents all their powers employ,
To blast the blooming work of grace,
The heavenly offspring to destroy.

5 In safety lead thy little flock,
From hell, the world, and sin secure;
And set their feet upon the rock,
And make in thee their goings sure.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

114. C. M.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for, moved by thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depth of love divine.

115. 8, 8, & 6s. M.

1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To call thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious throne to bow,
Though weakest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
To have my worthless name left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it, by thy grace!
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In that expected day.
Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,
To still each unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loud through all the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shout of endless grace.

116. L. M.

1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known.

2 Through every age his gracious ear
Is open to his servant's prayer;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That he has sought his God in vain.

3 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear?
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his power — his love the same.

4 To thee our souls in faith arise;
To thee we lift expecting eyes;
We boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard where he shall lead.

117. C. M.

1 SWEET are the gifts which gracious Heaven
On true believers pours;
But the best gift is grace to know
That Jesus Christ is ours.

2 Let those who know our Jesus not
Delight in earth's gay flowers;
We, glorying in our better lot,
Rejoice that he is ours.

3 When hope, with elevated flight,
Towards heaven in rapture towers,
'T is this supports our venturous wing,
We know that Christ is ours.

4 Though Providence, with darkening sky,
On things terrestrial lowers,
We rise superior to the gloom,
When singing, Christ is ours.

5 Time, which this world, with all its joys,
With eager haste devours,
May take inferior things away,
But Jesus still is ours.

6 Haste, then, dull time, and terminate
Thy slow revolving hours;
We wish, we pray, we long, we pant,
In heaven to call him ours!

118. 8, 8, & 6s. M.

1 TELL me no more of earthly toys,
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys —
The things I loved before;
Let me but view my Saviour's face,
And feel his animating grace,
And I desire no more.

2 Tell me no more of fame and wealth,
Of careless ease and blooming health,
For they have all their snares;
Let me but know my sins forgiven,
And see my name enrolled in heaven,
And I am free from cares.

3 Give me a Bible in my hand,
A heart to read and understand
That sure unerring word;
I'd urge no company to stay,
But sit alone from day to day,
And converse with the Lord.

119. C. M.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his love is mine,
And tells me I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To meet and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Shall bear me conqueror through.

120. C. M.

1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven O let me turn my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God! in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

121. L. M.

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light ;
Try us and prove our treach'rous heart,
And bid the power of sin depart.

2 As through the wilderness we stray,
Be thou our light, be thou our stay ;
Mark out the pilgrim's heavenly road,
That leads us to the mount of God.

3 If storms and tempests cloud our way,
Our strength proportion to our day ;
Nor storms nor tempests need we fear,
If God, our sun and shield, be near.

4 Guide and uphold us with thy hand,
Till we arrive at Canaan's land —
The land where sin and death shall cease —
The land of rest, and joy, and peace.

122. 8, 7, & 4s. M.

1 SAVIOUR, through the desert lead us ;
Without thee we cannot go ;
Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,
Thou hast laid the tyrant low ;
Let thy presence
Cheer us all our journey through.

2 Through a desert, waste and cheerless,
Though our destined journey lie,
Rendered by thy presence fearless,
We may every foe defy ;
Nought shall move us,
While we see our Saviour nigh.

3 When we halt, no track discov'ring,
Fearful lest we go astray;
O'er our path thy pillar hov'ring,—
Fire by night, and cloud by day,—
Shall direct us;
Thus we shall not miss our way.

4 When our foes in arms assemble,
Ready to obstruct our way;
Suddenly their hearts shall tremble;
Thou wilt strike them with dismay;
And thy people,
Led by thee, shall win the day.

5 Then lead on, Almighty Victor;
Scatter every hostile band;
Be our guide and our protector,
Till on Canaan's shores we stand;
Shouts of victory
Then shall fill the promised land.

123 L. M.

1 I ASKED the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 I hoped that, in some favored hour,
At once he 'd answer my request,
And, by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

3 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

4 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried;
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"'T is in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

5 "These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free,
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

124. C. M.

1 WHO will arise and plead my right
Against my num'rous foes;
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose?

2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustained my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead.

3 "Alas! my sliding feet," I cried;
Thy promise was my prop;
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
Thy spirit bore me up.

4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

125. L. M.

1 LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin;
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heavenly peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away:
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That heaven prepares for their delight.

126. L. M.

1 HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race;
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

3 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise;
Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,
And honor that descends from God.

4 Happy the man who wisdom gains:
Thrice happy who his guest retains:
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

127. P. M.

1 HOW pleasant 't is to see
Kindred and friends agree —
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfil his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love.

2 'T is like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head —

Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
The oil through all the room
Diffused a rich perfume.
Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love, like heavenly dew, distils.

128. S. M.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,—
Our comforts, and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

129. 7s. M.

1 JESUS, we thy promise claim;
We are gathered in thy name;
In the midst do thou appear;
Manifest thy presence here.

2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace;
Come, and dwell within each heart,
Light, and life, and joy impart.

3 Make us all in thee complete;
Make us all for glory meet;
Meet t' appear before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.

130. L. M.

1 COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God! on all assembled here;
Behold us with a father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord;
May we thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word;
Say to the weakest, "Follow me."

3 Command thy blessing, in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill this place
With humbling and exalting power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

4 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide;
Our gracious God, by us confessed;
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in thy communion blessed.

5 With thee, and these, forever bound,
May all who here in prayer unite,
With harps and songs thy throne surround,
Rest in thy love, and reign in light.

131. L. M.

1 FEW are the hours when we can share
The comfort of united prayer;
In Jesus' name together meet,
And put the world beneath our feet.

2 Yet, Lord, thy goodness we adore,
Which now assembles us once more;
O may we here thy presence find,
And serve thee with a thankful mind!

3 Teach us, though in a world of sin,
Heaven's best employment to begin;
To speak our great Redeemer's praise,
And love his name, and learn his ways.

4 Grant that our souls, renewed by thee,
In faith and friendship may agree,
And for thy sake delight to heal,
Or share the pain that others feel.

5 Teach us to love as Christians ought,
Nor keep one proud or angry thought;
And when we meet, or when we part,
O may we still be joined in heart!

132. 7s. M.

1 GREAT the joy when Christians meet;
Christian fellowship, how sweet!
When (their theme of praise the same)
They exalt Jehovah's name.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we too the Spirit's love:
With our stubborn hearts he strove;
Chased the mists of sin away,
Turned our night to glorious day.

5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet;
Where the theme is still the same;
Where they praise Jehovah's name.

133. H. M.

1 BEHOLD how good a thing
It is to dwell in peace!
How pleasing to our King
The fruit of righteousness!
When brethren all in one agree,
How great the joys of unity!

2 When all are sweetly joined —
True foll'wers of the Lamb —
The same in heart and mind,
In thought and speech the same —
And all in love together dwell,
The peace and joy no tongue can tell.

3 Where unity takes place,
The joys of heaven we prove;
This is the gospel grace,
The unction from above;
The Spirit on believers shed,
Descending swift from Christ our Head.

4 Where unity is found,
The sweet anointing grace
Extends to all around,
And consecrates the place;
To every waiting soul it comes,
And fills it with divine perfumes.

134. 7s. M.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree:
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, both in thought and word
Altogether like our Lord.

3 Let us for each other care;
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.

4 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us still in God abide:
May our daily life express
Constant love and holiness.

135. C. M.

1 ASCENDING to his Father's throne,
The Saviour left the grave:
To comfort and unite his own,
The Spirit then he gave.

2 The spreading flame, from breast to breast,
The chosen faithful prove;
The world the wondrous power confest —
"See how these Christians love!"

3 But now, the enemy his tares
Among the wheat hath spread;
And pride, and self, and earthly cares,
Their baleful influence shed.

4 From lust of power and gain arise
Rancor, deceit, debate;
The taunting world malignant cries —
"See, how these Christians hate!"

5 Almighty Lord, we turn to thee;
This foul reproach remove;
And let our one contention be,
For meekness, peace, and love.

CHRISTIAN HOLINESS.

136. C. M.

1 EYE hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love his Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure is the land the saints espy,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

137. C. M.

1 HOLY and good I own the law,
And all its precepts right;
The sinner's soul it fills with awe,
The saint's with pure delight.

2 I cannot reach its vast extent,
For 't is exceeding broad;
But give the whole my full consent,
And own my righteous God.

3 Its holiness my soul desires;
My failings I bemoan;
But the perfection it requires
I find in Christ alone.

4 Jesus the holy law fulfilled,
To be our righteousness;
And we to him obedience yield,
Who is our life and peace.

5 His bright example shows the way;
His grace the power imparts;
His love constrains us to obey;
His law is in our hearts.

138. L. M.

1 MY bless'd Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 What truth and love thy bosom fill!
What zeal to do thy Father's will!
Such zeal, and truth, and love divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

139. C. M.

1 O SAVIOUR, may we never rest
Till thou art formed within;
Till thou hast calmed our troubled breast,
And crushed the power of sin!

2 O may we gaze upon thy cross,
Until the wondrous sight
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,
And early sorrows light!

3 Until, released from carnal ties,
Our spirit upward springs,
And sees when earthly glory dies,
True joy in heavenly things.

4 There as we gaze may we become
United, Lord, to thee;
And in a fairer, happier home
Thy perfect beauty see.

140. C. M.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that 's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me! —

2 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within; —

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine!
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of love.

141. 7s. M.

1 BLESSED Jesus, heavenly Lamb,
Thine and only thine I am:
Take me, body, spirit, soul;
Only thou possess the whole.

2 Thou my one thing needful be ;
Let me ever cleave to thee ;
Let me choose the better part ;
Let me give thee all my heart.

3 Fairer than the sons of men !
Do not let me turn again —
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,
Stoop to creature happiness.

4 All my treasure is above,
All my riches is thy love :
Who thy depth of love can tell,
Infinite, unsearchable ?

142. 7s. M.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare ;
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not turn away.

2 Thou art coming to a King ;
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin ;
O remove this load of sin !
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest ;
Take possession of my breast ;
There thy lawful right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my guide, my guard, my friend
Lead me to my journey's end.

143. L. M.

1 EMPTIED of earth I fain would be,
Of sin, of self, of all but thee;
Reserved for Christ that bled and died
Surrendered to the Crucified.

2 Sequestered from the noise and strife,
The lust. the pomp, the pride of life;
Prepared for heaven, my noblest care,
And have my conversation there.

3 Nothing save Jesus would I know;
My friend, and my companion, thou;
Constrain my soul thy sway to own;
Self-will, self-righteousness dethrone.

4 Detach from sublunary joys
One that would only hear thy voice,
Thy beauty see, thy grace admire,
Nor glow but with celestial fire.

144. C. M.

1 NO longer far from rest I roam,
And search in vain for bliss;
My soul is satisfied at home, —
The Lord my portion is.

2 Jesus, who on his glorious throne
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleased to claim me for his own,
And give himself to me.

3 His person fixes all my love;
His blood removes my fear;
And, while he pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.

4 His word of promise is my food,
His Spirit is my guide:
Thus daily is my strength renewed,
And all my wants supplied.

5 For him I count as gain each loss,
Disgrace, for him, renown;
Well may I glory in his cross,
While he prepares my crown.

145. C. M.

1 O 'TIS delight, without alloy,
Jesus, to hear thy name;
My spirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the sacred flame.

2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
When love inspires my breast;
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sovereign of the rest.

3 This is the grace must live and sing
When faith and hope shall cease;
Must sound from every joyful string
Through the sweet groves of bliss.

4 Let life immortal seize my clay;
Let love refine my blood;
Her flames can bear my soul away.
Can bring me near my God.

5 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home;
I leap to meet thy kind embrace;
I come, O Lord, I come!

CHRISTIAN WARFARE

146. C. M.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend of grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

147. 8, 8, & 6s. M.

1 THE Lord of hosts is on my side;
In him — him only, I confide,
Nor shall confide in vain;
Amidst ten thousand foes and snares,
Amidst ten thousand anxious cares,
He can my soul sustain.

2 I will not yield to servile fear,
Though all the fiends of hell draw near,
To fight, and rage, and rave;
My gracious God is also nigh,
And will their hostile rage defy;
He is at hand to save.

3 Let us our hope in God express;
Our hope is in his mighty grace;

And still in him confide ;
With dauntless courage let us rise,
Press on, and win the gracious prize,
For God is on our side.

148. 8, 8, & 6s. M.

1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your burdens feel ;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond the vale of tears,
To yon celestial hill : —

2 Look far beyond this narrow space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode ;
On faith's strong eagle pinion rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
Strong in the strength of God.

3 Who suffer with their Master here
Shall soon before his face appear,
And by his side sit down :
To patient faith the prize is sure ;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessèd bliss-inspiring hope !
It lifts the fainting spirit up ;
It brings to life the dead :
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

149. L. P. M.

1 AND art thou, gracious Master, gone,
A mansion to prepare for me ?
Shall I behold thee on thy throne ?
Shall I forever dwell with thee ?
Then let the world approve or blame,
I 'll triumph in thy glorious name.

2 Should I, to gain the world's applause,
Or to escape its sharpest frown,
Refuse to countenance thy cause,
And make thy people's lot my own;
What shame would fill me in that day
When thou thy glory shalt display!

3 And what is man, or what his smile?
The terror of his anger what?
Like grass he flourishes awhile,
But soon his place shall know him not;
Through fear of such an one, shall I
The Lord of heaven and earth deny?

4 No; let the world cast out my name,
And vile account me, if it will;
If to confess the Lord be shame,
I purpose to be viler still:
For thee, my God, I all resign,
Content, if I can call thee mine.

150. L. M.

1 WHAT means this conflict in my heart,
In which both grace and sin take part?
Both seem resolved in me to reign,
And both a daily war maintain.

2 Grace bids me seek the Lord by prayer;
Sin almost drives me to despair:
Grace bids me rise by heavenly birth;
Sin drags me downward to the earth.

3 Grace makes me love the saints of God,
His house, his service, and his word;
But sin in every place has tried
To turn my wand'ring heart aside.

4 Grace gives me views of heavenly joys,
But sin my happiness annoys;
Though sin, O Lord! would hold me fast,
Thy grace shall conquer sin at last.

151. C. M.

1 CHRIST'S trumpet sounds, let saints be armed;
The battle is begun;
The hosts of Satan are alarmed;
The day will soon be won.

2 The glorious Captain, Jesus, sends
The heralds of his might,
To search and try who are his friends,
And who will 'list to fight.

3 The gospel calls for volunteers,
That come with heart and hand;
Come, brethren, banish all your fears,
And with your Saviour stand.

4 Our King is sure the day to gain;
His friends with him shall share;
Who suffer now with him shall reign;
But let his foes beware.

5 Dear Lord, accept my worthless name;
A soldier I would be;
Thy gracious promises I claim,
And give myself to thee.

152. 8, 7, & 4s. M.

1 GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims through this barren land;
We are weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold us with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed us now and evermore.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let thy fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through;
Strong deliv'rer,
Be thou still our strength and shield.

3 Musing on our habitation,
Looking to our heavenly home,
Fills our souls with holy longing —
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come;
Hard the conflict,
Till we find our rest with thee.

153. L. M.

1 THE Christian warrior, — see him stand,
In the whole armor of his God;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand;
His feet are with the gospel shod:

2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head,
With righteousness, a breastplate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread.

3 With this omnipotence he moves,
From this the alien armies flee;
Till more than conqueror he proves,
Through Christ, who gives him victory.

4 Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death and hell he tramples down,
Fights the good fight; and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

PATIENCE.

154. L. M.

1 PATIENCE, O what a grace divine,
Sent from the God of peace and love!
That leans upon its Father's hand,
As through the wilds of life we rove.

2 By patience we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state;

And wait contented our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.

3 O for this grace to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breast;
Till life's tumultuous voyage is o'er,
We reach the port of endless rest!

4 Faith into vision shall be brought,
Hope shall in full enjoyment die;
And patience in possession end,
In the bright world of bliss on high.

155. C. P. M.

1 AS much have I of worldly good
As e'er my Master had;
I feed upon as dainty food,
And am as richly clad,
Though plain my garb, though scant my board,
As Mary's son, and nature's Lord.

2 The manger was his infant bed;
A pilgrim life he passed;
He had not where to lay his head,
Nor owned his tomb at last.
Earth yielded him no resting spot,—
Her Saviour, but she knew him not.

3 As much the world's good will I share,
Its favors and applause,
As he whose blessed name I bear,
Hated, without a cause;
Despised, rejected, mocked by pride,
Betrayed, forsaken, crucified.

4 Why should I court my Master's foe?
Why should I fear his frown?
Why should I ask for rest below,
Or sigh for brief renown?
A pilgrim to a better land,
An heir of joys at God's right hand.

156. C. M.

1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave succeeds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

2 The hand that now withholds my joys
Can yet restore my peace;
And he who bids the tempest roar
Can bid the tempest cease.

3 In the dark watches of the night,
I 'll count his mercies o'er;
I 'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly beg for more.

4 There will I rest and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He 's more than all the world to me,
My Saviour and my God.

157. C. M.

1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows!
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Jesus, remember me.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
In love remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day;
For good remember me.

4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
And, Lord, remember me.

5 If in the solemn hour of death
I bow to thy decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
O Lord, remember me!

158. C. M.

1 O LORD! whate'er is felt or feared,
This thought is our repose,
That he, by whom this frame was reared,
Its various weakness knows.

2 Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load;
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father and our God.

3 Supported by our Saviour's love,
We tend to realms of peace,
Where every pain shall far remove,
And every frailty cease.

159. L. M.

1 LORD, I am thine, but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When wicked men against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below;
'T is all the happiness they know;
'T is all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value, I resign:
Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

4 This life 's a dream, an empty show,
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake and find me there?

5 O glorious hour! O bless'd abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains, with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

160. C. M.

1 FIERCE passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea;
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we turn to thee.

2 In vain by reason and by rule
We try to bend the will;
For none but in the Saviour's school
Can learn the heavenly skill.

3 Since at his feet my soul has sat,
His gracious words to hear,
Contented with my present state,
I cast on him my care.

4 "If thou of murm'ring wouldst be cured,
Compare thy griefs with mine;
Think what my love for thee endured,
And thou wilt not repine.

5 "'T is I appoint thy daily lot,
And I do all things well:
Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,
And rise with me to dwell."

161. L. M.

1 LORD, who hast suffered all for me,
My grace and pardon to procure;
The lighter cross I bear for thee,
Help me with patience to endure.

2 The storm of loud repining hush ;
Give me, O Lord ! submissive faith ;
Nor let me speak of my distress,
Who merit everlasting wrath.

3 Perhaps some golden wedge suppressed,
Some secret sin, offends my God ;
Perhaps that Babylonish vest,
Self-righteousness, provokes the rod.

4 Ah ! were I buffeted all day,
Mocked, crowned with thorns, and spit upon
I yet should have no right to say
My great distress is mine alone.

5 Let me not angrily declare
No pain was ever sharp as mine ;
Nor murmur at the cross I bear,
But rather weep, rememb'ring thine.

162.

8s. M.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see !
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flower
Have all lost their sweetness to me ;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
But when I am happy in him,
December 's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice ;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned ;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.

3 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky!
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
And bid me rejoice in thee nigh;
Then winter and clouds are no more.

163. L. M.

1 WAIT on the Lord, ye heirs of hope,
And let his word support each soul;
Well can he bear your courage up,
And all your foes and fears control.

2. He waits his own well-chosen hour
Th' intended mercy to display;
And his paternal pities move,
While wisdom dictates the delay.

3 Blest are the humble souls that wait
With sweet submission to his will;
Harmonious all their passions move,
And in the midst of storms are still.

4 Still, till their Father's well-known voice
Wakens their silence into songs;
Then earth grows vocal with his praise,
And heaven the grateful shout prolongs

WATCHFULNESS.

164. C. M.

1 AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer, in that day,
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live —
With what religious fear —
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here!

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near,
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

165.

7s. M.

1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'T is thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light;

3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is a redeeming love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O, for grace to love thee more!

166. S. M.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
Who life and all its blessings gave,
My love for him to try.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray
I shall forever die.

167. S. M.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight;
His coming thus proclaim:—

3 Watch, 't is your Lord's command,
And while we speak, he 's near —
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

168. L. M.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God!
And I am thine by sacred ties, —
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.

4 My life itself, without thy love,
No lasting pleasure can afford;
Yea, 't would a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banished from the Lord!

5 I 'll lift my hands, I 'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And hope to sing immortal lays.

169. L. P. M.

1 "A LITTLE while," our Lord shall come,
And we shall wander here no more,
He 'll take us to our Father's home,
Where he for us has gone before,
To dwell with him, to see his face,
And sing the glories of his grace.

2 "A little while," he 'll come again,
Let us the precious hours redeem!
Our only grief to give him pain,
Our joy to serve and follow him;
Watching and ready may we be,
As those that long their Lord to see.

3 "A little while," 't will soon be past,
Why should we shun the shame and cross!
O let us in his footsteps haste,
Counting for him all else but loss!
O how his smile will recompense
For this short season of suspense!

4 "A little while," come, Saviour, come!
For thee thy bride has tarried long;
Take thy poor wearied pilgrims home,
To sing the new eternal song;
To see thy glory, and to be
In everything conformed to thee.

WAITING FOR DELIVERANCE.

170. C. M.

1 ANOTHER weary day is past;
I 'm waiting still for thee;
O, keep me, Saviour, till the last,
And set me fully free.

2 I long to know thee as thou art,
And reign with thee in life;
O, let this longing, fainting heart
Now end the mortal strife!

3 With thine immortal image seal
This feeble creature thine;
And all thy glory then reveal,
And let me in it shine.

4 I would be where thou art: O come!
No longer now delay;
But take thy weeping children home,
From sin and grief away.

171. C. M.

1 JESUS, our hope, our life, our heaven,
The lingering times have flown;
To thee the kingdom now is given;
Return and claim thine own.

2 And, as we wait, along the skies
Unearthly glory steals,
And our glad spirits seem to rise,
To haste thy chariot wheels.

3 Although they seem to linger, still
Thy retinue on high
Is marshalled, and awaits the will
That bids their myriads fly.

4 Then we will wait, nor deem too long
The closing hours of grace,
But trim our lamps with cheerful song,
Till we shall see thy face.

172. 5 & 6s. M.

1 O TELL me no more
Of this world's vain store!
The time for such trifles
With me now is o'er.

2 A city I've found,
Where true joys abound;
To dwell I 'm determined
On this happy ground.

3 My soul, don't delay;
He calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Saviour,
And bless the glad day.

173. 8, 8, & 6s. M.

1 O GLORIOUS hope of heavenly love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up!
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess!
This moment end my toilsome years,
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,—
A howling wilderness!

174. C. M.

1 WHEN wild confusion wrecks the air,
And tempests rend the skies;
Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire,
In harsh disorder rise;

2 Safe in my Saviour's love I 'll stand,
And strike my tuneful song;
My harp all trembling in my hand,
And all inspired my tongue.

3 I 'll shout aloud, " Ye thunders, roll,
And shake the sullen sky !
Your sounding voice from pole to pole
In angry murmurs try.

4 " Let the earth totter on her base,
And clouds the heavens deform ;
Blow, all ye winds, from every place
And rush the final storm.

5 " Come quickly, blesséd Lord ! appear,
Bid thy swift chariot fly ;
Let angels tell thy coming near,
And snatch me to the sky.

6 " Around thy wheels in the glad throng
I 'd bear a joyful part ;
All hallelujah on my tongue,
All rapture in my heart."

175.

10 & 11s. M.

1 O WHAT shall I do my Saviour to praise?
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace ;
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,
The weakest believer that hangs upon him?

2 How happy the man whose heart is set free !
The people that can be joyful in thee !
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name ;
They shall, as their right, thy righteousness claim ;
And having thy Spirit, and cleansed by thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.

4 For thou art their boast, their glory, and power ;
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.

5 For Jesus my Lord is now my defence;
I trust in his word; none plucks me from thence;
Since I have found favor, he all things will do,
My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.

6 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own;
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness, I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

176. C. M.

1 DEAR Saviour, here we fainting lie,
And long to see thy face;
Descend, O Jesus, from on high,
In mercy to our race.

2 How long shall that bright hour delay?
When will our Lord appear?
We long to see the glorious day
When Jesus will draw near.

3 We long to hear the trumpet sound,
And see the just arise;
We long to see our Saviour crowned,
And meet him in the skies.

4 We wish to see our Lord descend,
Arrayed in robes of light;
To Satan's kingdom put an end,
And claim his proper right.

5 We long thy coming to behold,
That day of joy to see;
Our ardent longings can't be told;
Lord, let it quickly be.

177. C. M.

1 WITH hope deferred, our Lord to see;
"Why tarries he?" we cry;
And if he should rebuke our haste,
Thus would we make reply: —

2 "May not the exile, Lord, desire
His native realm to see?
May not the captive seek release?
The prisoner to be free?

3 "Children, when far away, may long
For home and kindred dear,
And she that loves her absent Lord
Must grieve till he appear."

178. C. M.

1 DEAR Saviour, we would know thy love,
Which yet no measure knows;
For us it led thee once to die,—
From thence salvation flows.

2 Fain would we strike the golden harp,
And wear the promised crown,
And at thy feet, while bending low,
Would sing what Grace has done.

3 Then leave us not in this dark world,
As strangers long to roam;
Come, Lord, and take us to thyself,
Come, Jesus, quickly come!

HOPE TRIUMPHANT.

179. C. M.

1 SWEET rivers of redeeming love
I see before me lie;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to those rivers fly.

2 I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind;
I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
And leave the world behind.

3 A few more days, or months, at most,
My troubles will be o'er;
I hope to join the heavenly host
On Canaan's happy shore.

4 My rapturous soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea;
The glorious hope of endless rest
Is ravishing to me.

5 O, come, my Saviour, come away,
And bear me to the sky!
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Make haste and bring it nigh.

6 I long to see thy glorious face,
And in thine image shine;
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be forever thine.

180. C. M.

1 O, WHAT hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise.

2 I see the blesséd saints in light,
Who taste the pleasure there;
They are all robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

3 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

4 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet?

5 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eventful day!

181. 8s. M.

1 TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.
My Saviour, whom absent I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power.

2 Dissolve from these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee,
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline.

3 O then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured;
I shall meet him, whom absent I loved,
I shall see, whom unseen I adored.
And then, never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

182. C. M.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year!

3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

183. C. M.

1 "THESE glorious ones, how bright they shine
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?"

2 Now they approach th' eternal God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

3 The unveiled glory of his face
Spreads joy on every side;
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supplied.

4 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

5 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

184. C. M.

1 AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

THE RESURRECTION TO LIFE

185. 7s. M.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up the mighty prey!
See, the Saviour quits the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 Shout, ye seraphs; Gabriel, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the joyful sound.

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
See the Conqueror mount the skies;
When he comes ye conquer too!
He has triumphed thus for you.

4 Heaven unfolds her portals wide;
Glorious Hero, through them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne;
Boundless empire is thy own.

5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
Raise and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

186. L. M.

1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipt by the winds' untimely blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 But worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven but recompense our pains;
Perish the grass and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

187. C. M.

1 HOW long shall death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

2 When shall the tedious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

3 Let faith arise and climb the hills,
And from afar descry
How distant are his chariot wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.

4 We hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
And, lo, the graves obey!
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

5 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them clothed in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

6 How shall our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us upward to the skies
On love's triumphant wing!

188. C. M.

1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake;
When opening graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake:

2 Those bodies that corrupted fell
Shall incorrupted rise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.

3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung
Is now at last fulfilled;
That death should yield his ancient reign,
And, vanquished, quit the field.

4 Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing:
O Grave! where is thy triumph now?
And where, O Death! thy sting?

5 Then steadfast let us still remain,
Though dangers rise around,
And in the work assigned to us,
Yet more and more abound.

6 Assured that though we labor now,
We labor not in vain;
But through the grace of heaven's great Lord,
Th' eternal crown shall gain.

189. C. M.

1 O FOR the eye of faith divine,
To pierce beyond the grave,
To see that Friend, and call him mine,
Whose arm is strong to save.

2 Behold my glorious Leader nigh;
My Lord, my Saviour, lives;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

3 Lord, if in death I offered be,
Watch thou my sleeping dust;
My spirit I 'll commit to thee;
Accept the sacred trust—

4 Till thou shalt in thy glory come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, clothed in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.

190. C. M.

1 AS Jesus died, and rose again
Victorious from the dead;
So his disciples rise and reign
With their triumphant Head.

2 The time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend;
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

3 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heav'nly hosts, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.

4 Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go;
And dwell forever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.

5 A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet, to part no more.

191. C. M.

1 ALL nature dies, and lives again:
The flowers, that paint the field,
The trees, that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield, —

2 Resign the honors of their form
At winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked, leafless plain,
A desolated waste.

3 Yet soon reviving plants and flowers
Anew shall deck the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.

4 So, to the dreary grave consigned,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until the final morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

5 O may the grave become to us
The bed of peaceful rest!
Whence we shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest.

THE NEW CREATION.

192. L. M.

1 A MYSTERY doth the gospel show, —
We shall ere long be changed below;
When from the graves the saints shall rise,
And their loud songs salute the skies.

2 The earth, to its first form restored,
Shall glorify its mighty Lord;
And his blest children hail the place,
Where they may view him face to face.

3 What joys ecstatic will surprise,
When God shall wipe from off our eyes
All tears of grief, and bliss restore,
And suffer us to sin no more!

4 Lord, let this glorious kingdom come!
We would proclaim, there still is room
For myriads yet unborn to God;
O, fly — or ye must feel his rod!

5 Open each eye, unstop each ear,
And show thy great approach draws near,
To claim the kingdoms for thine own,
Renew the world, erect thy throne.

6 O quickly change each earthly clod;
Restore the image of our God;
Let universal nature sing
Praises to Christ, our heavenly King.

193. 7 & 6s. M.

1 THE glorious day is coming,
The hour is rolling on,
Its radiant light is beaming,
Resplendent as the sun;
In yon bright clouds of heaven
The Saviour will appear,
And gather all his chosen
To meet him in the air.

2 Then fire, from God descending,
Shall sweep this wide earth o'er,
And nations, loud lamenting,
Shall sink to rise no more,
Though tears with groans are blended
Yet still in vain they cry;
The day of hope is ended;
The sinner now must die.

3 But saints shall be victorious,
And joy to meet the Lord;
An earth more bright and glorious
Is promised in his word.
Our God himself, there reigning,
Shall wipe all tears away;
No clouds or night remaining,
But one eternal day.

4 O, Christian! wake from sleeping,
And let your works abound;

Be watching, praying, weeping,
For soon the trump will sound
O, sinner! hear the warning;
To Jesus quickly fly!
Then you on that blest morning
May meet him in the sky.

194. H. M.

1 O THE amazing change!
A world created new!
My thoughts with transport range,
The lovely scene to view.
Thee, Lord divine, in all I trace;
The work is thine — thine be the praise

2 Where pointed brambles grew,
Entwined with horrid thorn,
Gay flowers, forever new,
The painted fields adorn;
The lily there, and blushing rose,
In union fair their sweets disclose.

3 Where the bleak mountain stood,
All bare and disarrayed,
See the wide branching wood
Diffuse its grateful shade;
Tall oaks, and pines, and cedars nod,
And elms, and vines, confess their God.

4 The tyrants of the plain
Their savage chase give o'er;
No more they rend the slain,
They thirst for blood no more:
But infant hands fierce tigers lead,
And lions with the oxen feed.

5 O, when, Almighty Lord,
Shall these glad scenes arise,
To verify thy word,
And bless our wond'ring eyes!

That earth, with all her tongues, may raise
United songs of ardent praise.

195. L. M.

1 JEHOVAH reigns! he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
In vain their rage they aim so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 Forever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands forever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

196. C. M.

1 JERUSALEM! my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold!

3 O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end!

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Jerusalem! my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

197. 8 & 7s. M.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God;

Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name.

198. 8s. M.

1 I LONG to behold him arrayed
With glory and light from above;
The King in his beauty displayed,
His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fixed his abode;
O, when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God?

2 With him I on Sion shall stand, —
For Jesus has spoken the word, —
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the side of my Lord.
But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens, in thee.

3 How happy the people whose home
Is found in the city of God!
As pilgrims no more they shall roam,
Nor travel a dangerous road.
Physician divine, unto me
Thy soul-healing blessing now give,
And keep me while waiting for thee,
And then to that city receive.

199. C. M.

1 ZION, the city of our God,
How glorious is the place!
The Saviour there has his abode,
And saints will see his face.

2 There all the fruits of glory grow,
And joys that never die;
And streams of grace and knowledge flow,
The soul to satisfy.

3 Come, set your faces Zionward,
The sacred road inquire;
And let this city of the Lord
Be henceforth your desire.

4 The gospel shines to give you light,
No longer, then, delay;
The Spirit waits to guide you right,
And Jesus is the way.

5 O Lord, regard thy people's prayer;
Thy promise now fulfil;
And young and old by grace prepare
To dwell on Zion's hill.

200. L. M.

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust, from darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glories shall the world confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruin shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

THE JUBILEE.

201. C. M.

1 WHAT heavenly music do I hear?
Salvation sounding free!
Ye souls in bondage, lend an ear;
This is the Jubilee.

2 How sweetly do the tidings roll
All round from sea to sea,
From land to land, from pole to pole
This is the Jubilee.

3 Jesus is on the mercy-seat;
Before him bend the knee;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat;
This is the Jubilee.

4 Sinners, be wise, return, and come
Unto the Saviour free;
The Spirit bids you welcome home;
This is the Jubilee.

5 Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring
With songs of harmony;
While on the road to Canaan sing,
This is the Jubilee.

202. P. M.

1 WHEN shall I see the day
That ends my woes;
When shall I victory gain
O'er all my foes;
When will the trumpet sound
That calls an exile home—
The grand, sabbatic year,
When will it come?

2 A crown of glory bright,
By faith I see,
In yonder realms of light,
Prepared for me.
O, may I faithful prove,
And keep the prize in view;
And through the storms of life
My way pursue.

3 Jesus, be thou my guide;
My steps attend;
O keep me near thy side;
Be thou my friend;
Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard;
And, when my work is done,
My great reward.

4 O, how I long to see
That happy day,
When sorrow, sin and pain,
Shall flee away!
When all the heavenly tribes
Shall find their long sought home!
The Jubilee of Heaven,
When will it come?

203. L. M.

1 SIX thousand years are nearly past
Since Adam from thy sight was cast;
And ever since his fallen race
From age to age are void of grace.

2 When will the happy trump proclaim
The judgment of the martyred lamb?
When shall the captive ones be free,
And keep th' eternal Jubilee?

3 Hasten it, Lord, in every land;
Send thou thine angels, and command,

"Go, sound deliverance, loudly blow —
Salvation to the saints below."

4 We want to have the day appear, —
The promised great sabbatic year;
When, far from grief, and sin, and hell,
Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.

5 Till then we will not let thee rest;
Thou still shalt hear our strong request;
And this our daily prayer shall be,
Lord, sound the trump of Jubilee.

204. 7s. M.

1 HARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore.

2 See, Jehovah's banner furled!
Sheathed his sword; he speaks — 't is done.
Now the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdom of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With supreme, unbounded sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away!

4 Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign!
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

205. H. M.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

206. 7s. M.

1 WAKE the song of Jubilee;
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with sovereign power.

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
"Christ of lords and kings is King!"
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns for evermore!

3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

207. L. M.

1 THY kingdom come! thus, day by day,
We lift our hands to God and pray;
But who has ever duly weighed
The meaning of the words he said?

2 Thy kingdom come! O day of joy,
When praise shall every tongue employ;
When hate and strife and war shall cease,
And man with man shall be at peace!

3 Jesus shall reign on Zion's hill,
And all the earth with glory fill;
His word shall Paradise restore,
And sin and death afflict no more.

4 Then bears and wolves, no longer wild,
Obey the leading of a child;
The lions with the oxen eat,
And dust shall be the serpent's meat.

5 God's holy will shall then be done
By all who live beneath the sun;
For saints shall then as angels be,
All changed to immortality.

208. L. M.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
All heaven reveres, all worlds obey,
Now make the Saviour's glory known,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands;
Angels submit to his commands;
His justice shall protect the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His righteous government shall last,
Till days, and years, and time be past.

209. S. M.

1 REJOICE! the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Ye ransomed saints, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore!

2 The mighty Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he himself had purged our stains,
He took his seat above.

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The sovereign keys of death and hell
Into his hands are given.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And humbly bow to his command
And fall beneath his feet.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his waiting servants up,
And thus conduct them home.

210. L. M.

1 THE Saviour comes, his advent 's nigh;
He soon will rend the azure sky,
Descending swift to earth again,
When God shall dwell indeed with men.

2 O happy day, when wars shall cease,
And ransomed earth be filled with peace
When sin and death no more shall reign,
And Eden bloom on earth again!

3 Saints, lift your heads; that day is near,
When your Redeemer shall appear,
To take the kingdom and the crown,
And make his ransomed bride his own.

4 Shall not his people sing for joy?
Shall not the church their songs employ?
Sing, ye who will; sing while ye may,
And shout for joy th' approaching day.

211. C. M.

1 ARISE and shine, O Zion fair!
Behold, thy light is come;
Thy glorious conquering King is near,
To take his exiles home;
The trumpet sounding through the sky
Will set the captives free;
The day of wonders now is nigh —
The year of jubilee.

2 Arise, ye nations under ground,
Before the Judge appear;
All tongues, all languages, shall come,
Their final doom to hear.
King Jesus on his azure throne,
Ten thousand angels round;
While Gabriel, with his awful trump,
Echoes the dreadful sound.

3 The glorious news of gospel grace
With sinners now is o'er;
The gospel trumpet now is still,
And will be blown no more.
The watchmen all have left their walls,
And bid the world adieu,
And with their flocks, on Canaan's shore,
They strike their songs anew.

212. 7 & 6s. M.

1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And in his kingdom dwell;
Partake its rest eternal,
Its songs triumphant swell?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And, with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier;
My Captain 's gone before;
He 's given me my orders,
And bids me not give o'er.
If I continue faithful,
A righteous crown he 'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 And when the last loud trumpet
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid the entombed millions
From their cold beds arise,
Our ransomed dust, revivéd,
Bright beauties shall put on,
And soar to the blest mansions
Where our Redeemer 's gone.

4 Our eyes shall then, with rapture,
The Saviour's face behold;
Our feet, no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold;
Our ears shall hear with transport
The hosts celestial sing;
Our tongues shall chant the glory
Of our immortal King.

213. S. M.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!

Wake, every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blesséd children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

5 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

214. L. M.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,—
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;—
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

6 Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord, of glorious power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, forever blest.

215. C. M.

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright those glories shine.

3 Infinite power and boundless grace
In him unite their rays;
You that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?

4 While in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise
With all their powers the raptured lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

216. C. M.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, —
A remnant weak and small, —
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We 'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

MISSIONARY.

217. 7 & 6s. M.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle —
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile? —

In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high —
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny? —
Salvation! — O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has heard Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
Returns in bliss to reign.

218. L. M.

1 O SAVIOUR, is thy promise fled?
Nor longer might thy grace endure,
To heal the sick and raise the dead,
And preach thy gospel to the poor?

2 A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbor, and our home.

3 Yet, mid the wild and wintry gale,
When death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer, rest on thee!

4 Come, Jesus, come! and as, of yore,
The prophet went to clear thy way,
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day,—

5 So now may grace, with heavenly shower,
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap thy harvest there.

219. L. M.

1 SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed, in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, or smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage; since thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head;
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

220. P. M.

1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all your creature good;
Only Jesus we pursue,
Who bought us with his blood!

All thy pleasures we forego;
We trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will we know,
And Jesus crucified!

2 Here alone may sinners rest
And ease the burdened heart:
From the haven of his breast
O may we never part!
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide;
Only Jesus will we know,
And Jesus crucified!

3 O that we could all invite,
This saving truth to prove;
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth of Jesus' love!
Fain we would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied;
Only Jesus we will know,
And Jesus crucified!

221. C. M.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.

2 'T is not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
It occupies the Saviour's heart,
Employs angelic bands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego,
For souls which by his grace may live,
Or perish in their woe.

4 May they that Jesus whom they preach
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily for their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

222. C. M.

1 ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundred-fold
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all, whose souls thy truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

223. C. M.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With springs that never dry.

5 Great God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines;
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies
And drive our wants away.

BAPTISM.

224. 8, 7, & 4s. M.

1 THOU hast said, exalted Jesus,
"Take thy cross and follow me;"
Shall the word with terror seize us?
Shall we from thy burden flee?
Lord, I 'll take it,
And, rejoicing, follow thee.

2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,
Shall I shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave?
No! I 'll enter;
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.

3 Blest the sign which thus reminds me,
Saviour, of thy love for me;
But more blest the love that binds me
In its deathless bonds to thee;
O what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be!

4 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me
When I faint beneath the cross.

5 Fellowship with him possessing,
Let me die to earth and sin;
Let me rise t' enjoy the blessing
Which the faithful soul shall win:
May I ever
Follow where my Lord has been.

225. C. M.

1 O LORD, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?

3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed,
That 's worthy of my God?

4 O Lord, the ardor of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

226. C. M.

1 BURIED beneath the yielding wave
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

2 Thus do his willing saints to-day
Their ardent zeal express,
And in the Lord's appointed way
Fulfil all righteousness.

3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain, —
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.

4 Now we, blest Saviour, would to thee
Our grateful voices raise;
Washed in the fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall all be praise.

227. C. M.

1 WHILE in this sacred rite of thine,
Ourselves we offer now,
Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine,
And seal the cheerful vow.

2 All glory be to him whose life
For ours was freely given,
Who aids us in the spirit's strife,
And makes us meet for heaven.

3 To thee we gladly now resign
Our life and all our powers;
Accept us in this rite divine,
And bless these hallowed hours.

4 O, may we die to earth and sin,
Beneath the mystic flood;
And when we rise, may we begin
To live anew for God.

228. L. M.

1 COME in, thou blesséd of the Lord;
O, come in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

2 Thy name, we hope, already stands
Within the book of life above;
And now to thine we join our hands,
In token of fraternal love.

3 Those joys which earth cannot afford
We 'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

4 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We 'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We 'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's case our own.

229. 8 & 7s. M.

1 HUMBLE souls, that seek salvation,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod.

2 Hear the blessed Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.

3 Jesus says, Let each believer
Be baptizéd in my name;
He himself in Jordan's river
Was immersed beneath the stream.

4 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing;
Lo! your Captain leads the way.

230. 8, 8, & 6s. M.

1 SALEM'S great King, Jesus by name,
In ancient time to Jordan came,
All righteousness to fill;

'T was there the ancient Baptist stood,
Whose name was John, a man of God,
To do his Master's will.

2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize;
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleased with what he 'd done,
And owned him from the skies.

3 This is my Son, Jehovah cries;
On him to rest the Spirit flies:
O children, hear ye him!
Hark! 't is his voice; behold he cries,
Repent, believe, and be baptized,
And wash away your sin.

4 Come, children, come! his voice obey;
Salem's bright King has marked the way,
And has a crown prepared;
O then arise and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.

231. C. M.

1 "I COME," the great Redeemer cries,
"To do thy will, O Lord!"
At Jordan's flood, behold, he seals
The sure prophetic word.

2 "Thus it becomes us to fulfil
All righteousness," he said;
He spake obedient, and beneath
The yielding wave was laid.

3 Hark! a glad voice! the Father speaks,
From heaven's exalted height;
"This is my Son, my well beloved,
My joy, my chief delight."

4 Jesus, the Saviour, well beloved!
His name we will profess,
Like him, desirous to fulfil
Each law of righteousness.

5 No more we 'll count ourselves our own,
But his in bonds of love;
O may such bonds forever draw
Our souls to things above!

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

232. L. M.

1 'T WAS on that dark and doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and break;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wond'rous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup, and blest the wine,
"'T is the new covenant in my blood.'

4 "In memory of your dying Lord,
Do this," he said, "till time shall end;
Meet at my table and record
The love of your departed friend"

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name;
Till thou return, and we shall eat,
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

233. C. M.

1 COME, Saviour, let thy tokens prove,
Fitted by heavenly art,
As channels to convey thy love
To every faithful heart.

2 The living bread, sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be;
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.

3 Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
And let us drink thy blood,
Till all our souls are filled below
With all the life of God.

4 Determined nothing else to know
But Jesus crucified,
I will not from my Jesus go,
Or leave his wounded side.

234. C. M.

1 THE blest memorials of thy grief,
Thy suff'rings and thy death,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive;
But would receive with faith.

2 The tokens sent us to relieve
Our spirits, when they droop,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive;
But would receive with hope.

3 The pledges thou wast pleased to leave,
Our mournful minds to move,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive;
But would receive with love.

4 Here, in obedience to thy word,
We take the bread and wine;
The utmost we can do, dear Lord,
For all beyond is thine.

5 Increase our faith, and hope, and love;
Lord, give us every good:
We would thy full salvation prove,
And share thy flesh and blood.

235. 7s. M.

1 MEETING in the Saviour's name,
Breaking bread by his command,
To the world we thus proclaim
On what ground we hope to stand,
When the Lord shall come with clouds,
Joined by heaven's exulting crowds.

2 Sing we then of him who died;
Sing of him who rose again:
By him we are justified,
And with him we hope to reign;
Soon we hope to see our Lord,
And to share his bright reward.

236. S. M.

1 JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned sinners meet and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 Here we survey that love
Which spoke in every breath,
Which crowned each action of his life
And triumphed in his death.

3 Here let our powers unite,
His glorious name to raise:
And holy joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

237. C. M.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;

His heart o'erflows with tenderness,
And yearns with faithful love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And still, in glory, feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He 'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruiséd reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

238. 8 & 7s. M.

1 "STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,"
See him dying on the tree!
'T is the Christ by man rejected!
Yes, my soul, 't is he! 't is he!
Mark the sacrifice appointed!
See who bears the awful load!
'T is the Word, the Lord's anointed,
Son of man, and Son of God.

2 Here we have a firm foundation;
Here 's the refuge of the lost:
Christ, the rock of our salvation,
Is the name of which we boast:
Lamb of God, for sinners wounded,
Sacrifice to cancel guilt,
None shall ever be confounded
Who on thee their hope have built.

239. C. M.

1 THE day approacheth, O my soul,
The great, decisive day,
Which from the bounds of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.

2 Another day, more awful, dawns,
And lo! the Judge appears!
Ye heavens, retire before his face,
And sink, ye darkened stars.

3 Yet does one short preparing hour
Of precious life remain;
Awake, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.

4 For this, thy temple, Lord, we throng;
For this the board surround;
There may our service be approved,
And with thy presence crowned.

240. S. M.

1 WITH Jesus in our midst
We gather round the board;
Though many, we are one in Christ,
One body in the Lord.

2 Our sins were laid on him
When bruised on Calvary;
For us he died and rose again,
A pledge of victory.

3 Faith eats the bread of life,
And drinks the living wine;
Thus we, in love together knit,
On Jesus' breast recline.

4 Soon shall the night be gone,
And we with Jesus reign;
The marriage supper of the Lamb
Shall banish every pain.

THE LORD'S DAY.

241. L. M.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing!
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my harp in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every hour find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

242. C. M.

1 MAY I, throughout this day of thine,
Be in thy spirit, Lord;
Spirit of humble fear divine,
That trembles at thy word.

2 Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
And fix on things above;
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

243. S. M.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

244. L. M.

1 RETURN, my soul, enjoy thy rest;
Improve the day that God has blest;
Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides a blest foretaste of heaven,
On this day more than all the seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from Christ that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the best pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

245. L. M.

1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day;
Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temple rise.

2 Now met to pray and bless thy name,
Whose mercies flow each day the same,
Whose kind compassions never cease,
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.

3 We love thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord:
A nobler rest thou wilt afford;
O that we might that rest attain
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain!

4 In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

246. L. M.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord! Descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace —
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna, in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
But in the kingdom where he reigns
He shall have nobler praise.

247. 7s. M.

1 ERE another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to thee,
At thy feet we bow the knee.

2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven.

3 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last.

248. L. M.

1 LORD, how delightful 't is to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;
'T is like a little heaven below;
Not all that careless sinners say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word;
That I may feel their saving power,
And learn to love thee more and more.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

249. C. M.

1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Beams its new rays of light!

3 Blest day! thine hours too soon will cease:
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, Heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A sabbath o'er my soul!

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er —
That sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more?

250. H. M.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, awake,
And hail the sacred day!
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay;
Come bless the day | The type of heaven's
That God hath blest, | Eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads | And reaps the fruit
Our cause above, | Of all his love.

3 All hail! triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings;
Worthy the Lamb, | Through endless years
That once was slain, | To live and reign.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

251. C. M.

1 GREAT God, the guardian of our youth,
In whom we live and move,
Instruct our souls in this great truth,
That thou, our God, art love.

2 Our years are few, but thou hast seen
Much evil in our ways;
O turn our hearts, and make them clean,
And grant thy pard'ning grace.

3 May we the love of Christ discern;
Teach us thy holy will;
And let us, through thy Spirit, learn
Thy precepts to fulfil.

4 Humble and holy may we be,
Assisted from above;
That, from our actions, all may see
That we our Saviour love.

5 Full often have we thee forgot,
Yet still thy blessings prove,
That, though we change, thou changest not;
For thou, our God, art love.

252. C. M.

1 FROM the first dawn of infant life
Thy goodness we have shared;
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.

2 To seek thy grace, to do thy will,
O Lord! our hearts incline;
And o'er the paths of future life
Command thy light to shine.

3 While taught to read the word of truth,
May we the word receive;
And, when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe.

4 Let not our feet incline to tread
Sin's broad, destructive road;
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory and to God.

253. L. M.

1 LORD, let a few poor children raise
To thee a hymn of prayer and praise;
'T is by thy great compassion we
Are taught to love and worship thee.

2 Lord, may our lives with thee begin,
Cleansed by our Saviour's blood from sin
Not only taught thy truth to know,
But to believe and feel it too.

3 Remember, Lord, we are but dust;
'T is to thy grace alone we trust;
Do thou instruct and guide us still,
That we may ne'er forget thy will.

254. S. M.

1 THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught, and learnt so young,
To read his holy word.

2 Dear Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

3 O may thy Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive,
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.

4 Then shall I praise the Lord,
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learnt in vain.

255.

8 & 7s. M.

1 THE Sabbath day is come again,
The best of all the seven;
And we are met, a happy train,
To hear of God and heaven.

2 Lord, send thy grace into our hearts,
And through the day be near us,
And make us all fulfil our parts,
With thee to help and hear us.

3 Keep down each vain and sinful thought,
Correct our whole behavior;
And make us thankful to be taught;
And lead us to our Saviour.

256.

C. M.

1 WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say,
Unless I feel it too.

2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile,
And while I pray and sing,
I 'm often thinking all the while
About some other thing.

3 Some idle play, or childish toy,
Can send my thoughts abroad;
When this should be my chiefest joy,
To love and seek the Lord.

4 O let me never, never dare
To act a trifler's part;
Or think that God will hear a prayer
That comes not from the heart.

5 But if I make his word my choice,
As holy children do;
Then, while I seek him with my voice,
My heart will love him too.

257. C. M.

1 MY God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise;
And, to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

2 When, from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest;
But round the world he shines.

3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
Go on my heavenly way.

4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

258. C. M.

1 WHO taught the bird to build her nest
Of wool, and hay, and moss?
Who taught her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs across?

2 Who taught the busy bee to fly
Among the sweetest flowers,
And lay her store of honey by
To eat in winter hours?

3 Who taught the little ant the way
Her narrow hole to bore,
And through the pleasing summer day
To gather up her store?

4 'T was God who taught them all the way,
And gave their little skill,
And teaches children how to pray,
And do his holy will.

259. L. M.

1 WHY should I say "T is yet too soon
To seek for heaven or think of death?"
A flower may fade before 't is noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.

2 If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious call of Heaven,
I may be hardened in my sin,
And never have repentance given.

3 What if the Lord grow wroth and swear,
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he 'll refuse to lend an ear,
To all my groans another day?

4 But now my Saviour Christ is near
And now I may his grace receive;
My feeble cry he 'll stoop to hear,
And now to me repentance give.

260. 11s. M.

1 THE darkness is over, the sun is on high;
The lark is up singing his song in the sky;
The cattle and laborers, all are abroad,
And everything serving and praising its God.

2 I will not lie sleeping my morning away,
But try to be busy and useful as they;
I 'll rise with the skylark, and join in his song,
And thank God for watching me all the night long.

3 How kind God is to me, how great and how good!
And for me my Saviour has shed his own blood;
Lord, teach me that Saviour to love and to know,
And make me more like him, the older I grow.

DEATH.

261. L. M.

1 WHY should we start and fear to die!
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Millions the lonely valley try,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 But, if my Lord should near we wait,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

262. C. M.

1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour;
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming, dies.

2 The once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

4 Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears;
Behold the Saviour nigh;
And when in glory he appears,
Thy joys shall never die.

263. L. M.

1 HOW many kindred souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since from this day the changing sun
Through his last yearly course has run!

2 We yet survive; — but who can say,
Or through this year, or month, or day,
I will retain this vital breath,
Thus far at least, in league with death?

3 That breath is thine, eternal God;
'T is thine to fix the soul's abode;
It doth exist by thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.

4 To thee our spirits we resign;
Make them and own them still as thine;
So shall they rest secure from fear,
Until death's Conq'ror shall appear.

264. L. M.

1 HOW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And the broad sun's retiring ray
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
And faith, rekindling all its power,
Lights up the languor of his breast.

3 There is a radiance in his eye,
A smile upon his wasted cheek,
That seems to tell of glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own spirit deigns to bless!
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness!

6 O Lord! that we may thus depart,
Thy joys to share, thy face to see,
Impress thine image on our heart,
And teach us now to walk with thee.

FUNERAL OCCASIONS.

265. C. M.

1 YE living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must shortly dwell;
Hark! how the awful summons sounds
In every funeral knell!

2 Once you must die, and once for all;
The solemn purport weigh;
For know that heaven or hell is hung
On that important day!

3 Those eyes, so long in darkness veiled,
Must wake, the Judge to see;
And every word, and every thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.

4 O may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my friend;
And then, triumphant over death,
With all his saints ascend.

266. S. M.

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 't is,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas! 't was brittle clay
That formed our body first;
And every month, and every day,
'T is mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We 'll keep their end in sight;
We 'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They 'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
We soon shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

267. L. M.

1 HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around —
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And nought disturbs that peace profound
Which his believing soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

268. L. M.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed;
Rest here, blessed saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word:
Restore thy trust: a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

269. C. M.

1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My great Redeemer ever lives,
My God, my Saviour, comes.

3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear,
High on a royal seat;
And Death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

4 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong, immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy wondrous grace
With pleasure and surprise.

270. C. M.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And entered life at first;
Naked we to the earth return,
And mix with kindred dust.

2 Whate'er we fondly call our own
Belongs to heaven's great Lord;
The blessings lent us for a day
Are soon to be restored.

3 'T is God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives; and, when he takes away,
He takes but what he gave.

4 Then, ever blesséd be his name!
His goodness swelled our store;
His justice but resumes its own;
'T is ours still to adore.

MISCELLANEOUS.

271. C. M.

Marriage.

1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear,
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord! we ask thy presence here;
Be thou our glorious guest.

2 Upon thy servants, Lord, look down,
Who now have joined their hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow —
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they with Christian care
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking each a share.

5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In prayer, and faith, and hope;
And see with joy a godly seed,
To build their household up.

6 That love which Jesus Christ displays
Towards the church, his bride,
Be this, O Lord, through all their days
Their pattern and their guide.

272. C. M.

Fast.

1 THE fast which is the Lord's delight
Is not a mere external rite;
But 't is to mortify our sin,
To be sincere and pure within.

2 To break the mourning captive's chain;
The proud oppressor to restrain;
To clothe the naked, feed the poor,
And bring the friendless to thy door.

3 Come, let us our offences own,
With grief, before th' eternal throne;
Sin is the deadliest of our foes,
The dreadful source of all our woes.

4 Hence discord, strife, and war arise,
Famine, disease, and dying cries;
Hence men disclaim their brotherhood,
And burn to shed each other's blood.

5 When will these deeds of horror cease,
And Christians walk in love and peace?
Almighty Lord, our hearts are thine,
O turn us by thy power divine!

6 The God of love will scatter far
The people who delight in war;
But all who walk in righteousness
He loves, and will exalt and bless.

273. C. M.

Fast.

1 ATTEND, and mark the solemn fast
Which to the Lord is dear;
Disdain the false, unhallowed mask
Which vain dissemblers wear.

2 Do I delight in sorrow's dress?
Saith he who reigns above;
The hanging head and rueful look,
Will they attract my love?

3 Let such as feel oppression's load
Thy tender pity share;
And let the helpless, homeless poor
Be thy peculiar care.

4 Go, bid the hungry orphan be
With thy abundance blessed;
Invite the wanderer to thy gate,
And spread the couch of rest.

5 Let him who pines with piercing cold
By thee be warmed and clad;
Be thine the blissful task to make
The downcast mourner glad.

6 Then, bright as morning, shall come forth,
In peace and joy, thy days;
And glory from the Lord above
Shall shine on all thy ways.

274. L. M.

Ministers' Conference.

1 POUR out thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

2 Within thy temple when we stand,
To teach the truth, as taught by thee,
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand
The angels of the churches be.

3 Wisdom and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love.

4 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night our guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.

5 Then, when our work is finished here,
Let us, in hope, our charge resign,
When the good Shepherd shall appear,
That they and we may all be thine.

275. 7s. M.

Dedication.

1 LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word — the heavenly **bread;**
Here, in hope of glory blessed,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply,
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise, till time shall **end.**

276. L. M.

Morning Hymn.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the **sun**
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful **rise**
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time misspent, **redeem;**
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere;
Thy conscience as the noontide **clear;**
Think how th' all-seeing God thy **ways**
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Glory to God, who safe has kept,
And has refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death awake,
I may of endless life partake.

5 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

6 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

277. L. M.

Evening Hymn.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Gua ian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise;
Help me to yield to thy command,
And in thy service spend my days.

278. L. M.

Evening Hymn.

1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
Thy love and kindness in my heart.

4 Thus if the night of death should come,
My flesh will rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

279. 7s. M.

Family Worship.

1 GRACIOUS God, our children see;
We commend them unto thee;
Born where sin and error reign,
Let them not in sin remain.
Israel's little ones of old
Pharaoh threatened to withhold,
Then thy messenger said 'No;
Let the children also go."

2 When the angel of the Lord,
Drawing forth his dreadful sword,
Slew, with an avenging hand,
All the first-born of the land,
Then thy people's doors he passed,
Where the bloody sign was placed;
Hear, O hear us, gracious God,
Plead for these the Saviour's blood!

3 Lord, we tremble; for we know
How the fierce malicious foe,
Wheeling round his watchful flight,
Keeps them ever in his sight:
Spread thy pinions, King of kings,
Hide them safe beneath thy wings,
Lest the rav'nous birds of prey
Stoop, and bear the brood away.

280. P. M.

The First Advent.

1 O HOW charming, O how charming,
Is the radiant band
Of music, music, music, music!

O how charming is the radiant band
Of music playing through the air!
Angelic armies tune their harps,
Angelic armies tune their harps,
And raptured cherubs play their parts,
Angelic armies tune their harps;
Shout, shout,
The great Redeemer is come to earth!

2 Gabriel descending, Gabriel descending,
Brings the joyful news;
O joyful, joyful, joyful, joyful!
Brings the joyful news of our Redeemer's birth;
The great Messiah is come to earth;
Good will to men I now proclaim,
Good will to men I now proclaim,
The Saviour 's born in Bethlehem;
Good will to men I now proclaim;
Shout, shout,
The great Messiah is born to-day!

3 See his star arising, see his star arising,
In the eastern sky;
Now rising, rising, rising, rising,
See his star arising in the eastern sky,
The day-spring opening from on high;
The types and shadows flee away,
The types and shadows flee away,
And now begins the gospel day;
The types and shadows flee away;
Shout, shout,
The great Redeemer is born to-day!

4 Shepherds adore him, wise men have found him,
Glory be to God;
O glory, glory, glory, glory!
Wise men have found him, by the rising star,
And come to worship from afar;
Their golden gifts they now present,
Their golden gifts they now present,
And spices of the sweetest scent;

Their golden gifts they now present;
Shout, shout,
The King of glory is born to-day!

5 Jews and Gentiles, join in concert,
To praise your infant King;
O praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him,
Jew and Gentile praise your infant King,
And loud hosannas sweetly sing;
With Gabriel and the shining host,
With Gabriel and the shining host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
With Gabriel and the shining host;
Shout, shout,
The great Messiah is come to earth!

281. 8, 8, & 6s. M.

Doom of Babylon.

1 NOW let us sing the coming fate
Of mystic Babylon the Great,—
Her doom is drawing near;
Jesus now comes on earth to reign,
His cause and people to maintain;
For them he'll soon appear.

2 Before him flows a fiery stream,
The heavens above with lightnings gleam,
A thousand thunders roar;
A heavenly host with him descends,
His voice to all the earth extends,
His saints now grieve no more.

3 Eclipsed by glory so divine,
Sun, moon, and stars refuse to shine;
The heavens a burning scroll;
The day is broke that has no night;
Earth, struck with horror at the sight,
Now quakes from pole to pole.

4 Angels of light, at his command,
Ten thousand times ten thousand, stand,

Waiting his voice to hear;
The fiery cherubs spread their wings,
The air with loud hosannas rings,
While all his saints draw near.

5 The day of recompense has come;
His people all are gathering home;
With joy they hear his voice;
The promised curse, the threatened woes,
Combined, now fall upon his foes;
The martyrs all rejoice.

6 She, who the twelve apostles grieved,
And by her sorceries deceived
All nations of the world,
Now looks with anguish at their bliss,
Then sinks into the vast abyss,
To endless ruin hurled.

7 The living saints, and all the dead,
Now gather round their glorious Head,
And reign with him below,
A thousand years of perfect peace,
Of love, and joy, and righteousness,
Exempt from every woe.

8 Then let us keep the end in view,
And ever on our way pursue;
The crown is yet before;
A few short days, the conflict 's done,
The battle 's fought, the prize is won,
And we shall toil no more.

282. 11 & 5s. M.

Longing for Home.

1 THE pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home —
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

2 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms;
The Saviour invites me, I 'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room;
O there may I feast with his children at home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home —
O Jesus, conduct me, I pray, to my home!

3 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies, adieu,
While Jesus, his kingdom and glory I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste divine of my heavenly home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home —
O when shall I share the fruition of home!

4 The days of my exile are passing away;
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
"Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence, forever at home."
Home, home, sweet, sweet home —
O there I shall rest with the Saviour at home!

5 Affliction and sorrow and death shall be o'er;
The saints shall unite to be parted no more;
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome;
They dwell with the Saviour, forever at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home —
They dwell with the Saviour, forever at home

283. 11s. M.

Call to Awake.

1 WHY sleep ye, my brethren? come, let us arise;
O, why should we slumber in sight of the prize!
Salvation is nearer; our day is far spent;
O, let us be active; awake, and repent!

2 O, how can we slumber? the Master will come,
He 's calling on sinners to seek them a home;
The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite;
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.

3 O, how can we slumber? the judgment is near,
And sinners are crowding to endless despair;
Now prayer may avail, they may gain the high prize
Before they in torment shall lift up their eyes.

4 O, how can ye slumber? ye sinners, look round,
Before the last trumpet your heart shall confound;
O, fly to the Saviour! he calls you to-day;
While mercy is waiting, O, make no delay!

284. 8 & 7s. M.

"Behold we have forsaken all, and followed Thee."

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
All things else I have forsaken;
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
While I prove the Lord my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,—
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,—
Thou art faithful, thou art true.
O, 't is not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O, 't were not in joy to charm me,
If that love be hid from me.

3 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;

Heaven's eternal day 's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

285. 7 & 6s. M.

The Jewels of the Lord.

1 YE jewels of our Master,
Who shine with heavenly rays,
Amid the beams of glory,
Reflect immortal blaze;
Ye diamonds of beauty,
With pleasing lustre crowned,
Of heavenly extraction,
To Zion's city bound:

2 When we beheld your order,
And harmony of soul,
And heard divinest numbers
In pure devotion roll,
And gems immortal glowing
With such enlivening grace,
We viewed the Saviour's image,
Impressed on every face.

3 Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And often be your voices
In pure devotion joined;
Though trials may await you,
The crown before you lies;
Take courage, brother pilgrims,
And soon you 'll win the prize.

4 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,
In that auspicious day,
When I make up my jewels,
Released from cumb'rous clay;

He 'll polish and refine you,
From worthless dross and tin,
And to his heavenly kingdom
Will bid you enter in.

5 On that important morning,
When bursting thunders sound,
And nimble lightnings, waving,
Shall wing the gloom profound;
Lift up your heads rejoicing,
And clap your joyful hands;
Lo, you 're redeemed forever
From death's corrupted bands!

6 As Aaron with his girdle,
In shining jewels dressed,
Bore all the tribes of Israel
Inscribed upon his breast;
So will the Priest of Zion,
Before the Father's throne,
Present the heirs of glory,
And God the kindred own.

7 The golden bells will echo
Around the sacred hill;
And sweet immortal anthems
The vocal regions fill;
In everlasting beauty,
The shining millions stand,
Safe on the Rock of Ages,
Amid the promised land.

8 We 'll range the wide dominion
Of our Redeemer round,
And in dissolving raptures
Be lost in love profound;
While all the flaming harpers
Begin the lasting song,
With hallelujahs rolling
From the unnumbered throng.

286. C. M.

Christian Charity.

1 BLESS'D is the man whose soft'ning heart
Feels for his neighbor's pain,
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain.

2 With gen'rous zeal he flies to help
The stranger in distress;
And mourns the wrongs which from his aid
Admit not of redress.

3 He lends a kind supporting arm
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And yields unhoped relief.

4 To him compassion shall be shown;
And blessings from above
Shall come on all, who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

287. 8s. M.

The Union.

1 FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 Why then so unwilling to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again?
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.

4 And when we shall see the bright day,
When Jesus descends from above,
And angels his glory display,
We then to his kingdom remove.

5 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his rich glory shall see;
There sing Hallelujah, Amen!
Amen, even so let it be!

288. C. M.

A Dialogue.

1 WHAT poor despiséd company
Of travellers are these,
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Along the rugged maze?

2 Ah, these are of a royal line,
All children of a King;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo, for joy they sing!

3 Why do they then appear so mean?
And why so much despised?
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world is not apprized.

4 But some of them seem poor, distressed,
And lacking daily bread:
Ah! they 're of boundless wealth possessed,
With hidden manna fed.

5 But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged, thorny maze?
Why, that 's the way their Leader trod;
They love and keep his ways.

6 Why must they shun the pleasant path,
That worldlings love so well?
Because that is the road to death,
The open road to hell.

7 What, is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground? —
Christ is the only way to God;
None other can be found.

289. 6 & 9s. M.

The Happy Convert.

1 O HOW happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When at first I believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus' dear name!

3 'T was a heaven below
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love
I was carried above
All my sin, and temptation, and pain;
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

290. H. M.

Strength from Heaven.

1 BY whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliah fought,
And laid the Gittite low?
No sword or spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.

2 'T was Israel's God and King
Who sent him to the fight;
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright.
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.

3 Who ordered Gideon forth,
To storm th' invader's camp,
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpet made his coming known,
And all the host was overthrown.

4 O, we have seen the day,
When with a single word,
(God helping us to say,
Our trust is in the Lord,)
Our souls have quelled a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.

5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness and pride,
How often do they steal
Our weapons from our side!
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
Will help his servants to the end.

291. 12 & 11s. M.

"The Harvest is past, the Summer is ended."

1 HARK, sinner, while God from on high doth entreat thee
And warnings with accents of mercy doth blend;
Give ear to his voice, lest in judgment he meet thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

2 How oft of thy danger and guilt he hath told thee!
How oft still the message of mercy doth send!
Haste, haste, while he waits in his arms to enfold thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

3 Despiséd, rejected, at length he may leave thee;
What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend!
Then haste thee, O sinner, while he will receive thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

4 Ere long, and Jehovah will come in his power;
Our God will arise, with his foes to contend:
Haste, haste thee, O sinner, prepare for that hour;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

5 The Saviour will call thee in judgment before him;
O, bow to his sceptre, and make him thy Friend;
Now yield him thy heart, and make haste to adore him
"Thy harvest is passing, thy summer will end."

292. L. M.

The Beatitudes.

1 BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.

5 Blest are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord they shall obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

8 Blest are the suff'rers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.

293. 11 & 8s. M.

This is my Beloved.

1 O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all —

2 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

3 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?

4 This is my beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crowned.

5 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

6 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles may know
And bask in the smiles of his face.

7 Love sits on his eyelids and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And praise him with fulness of joy.

8 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

294. 11s. M.

Bower of Prayer.

1 TO leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part,
And go from my home it afflicts not my heart,
Like the thought of absenting myself for a day
From that blessed retreat where I 've chosen to pray.

2 Sweet bower, where the pine and the poplar have spread,
And woven their branches a roof o'er my head;
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And poured out my soul to my Saviour in prayer.

3 The early, shrill notes of a loved nightingale,
That dwelt in the bower, I observed as my bell,
To call me to duty, while birds of the air
Sung anthems of praises as I went to prayer.

4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam, and wild eglantine!
But sweeter, O sweeter superlative were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

5 For Jesus, my Saviour, oft deignéd to meet,
And bless with his presence my humble retreat;
Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness there,
Inditing, in heaven's own language, my prayer.

6 Dear bower, I must leave you, and bid you adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new,
Well knowing my Saviour resides everywhere,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.

7 Although I shall never revisit thy shade,
Yet oft shall I think of the vows I have made,
And while at a distance, my mind will repair
To the place where my Saviour first answered my prayer

295. 8s. M.

Poor Way-faring Man.

1 A POOR way-faring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer nay: —
I had no power to ask his name,
Whither he went or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I know not why.

2 Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered; not a word he spake;
Just perishing for want of bread
I gave him all; he blessed and brake,

And ate, but gave me part again :
Mine was an angel's portion then !
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste !

3 I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock ; his strength was gone ;
The heedless water mocked his thirst :
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran and raised the sufferer up ;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er ;
I drank, and never thirsted more !

4 'T was night. The floods were out ; it blew
A wintry hurricane aloof !
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on mine own couch to rest ;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

5 Stripped, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the high-way side ;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment ; he was healed.
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

6 In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him mid shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd if I for him would die ?
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, " I will ! "

7 Then, in a moment, to my view,
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew, —
My Saviour stood before my eyes!
He spake, and my poor name he named: —
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst it unto me!"

296. 11s. M.

The Garden Hymn.

1 WHILE nature was sinking in silence to rest,
And the last beams of daylight were dim in the west,
I strayed in the twilight unconscious away,
In deep meditation where'er my path lay.

2 I passed near a garden: there fell on my ear
A voice of deep anguish from one that was there;
The tones of his agony melted my heart,
While earnestly pleading the lost sinner's part.

3 In offering to heaven his strong, matchless prayer,
He spake of the torments the sinner must bear;
His life as a ransom he offered to give,
That sinners redeemed in glory might live.

4 So deep was his sorrow, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood, and tears!
I wept to behold him, and asked his name;
He answered, "'T is Jesus — from heaven I came.

5 "I am thy Redeemer — for thee I must die;
The cup is most painful, but cannot pass by;
Thy sins like a mountain are laid upon me,
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee!"

6 I heard with attention the tale of his woe,
While tears like a fountain of waters did flow;
The cause of his sorrow to hear him repeat,
Affected my heart, and I fell at his feet

7 I trembled with horror, and loudly did cry,
" Lord, save, or I perish! O, save, or I die!"
He smiled when he saw me, and said to me, "**Live!**
Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive."

8 How sweet was that language! it made me **rejoice!**
His smile, O, how pleasant! how cheering **his voice!**
I ran from the garden to spread it abroad;
I shouted, " Salvation! O, glory to God!"

9 I 'm now on my journey to mansions above,
My soul full of glory, of peace, light and love!
I think of the garden, the prayer, and the tears,
And that loving stranger who banished my fears.

10 The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When Gabriel, descending, the trumpet shall **sound;**
My soul then in raptures of glory will rise,
To gaze on that stranger with unclouded eyes.

297.

8 & 6s. M.

The Pilgrim.

1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot!
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell;
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above

3 The things eternal I pursue;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant

For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness;
A poor wayfaring man.
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

5 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
With me my elder brethren stay,
Waiting the swift-approaching day,
Till our Deliverer come.

6 Then, Lord, on angel's wings I 'll rise,
And soar to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
O, let the pilgrim's journey end:
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

298. 11s. M.

Precious Promises.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land or the sea,
As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed!
I now am thy God and will still give thee aid;
I 'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flames shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove,
Impartial, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

299. 7s. M.

The Second Coming of Christ.

1 COME, Desire of nations, come!
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
Hear the Spirit and the Bride;
Come, and take us to thy side.

2 Thou, who hast our place prepared,
Make us meet for our reward;
Then with all thy saints descend;
Then our earthly trials end.

3 Mindful of thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days;
Who for full redemption groan;
Hear us now, and save thine own.

4 Now destroy the Man of sin;
Now thine ancient flock bring in!
Filled with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransomed world for thine.

5 Plant thy heavenly kingdom here ;
Glorious in thy saints appear ;
Speak the sacred number sealed ;
Speak the mystery revealed.

6 Take to thee thy royal power ;
Reign, when sin shall be no more ;
Reign, when death no more shall be ;
Reign to all eternity.

300. C. M.

Confidence and Hope in God.

1 THINE oath and promise, mighty God,
Recorded in thy Word,
Become our hope's foundation broad,
And surety afford.

2 Like Abraham, the friend of God,
Thy faithfulness we prove ;
We tread in paths the fathers trod,
Blest with thy light and love.

3 Largely our consolation flows,
While we expect the day
That ends our griefs, and pains, and woes,
And drives our fears away.

4 Let floods of mighty vengeance roll,
And compass earth around ;
Let thunder sound from pole to pole,
And earthquakes vast astound ;

5 Let nature all convulse and shake,
And angry nations rage ; —
Thy name our hiding-place we make !
To save thou dost engage.

301. P. M.

There is a World to Come.

AIR — "Happy Land."

1 THERE is a world to come,
Happy and pure;
That is the Christian's home,
Long to endure!
O, 't is a world of light;
No more death, nor woe, nor night;
Faith views it with delight,
Knowing 't is sure.

2 There Christ will ever reign,
All-glorious King!
There music's rapturous strain
Ever will ring;
Saints who in ages by
Suffered, and were called to die,
There in sweet harmony
Anthems will sing.

3 There is our paradise —
Eden restored!
All beauteous in their eyes,
Who love the Lord;
Wastes that are now so drear,
Like the rose shall blossom there,
And be a garden fair:
Thus saith the word.

4 O, that bright world to come —
Tongue cannot tell!
Thrice blessed is the home
Where saints will dwell;
Turn, then, from sin away,
And the word of God obey,
Then at the last great day
All will be well.

302 P. M.

The Exile.

TUNE — "All is well."

1 THERE is a land, a better land than this —
There 's my home, there 's my home!
A land of pure, unbounded, perfect bliss —
There 's my home — there 's my home!
A captive on this desert shore,
I long to count my exile o'er,
And be where sorrows come no more:
There 's my home — there 's my home!

2 Far, far I am from my own happy shore —
I would go — I would go.
But yet my days of exile are not o'er: —
I would go — I would go.
I would not stay though earth were mine;
Though all its treasures for me shine,
A captive here I still should pine —
I would go — I would go!

3 Bright visions of that blissful land appear —
There 's my home — there 's my home!
How long a pilgrim must I wander here?
There 's my home — there 's my home!
O tell me that I soon shall be
With all the ransomed exiles free
There in that land I long to see:
There 's my home — there 's my home!

4 There is a land, a brighter land than this;
Joys are there — joys are there!
No pain or sorrow, sickness or distress,
Reaches there — reaches there.
Bright fields of pleasure greet the eye,
And crystal streams that never dry;
O, give me wings, I now would fly,
And be there — and be there!

303. 10 & 7s. M.

Be of good Cheer.

TUNE — "Here is no rest."

1 CHRISTIAN, the warfare will now soon be o'er;
O, do not fear, do not fear!
Soon thou wilt rest where thy foes come no more;
Be of good cheer, of good cheer!
What though the night be so dreary and long?
What though thy foes are unwearied and strong?
Soon thou shalt join in the conqueror's song:
Be of good cheer, of good cheer!

2 What though the billows of life darkly roll?
O, do not fear, do not fear!
Friends all forsake thee, and cares press thy soul;
Be of good cheer, of good cheer!
Christian, remember that Christ loves thee still;
Only be faithful in doing his will;
Soon thou wilt stand with him on Zion's hill.
Be of good cheer, of good cheer!

3 Christian, the angels are coming for thee;
O, do not fear, do not fear!
Whom thou dost love, thou in glory shalt see;
Be of good cheer, of good cheer!
O, if thou wouldst through the warfare endure,
Keep on thy armor, and all thy robes pure;
Faith overcomes, and will make the prize sure:
Be of good cheer, of good cheer!

4 Christian, the shadows will soon flee away!
O, do not fear, do not fear!
Then thou wilt enter a glorious day;
Be of good cheer, of good cheer!
In the bright kingdom forever to dwell;
Join angel choirs, and the rich anthem swell;
Bid to thy sorrows a long, long, farewell!
Be of good cheer, of good cheer!

304. 12 & 11s. M.

I long have wandered.

AIR — "Eden of love."

1 I LONG here have wandered, a pilgrim and stranger;
Aloof from the world have endeavored to keep:
All free from its error, pollution, and danger,
Till I should be changed, or in Jesus should sleep.
Its joys and its sorrows, its pain and its pleasure,
Its poverty's vale or its envied treasure,
I count all as nothing compared with the measure
Of glory that 's promised when Christ shall appear!

2 By foes I 'm despised, and by friends am forsaken;
My hope is deferred and sick is my heart.
Though oft disappointed and sometimes mistaken,
Yet from my dear Jesus I ne'er will depart.
The day of probation is rapidly fleeting;
All hail, happy morning of that glorious meeting!
My soul in sweet transports exults in repeating,
I 'll meet all the saints when old time is no more!

3 Come, all my dear brethren who pant for salvation,
With warm heart and hand, you in friendship I greet;
And though we now sigh with a groaning creation,
In realms of bright glory we hope soon to meet.
With saints and with angels we there shall admire
Our glorious Redeemer, and never more tire:
The thought of that bliss doth my soul now inspire!
O, glory, O, glory, my heart now is there!

305. L. M.

The Believer's Wants.

1 I WANT not India's pearly shore;
I want the joys of earth no more:
I want to quit each vain delight;
I want to walk with Christ in white.

2 I want to know my Saviour's love ;
I want to fix my heart above ;
I want more grace to conquer sin ;
I want to feel new life within.

3 I want Christ's robe of righteousness ;
I want that bright and glorious dress ;
I want to lay my own aside ;
I want to fly from legal pride.

4 I want to lean on Jesus' breast,
And feel him my eternal rest :
I want the spirit's purging fire ;
More faith, more love, to raise me higher.

5 I want with Jesus to sit down ;
I want to wear my heavenly crown ;
I want the kingdom promised me ;
I want, O Christ, to live with thee !

306. 11s. M.

Remember Lot's Wife.

1 A WARNING from heaven, the Saviour is near!
He calls to the world, and commands them to hear ;
Then ye who believe him, escape for your life,
And look not behind you — remember Lot's wife !

2 No time now to revel, to sell and to buy ;
What prophets have spoken is now passing by :
Then ye who behold it, escape for your life,
And look not behind you — remember Lot's wife !

3 In the hand of the Lord see that wine-cup of blood !
Its dregs are prepared for the foes of our God :
The cry has gone upward, " Escape for your life,
And look not behind you — remember Lot's wife ! "

4 O, Zion ! thy glory ere long will appear,
No more then thine eye shall be dimmed with a tear ;
Make Christ still your refuge, your leader and life ;
Then look not behind you — remember Lot's wife !

307. P. M.

Advent Hymn.

TUNE — "The old Church-yard."

1 WE shall see the Saviour coming
In the clouds of heaven;
Then the song of victory
Hear from those who are forgiven.

2 Jesus sounds the seventh trumpet. —
Calls to life the dead:
Quickens first his people,
And exalts them with their Head.

3 Jesus saves the waiting remnant
Of his faithful saints:
He redeems their body,
And avenges their complaints.

4 Then new heavens and earth created
By his power shall be:
We, our inheritance
In its Eden state shall see.

5 Pain, and death, and sin destroyed,
We shall then realize:
Thirst and hunger know not,
In the land of paradise.

308. 6 & 5s. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 OUR Father in heaven,
We hallow thy name!
May thy kingdom holy
On earth be the same!
O give to us daily
Our portion of bread;
It is from thy bounty
That all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgressions,
And teach us to know
That humble compassion
Which pardons each foe:
Keep us from temptation,
From weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory
Forever — Amen.

309. C. M.

Christmas Hymn.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'T was more than heaven could hold.

4 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

5 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

6 With joy the chorus we 'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high;
Good will and peace are now complete;
Jesus was born to die."

7 Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life should fail
Thy praise shall never end.

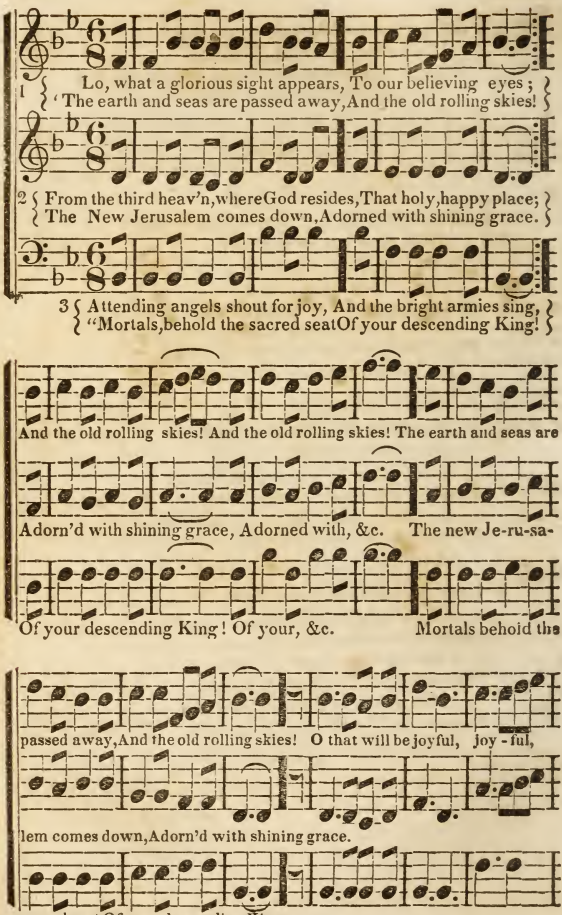
310 7 & 6s. M.

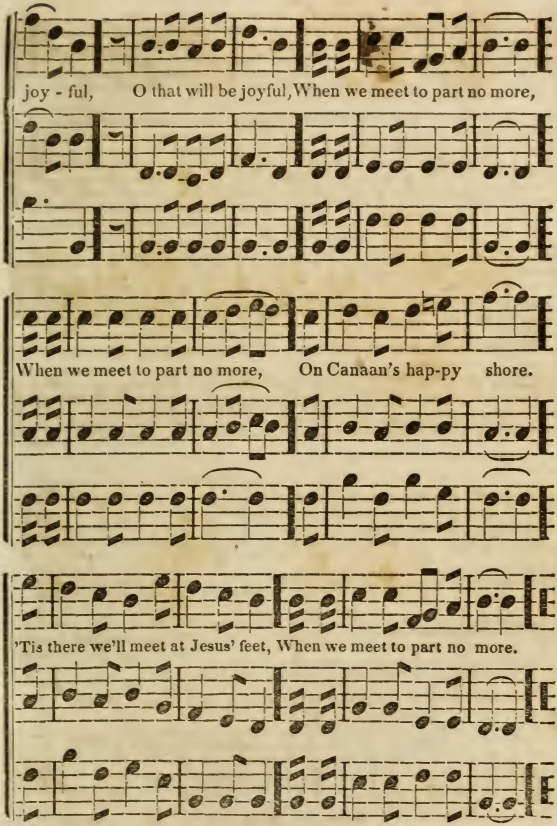
Praise the Lord.

PRAISE the Lord who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below;
Praise him for his boundless love,
And all his greatness show.
Praise him for his noble deeds;
Praise him for his matchless power;
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

2 Publish, spread to all around
The great Immanuel's name:
Let the gospel-trumpet sound,
Him Prince of peace proclaim.
Praise him, every tuneful string:
All the reach of heavenly art,
All the power of music bring,
The music of the heart.

3 Him, in whom they move and live,
Let every creature sing;
Glory to our Saviour give,
And homage to our King.
Hallowed be his name beneath,
As in heaven on earth adored;
Praise the Lord in every breath,
Let all things praise the Lord.


1 Lo, what a glorious sight appears, To our believing eyes;
The earth and seas are passed away, And the old rolling skies!
2 From the third heav'n, where God resides, That holy, happy place;
The New Jerusalem comes down, Adorned with shining grace.
3 Attending angels shout for joy, And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat Of your descending King!
And the old rolling skies! And the old rolling skies! The earth and seas are
Adorn'd with shining grace, Adorned with, &c. The new Je-ru-sa-
Of your descending King! Of your, &c. Mortals behold the
passed away, And the old rolling skies! O that will be joyful, joy-ful,
lem comes down, Adorn'd with shining grace.
sacred seat Of your descending King!



4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men are the objects of his love,
And he their gracious God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die."

6 How bright the vision! O, how long
Shall this glad hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day!


1. How long, O Lord our Savior, Wilt thou remain a-way?
Our hearts are growing wea-ry Of thy so long de - lay.
O when shall come the moment, When, brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of thy glo - ry Shall on thy peo-ple dawn?

1 How long, O Lord our Savior,
Wilt thou remain away?
Our hearts are growing weary
Of thy so long delay.
O when shall come the moment
When, brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of thy glory
Shall on thy people dawn?

2 How long, O gracious Master,
Wilt thou thy household leave?
So long hast thou now tarried,
Few thy return believe.
Immers'd in sloth and folly,
Thy servants Lord, we see;
And few of us stand ready
With joy to welcome thee.

3 How long, O heav'nly Bridegroom,
How long wilt thou delay?
And yet how few are grieving
That thou dost absent stay!
Thy very Bride her portion
And calling hath forgot,
And seeks for ease and glory
Where thou, her Lord, art not.

4 O wake thy slumbering virgins;
Send forth the solemn cry,
Let all thy saints repeat it,
"The Bridegroom draweth nigh!"
May all our lamps be burning,
Our loins well girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy thy face to see.

The Conflagration.

1 The clouds at length are breaking;
The dawn will soon appear,
And "Signs" there's no mistaking,
Proclaim Messiah NEAR.
Awake, awake from sleeping,
Attend the "midnight cry,"
Ye saints, refrain from weeping,
Your GREAT DELIVERER'S NIGH.

2 The morning light is beaming;
The "day-star" shines on high,
Christ's Heralds are proclaiming
His coming in the sky;
And earth's eventful story
A few short months will tell,
The righteous rise to glory;
The wicked sink to hell.

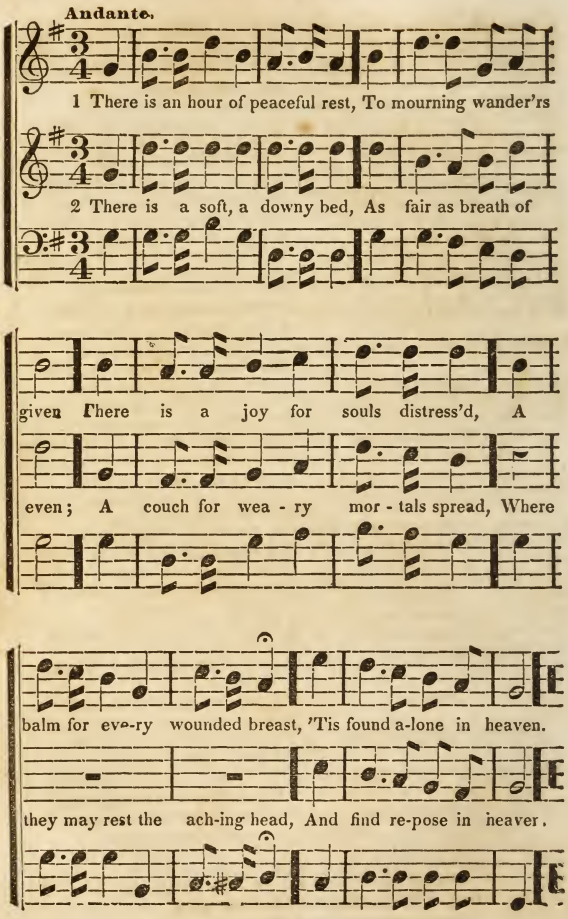
3 If earth and all her treasure,
Are doom'd to fire and flame;
Her Royal pomp, and pleasure
Are but an *empty name!*
Her Kings—her Crowns—her glory
Her Armies—Fleets—and pride,
May bubble forth her story
While floating down the tide.

4 The Ocean, Oh! the ocean,
To which *her* grandeurs tend
Now foams in dreadful motion,
Her boast and pomp to end.
See, see, the flames ascending,
The seas, themselves explode;
The clouds,—the skies, are rending
With cries of—'God'—'Oh! God'!!

5 Oh! hear the sad petition,
"Rocks crush us into dust;"
Oh! pity our condition—
Or *damned* we surely must:
We thought that we were wiser
Than '*Pastors*'—'*Saints*,' and all
Yet Sinner—Sceptic—miser—
Must suffer once for all.

6 Ye mortals take the warning,
Ten thousand calls invite;
Should you neglect THE MORNING
Then comes the *doleful night.*
Now mercy's hand extended,
The vilest wretch would save;
But Oh! if *this* be ended
You're lost beyond the grave.

7 Great Author of compassion,
Redeemer—Saviour—friend—
Oh! send to every nation
The knowledge of its end;
Fly! fly on 'wings of morning,
Ye who the TRUTH can tell,
And sound the awful warning,
To rescue souls from *hell.*


Andante.
1 There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wander'rs
2 There is a soft, a downy bed, As fair as breath of
given There is a joy for souls distress'd, A
even; A couch for wea - ry mor - tals spread, Where
balm for eve-ry wounded breast, 'Tis found a-lone in heaven.
they may rest the ach-ing head, And find re-pose in heaver.

3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls
And all is drear—but heaven.

4 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

5 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:—
Beyond the dark, the narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

Human Frailty.

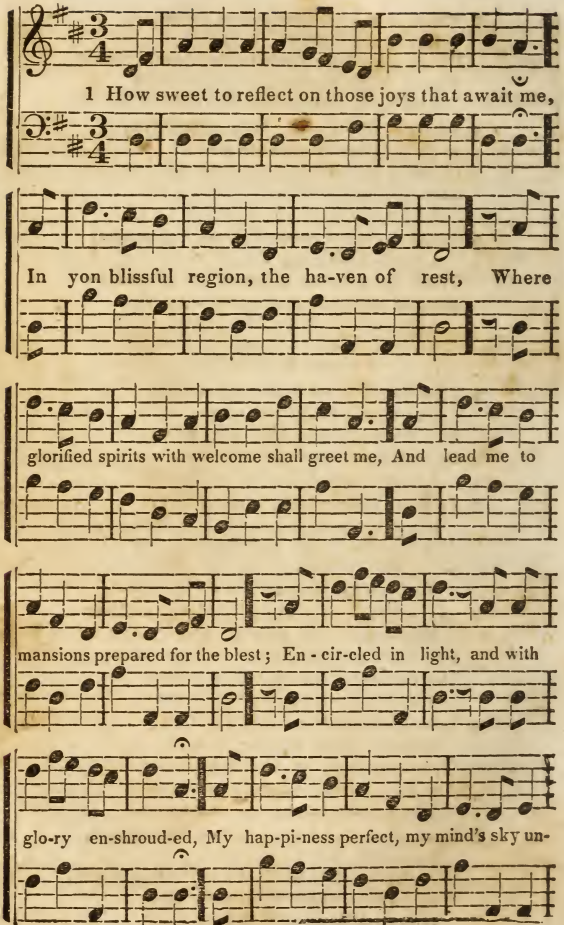
1 This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's probation given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There's nothing true as heaven.

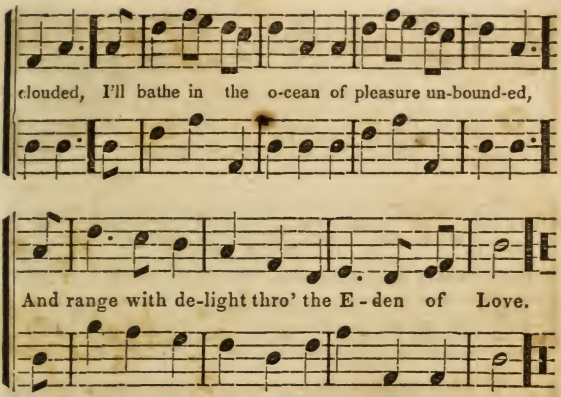
2 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we'er driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray
Serve but to light us on the way;
There's nothing bright as heaven.

3 And where's the hand held out to cheer
The heart with anguish riven?
For sorrow's sigh, and trouble's tear,
Have never found a refuge here;
There's nothing kind as heaven.

4 In vain do mortals sigh for bliss,
Without their sins forgiven:
True pleasure, everlasting peace,
Are only found in God's free grace;
There's nothing good as heaven.

5 From those who walk in wisdom's way,
Corroding fears are driven;
They're wash'd in Christ's atoning blood,
Enjoy communion with their God,
And find their way to heaven.


1 How sweet to reflect on those joys that await me,
In yon blissful region, the ha-ven of rest, Where
glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me, And lead me to
mansions prepared for the blest; En - cir-cled in light, and with
glo-ry en-shroud-ed, My hap-pi-ness perfect, my mind's sky un-



2

While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise:
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo thro' heaven,
My soul will respond, To Immanuel be given
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
Who brought us thro' grace to the Eden of Love.

3

Then hail, blessed state! hail, ye songsters of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
"Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love:"
Though 'prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me, when freed from probation:
My heart's now in Heaven, the Eden of Love.

Desire to see Jesus.



2 From every piercing sorrow,
That leaves our breast to-day
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away,
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending,
In infinite delight.

3 'Tis true, we are but strangers,
We sojourn here below;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go;
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there's a rest to come;
And onward still we're pressing,
To our eternal home.

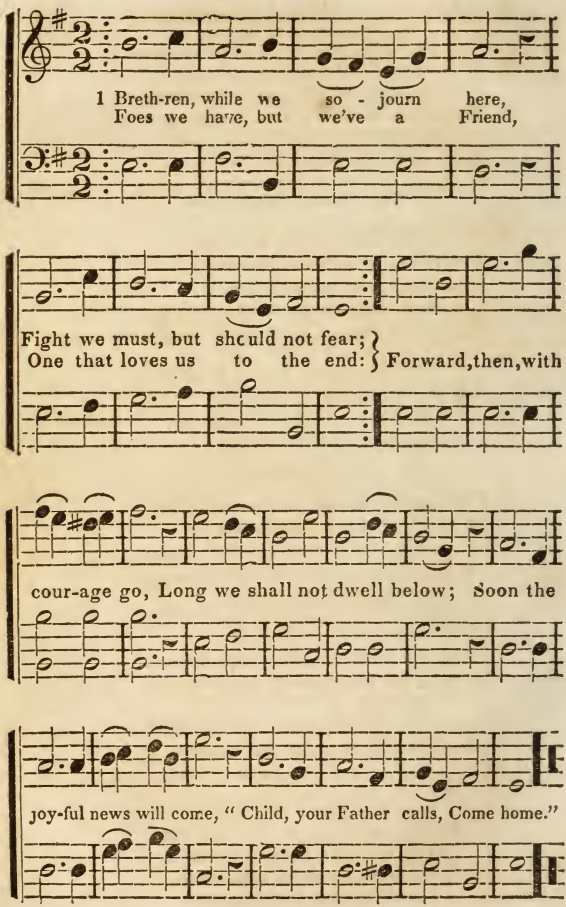
The Great Physician.

1 How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole;
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul;
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

2 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within;
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined;
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

3 From men great skill professing,
I sought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.

4 At length this great physician,
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;
First gave me sight to view him,
For sin mine eyes had seal'd,
Then bade me look unto him;
I look'd—and I was heal'd.


1 Breth-ren, while we so - journ here,
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with
cour-age go, Long we shall not dwell below; Soon the
joy-ful news will come, " Child, your Father calls, Come home."

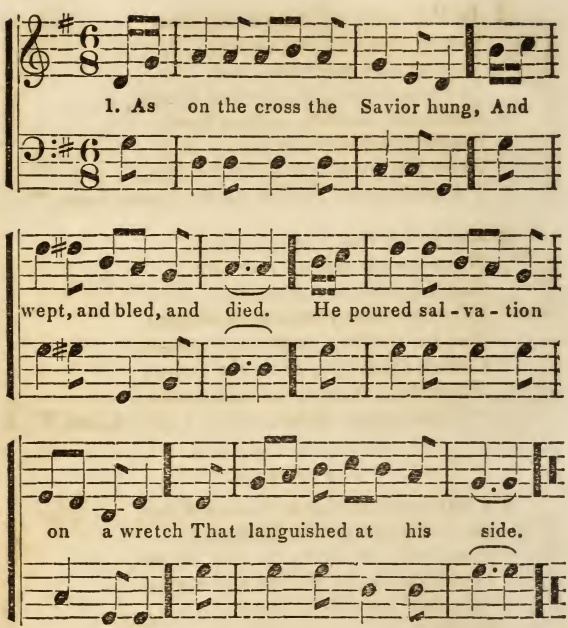
2 In the way, a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart:
But from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon in glory be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls, Come home."

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft misled our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your father calls, Come home."

Joy in Hope.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Savior's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are blessed now and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

2 Shout ye little flock, and blest,
You near Jesus throne shall rest;
There your seats are now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land:
Jesus Christ, your Father's son,
Bids you undismay'd GO ON.



2 His crimes with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confessed;
Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer addressed;

3 'Jesus thou Son and heir of heaven,
'Thou spotless Lamb of God,
'I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
'And weltering in thy blood.

4 'Yet quickly from these scenes of wo,
'In triumph thou shalt rise,
'Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.'

5 'Amid the glories of that world,
'Dear Saviour, think on me;
'And in the victories of thy death,
May I a sharer be.'

6 His prayer the dying Jesus heard,
And instantly replied,
'To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in paradise.'

Sufferings of Christ.

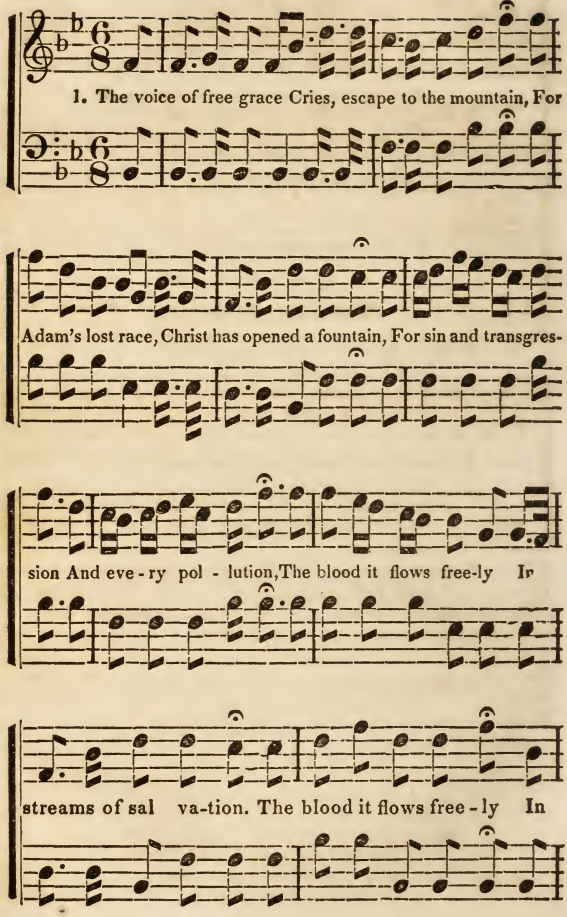
1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Jesus die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

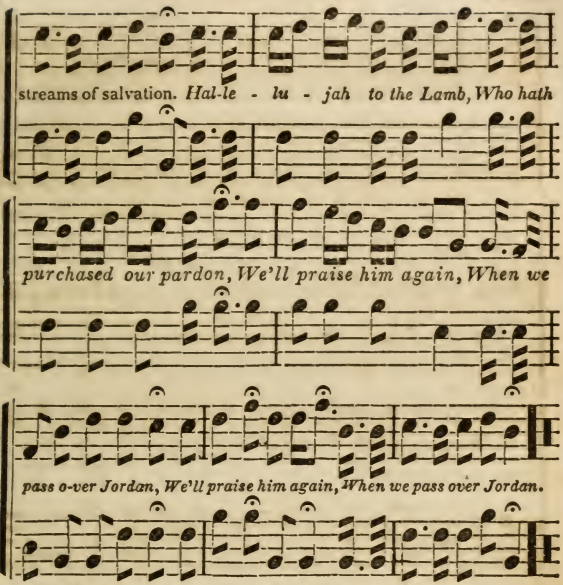
2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the glorious Saviour died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'T is all that I can do.

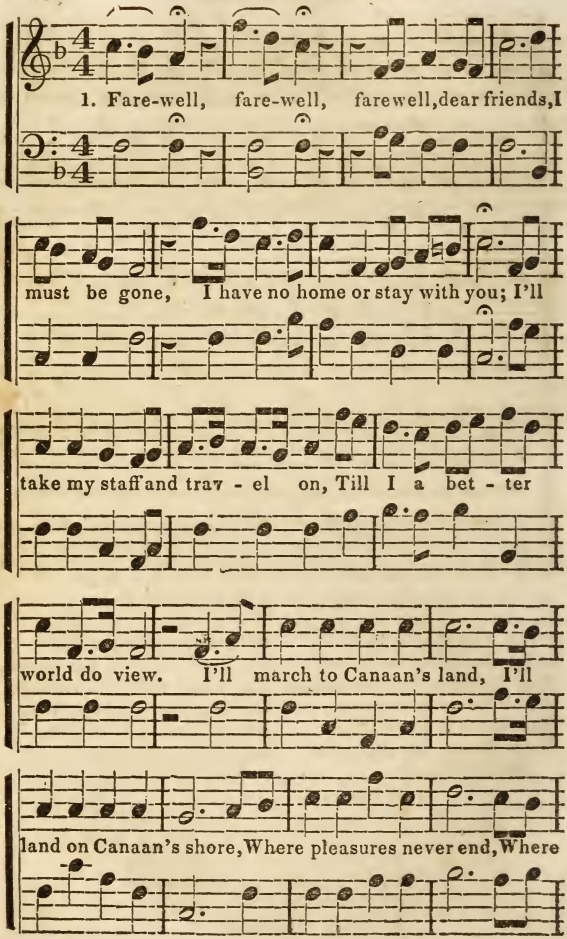

1. The voice of free grace Cries, escape to the mountain, For
Adam's lost race, Christ has opened a fountain, For sin and transgres-
sion And eve - ry pol - lution, The blood it flows free-ly In
streams of sal va-tion. The blood it flows free - ly In

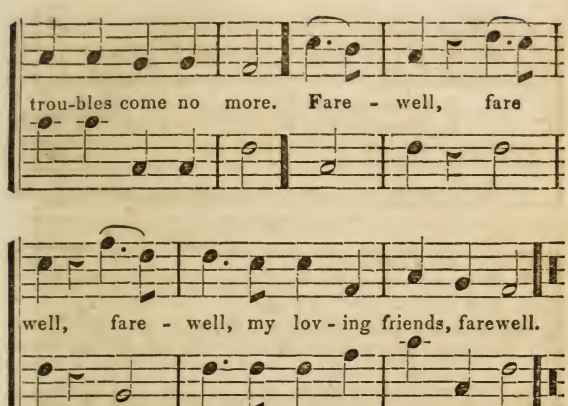


2 This fountain so clear,
In which all may find pardon,
From Jesus' side flows
In plenteous redemption:
Tho' your sins they were raised
As high as a mountain,
The blood it flows freely
From Jesus, the fountain.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 O Jesus! ride on,
Thy kingdom is glorious,
Over sin, death and hell
Thou wilt make us victorious,
Thy name shall be praised
In the great congregation,
And saints shall delight
Ascribing salvation.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 When on Zion we stand
Having gain'd the blest shore
With our harps in our hands
We will praise him evermore,
We will range the blest fields
On the banks of the river,
And sing hallelujahs
For ever and ever.
Hallelujah, &c


1. Fare-well, fare-well, farewell, dear friends, I
must be gone, I have no home or stay with you; I'll
take my staff and trav - el on, Till I a bet - ter
world do view. I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll
land on Canaan's shore, Where pleasures never end, Where

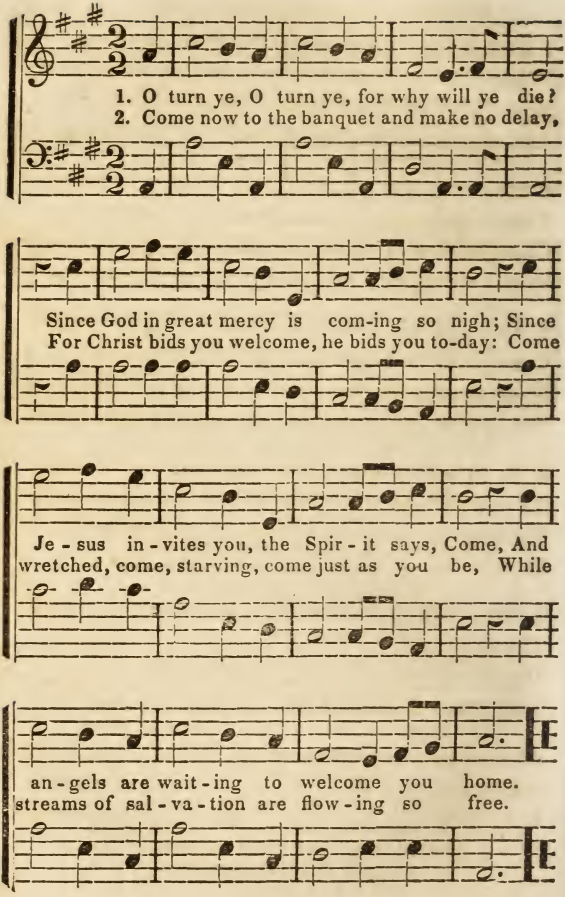


2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortals' care or bliss;
I leave you here, and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
I'll march, &c.

3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
We all shall meet him soon above.
I'll march, &c.

4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heaven;
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown will soon be given.
I'll march, &c.
Fight on, &c.

5 Farewell, poor careless sinners too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here,
Eternal vengeance waits for you;
O turn, and find salvation near.
I'll march, &c.
O turn, &c.


1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die?
2. Come now to the banquet and make no delay,
Since God in great mercy is com-ing so nigh; Since
For Christ bids you welcome, he bids you to-day: Come
Je - sus in - vites you, the Spir - it says, Come, And
wretched, come, starving, come just as you be, While
an - gels are wait - ing to welcome you home.
streams of sal - va - tion are flow - ing so free.

"O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die."

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will you die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

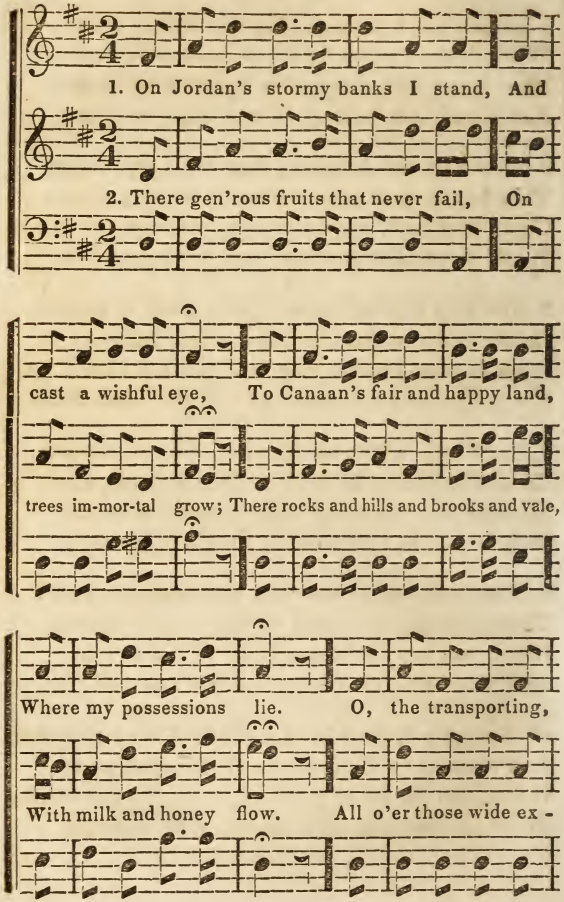
2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summon'd to die,
Or take you to Christ in the clouds of the sky.

5 Why will you be starving and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

6 Come, give us your hand, and the Savior your heart,
And trusting in Heaven, we never shall part;
O how can we leave you? why will you not come;
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.


1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And
2. There gen'rous fruits that never fail, On
cast a wishful eye, To Canaan's fair and happy land,
trees im-mor-tal grow; There rocks and hills and brooks and vale,
Where my possessions lie. O, the transporting,
With milk and honey flow. All o'er those wide ex -

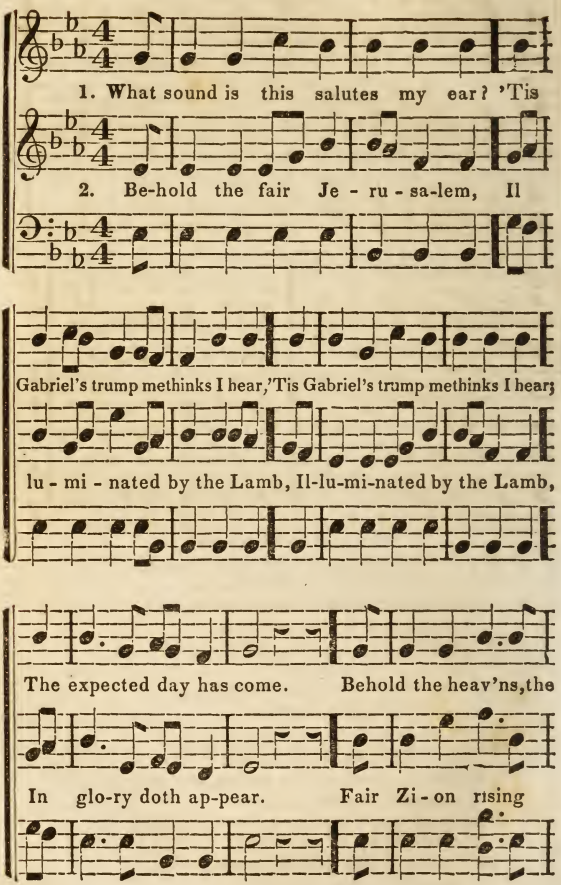


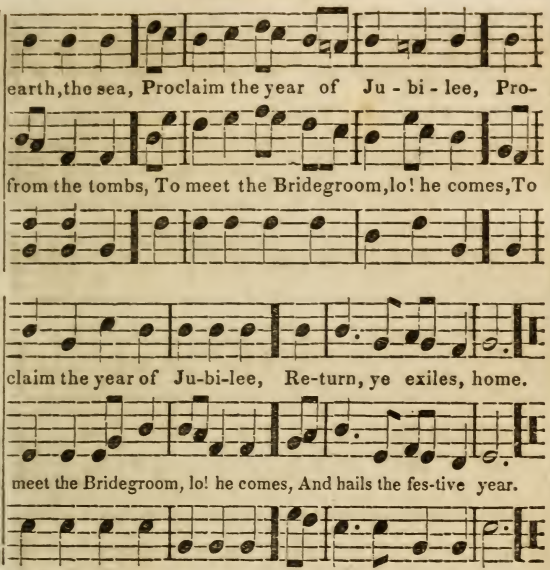
Prospect of Heaven.

3 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

4 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.
There on those high and flowery plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But in perpetual, joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

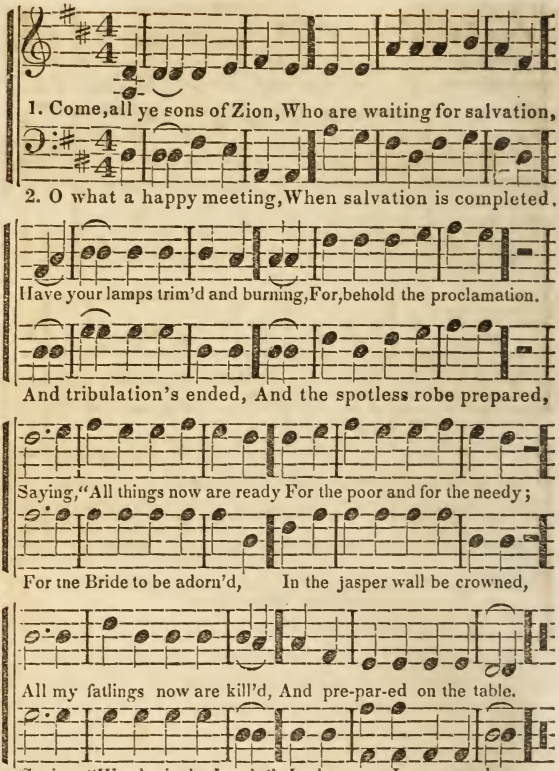
What sound is this.



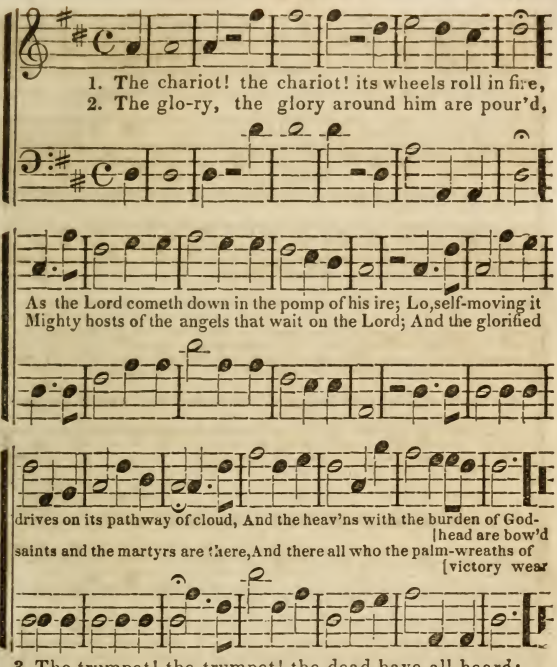


3 My soul is striving to be there;
I long to rise and wing the air,
And trace the sacred road.
Adieu, adieu, all earthly things;
O that I had an angel's wings,
I'd quickly see my God.

4 Fly, lingering moments, fly, O fly,
I thirst, I pant, I long to try,
Angelic joys to prove!
Soon shall I quit this house of clay,
Clap my glad wings and soar away,
And shout redeeming love.



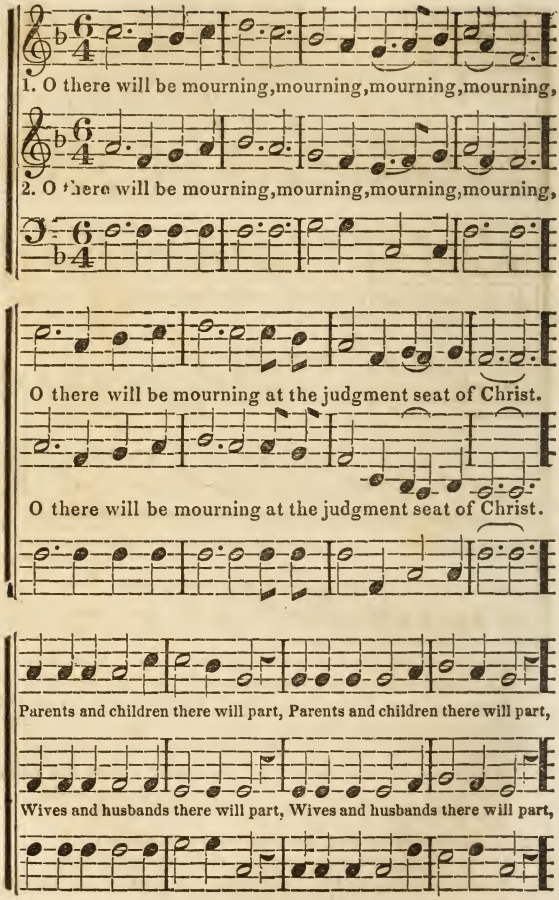
4 O sinners, don't be be doubting,
While the sons of God are shouting;
Come and join the happy army,
And there's nothing that will harm you.
If you follow Christ the Savior,
And break off your bad behavior,
And repent and be converted,
You may sing his praises too.

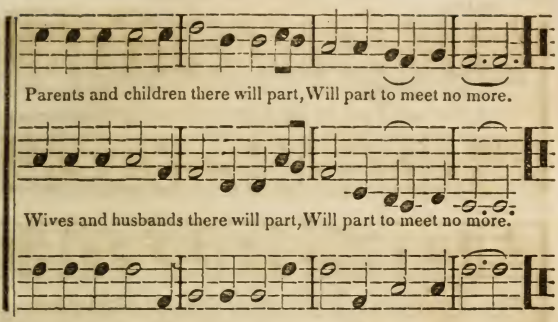


3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard;
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirr'd!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of men are come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white vested elders are met,
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above;
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a ransom in heaven.


1. O there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,
2. O there will be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,
O there will be mourning at the judgment seat of Christ.
O there will be mourning at the judgment seat of Christ.
Parents and children there will part, Parents and children there will part,
Wives and husbands there will part, Wives and husbands there will part,



3

O there will be mourning, mourning, &c.
Brothers and sisters there will part, &c.

4

O there will be mourning, mourning, &c.
Friends and neighbors there will part, &c.

5

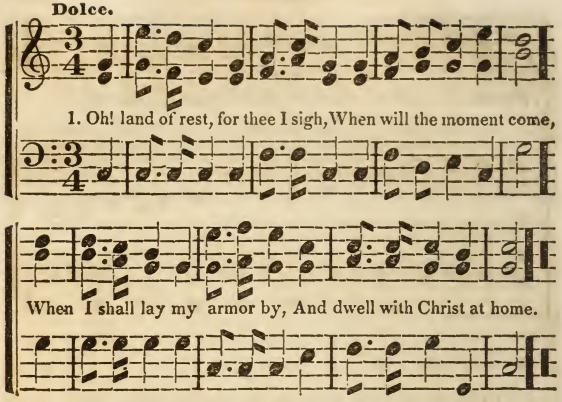
O there will be mourning, mourning, &c.
Pastors and people there will part, &c.

6

O there will be mourning, mourning, &c.
Devils and sinners there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

7

O there will be shouting, shouting, &c.
Saints and angels there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.



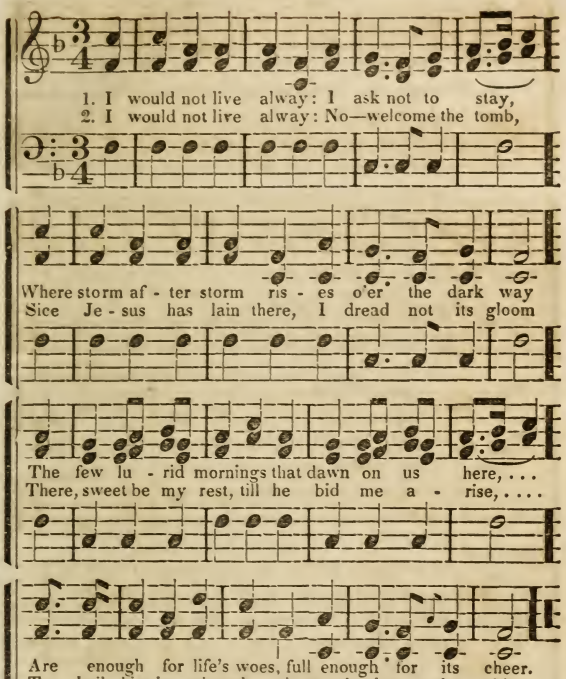
2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of wo,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam;
And fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4 I would at once have quit this place,
Where foes in fury roam,
But ah! my passport was not sealed,
I could not yet go home.

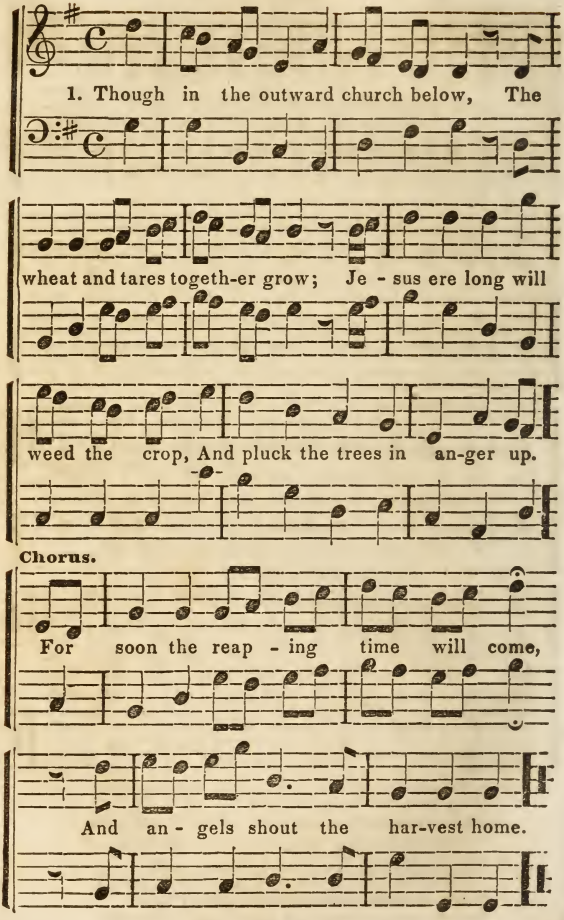
5 When by afflictions sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilling flood,
Yet still I sigh for home.

6 Weary of wandering round and round,
This vale of sin and gloom;
I long to leave th'unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.



3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God?
Away from his kingdom, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns;

4 Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren, transported to greet?
Where anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.


1. Though in the outward church below, The
wheat and tares togeth-er grow; Je - sus ere long will
weed the crop, And pluck the trees in an-ger up.
Chorus.
For soon the reap - ing time will come,
And an - gels shout the har-vest home.

Harvest Home.

1 Though in the outward church below,
The wheat and tares together grow;
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up.

CHORUS.

For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here;
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How much among the wheat they grew?

For soon the reaping time will, &c.

3 No! this will aggravate their case,
They perish'd under means of grace,
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

For soon the reaping time will, &c.

4 We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all were wheat,
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

For soon the reaping time will, &c.

5 The tares are spared for various ends,
Some for the sake of praying friends:
Others the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfil.

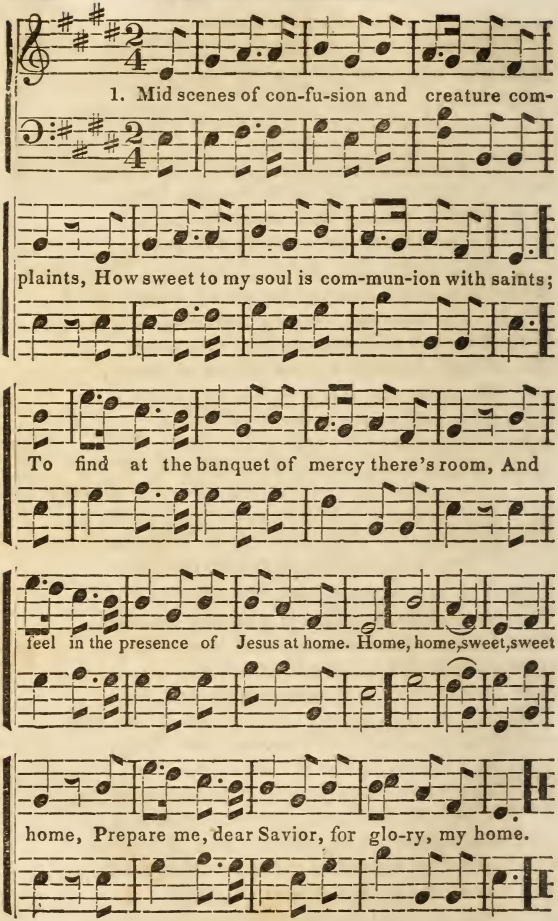
For soon the reaping time will, &c.

6 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest, when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

For soon the reaping time will, &c.

7 Oh! awful thought, and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me, for that harvest, Lord, prepare.

For soon the reaping time will, &c.


1. Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and creature com-
plaints, How sweet to my soul is com-mun-ion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room, And
feel in the presence of Jesus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet
home, Prepare me, dear Savior, for glo-ry, my home.

Saint's Sweet Home.

2

Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus whose love cannot cease,
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, my home.

3

I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Tho' now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

4

While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

5

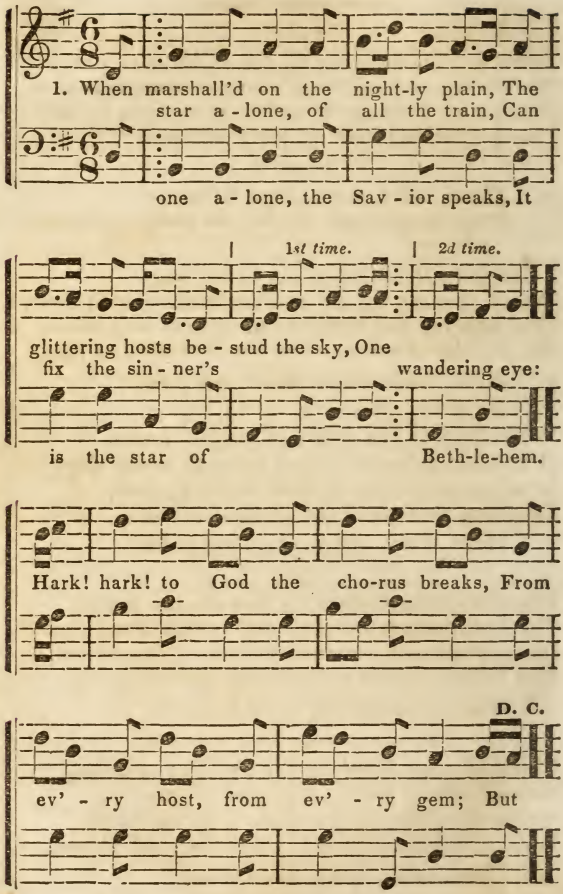
Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

6

I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee, at Home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Receive me, dear Savior, in glory, my home


1. When marshall'd on the night-ly plain, The
star a - lone, of all the train, Can
one a - lone, the Sav - ior speaks, It
1st time.
2d time.
glittering hosts be - stud the sky, One
fix the sin - ner's wandering eye:
is the star of Beth-le-hem.
Hark! hark! to God the cho-rus breaks, From
D. C.
ev' - ry host, from ev' - ry gem; But

Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death struck—I ceased the tide to stem:
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

The Christian and the Cross.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Who lives by angels now adored;
That Jesus who once died for me,
Who bore my sins in agony.

2 I'm not ashamed to own his laws,
Nor to defend his noble cause,
The way he's gone, is lined with blood,
O may I tread the steps he trod.

3 I'm not ashamed his name to bear,
With those who his disciples were:
Christian, sweet name! its worth I view,
O may I wear the nature too.

4 I'm not ashamed to bear my cross,
For which I count all things but dross;
Whate'er I'm bid to do or say,
When Christ commands, I will obey.

5 I'm not ashamed to be despised,
By those who ne'er religion prized:
Nor will I prove to Christ untrue,
For all that men can say or do.

6 This world's vain honors will I shun,
The narrow way to life I'll run;
That this at last my boast may be,
My Savior's not ashamed of me.

Lord! remember me.



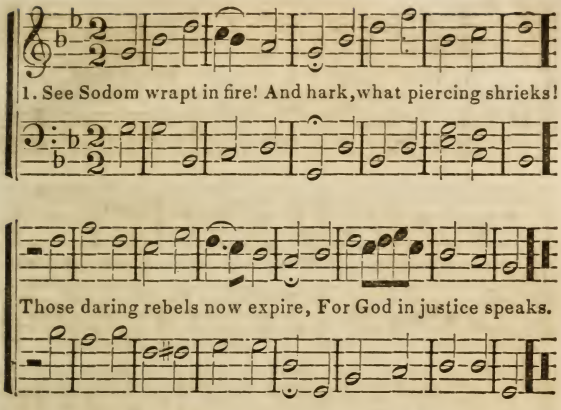
2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Oh, Lord! remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free:
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
Oh, Lord! remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, oh my great Redeemer, God!
I pray, remember me.



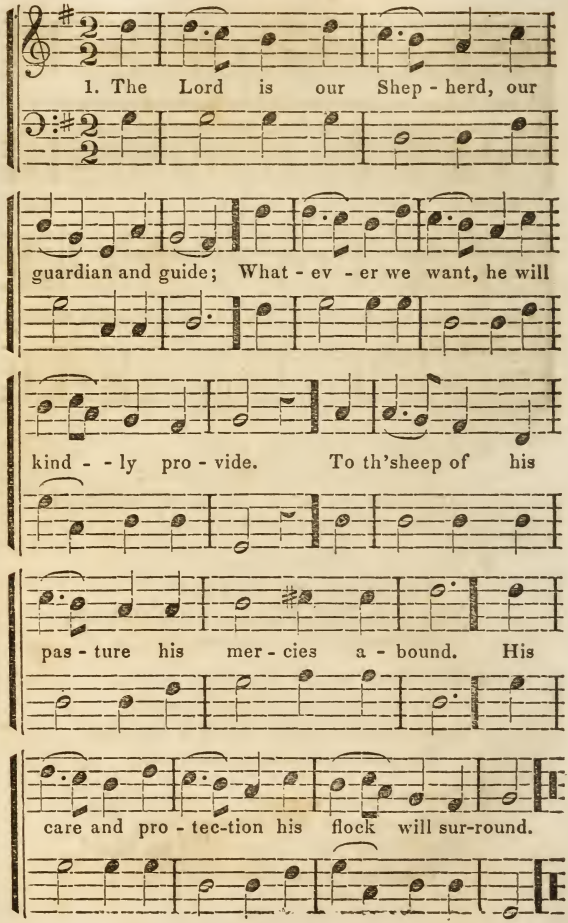
2 O sinner, mark thy fate!
Soon will the Judge appear;
And then thy cries will come too late;
Too late for God to hear.

3 Thy day of mercy gone,
The Spirit grieved away,
Thy cup, long filling, now o'erflown,
Demands the vengeful day.

4 Thy God, insulted, seems
To draw his glittering sword;
And o'er thy guilty head it gleams,
To vindicate his word.

5 One only hope I see;
Oh, sinner, seize it now,—
The blood that Jesus shed for thee!
No other hope hast thou.

The Lord is our Shepherd.



Our Shepherd.

2

The Lord is our Shepherd; what then shall we fear,
What danger can frighten us while he is near?
Not when the time calls us to walk thro' the vale
Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ever fail

3

Tho' afraid of ourselves, to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay;
For we know by thy guidance, when once it is past,
To a fountain of life it will bring us at last.

4

The Lord is become our salvation and song,
His blessings have follow'd us all our life long;
His name will we praise while we have any breath
Be cheerful in life, and be happy in death

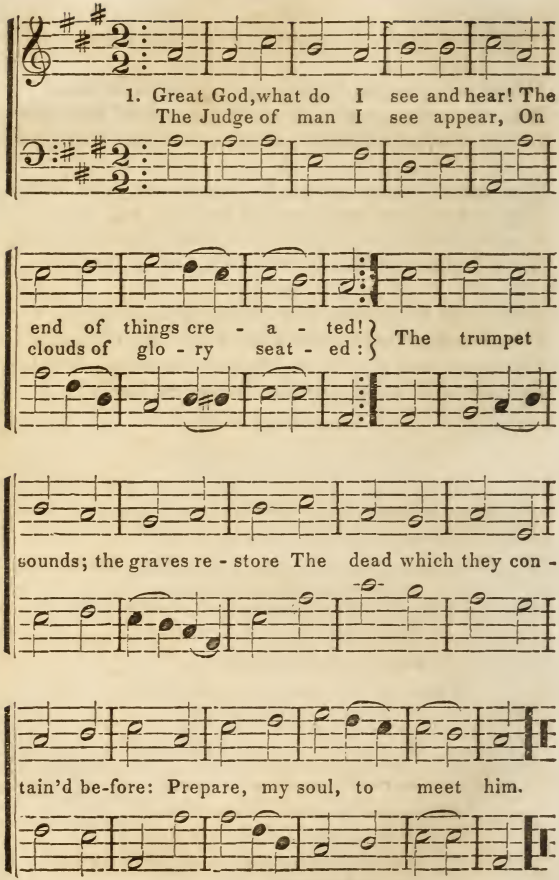
Zion Prosperous.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands;
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee!
He himself appears thy friend,
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end!
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now is past,
God, thy Saviour, shall defend thee,
Peace and joy are come at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.


1. Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - a - ted!
The Judge of man I see appear, On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed:
The trumpet sounds; the graves re - store The dead which they con - tain'd be-fore: Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

Judgment.

1

Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated;
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2

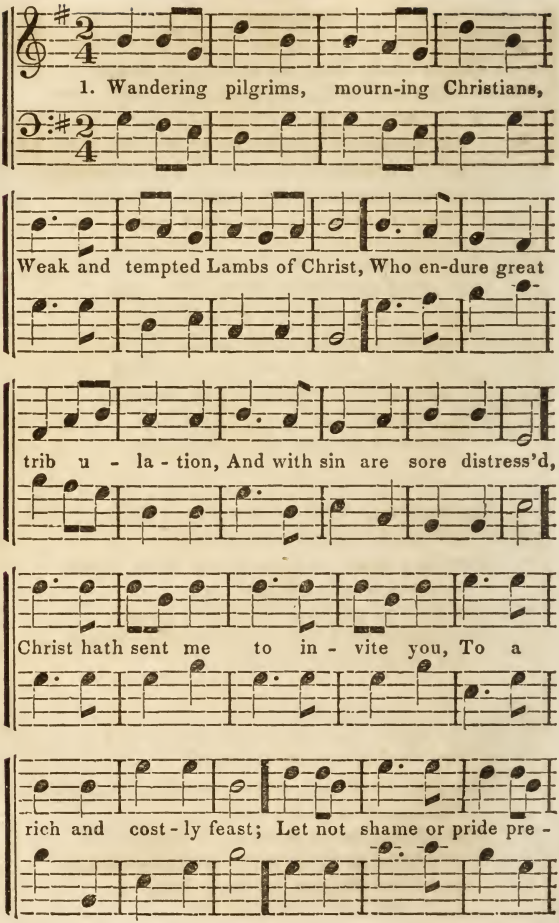
The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding
No gloomy fears their souls dismay
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

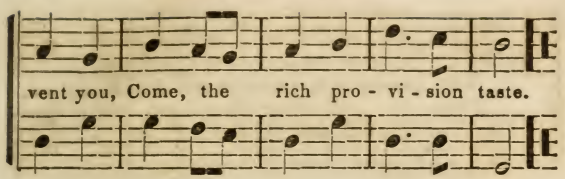
3

But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing,
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4

Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away
And thus prepare to meet him.


1. Wandering pilgrims, mourn-ing Christians,
Weak and tempted Lambs of Christ, Who en-dure great
trib u - la - tion, And with sin are sore distress'd,
Christ hath sent me to in - vite you, To a
rich and cost - ly feast; Let not shame or pride pre -

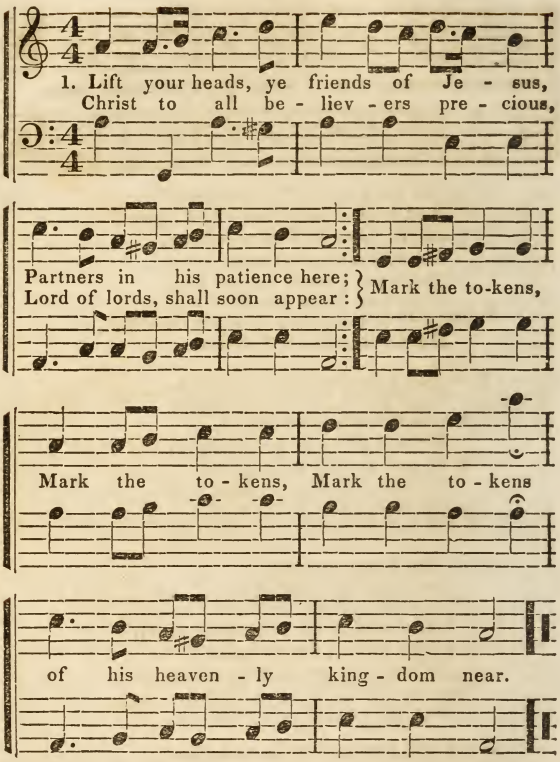


2 If you have a heart lamenting
And bemoan your wretched case,
Come to Jesus Christ, repenting,
He will give you gospel grace:
If you want a heart to fear him,
Love and serve him here below;
With your troubles now draw near him,
He the blessing will bestow.

3 If, like poor Bartimeus blinded,
You bewail the want of sight,
Cry to Jesus, son of David,
He will give you gospel light:
If no one appear to help you,
All their efforts prove but talk:
Jesus ready waits to heal you,
He will bid you rise and walk.

4 If, like Peter, you are sinking
In the sea of unbelief;
Wait with patient, constant praying,
Christ will grant you sweet relief.
Are you weary, heavy laden?
He will give you sweet repose;
Bear his light and easy burden,
He shall conquer all your foes.

5 He will give you grace and glory,
All your wants shall be supplied:
Canaan, Canaan, lies before you,
Rise, and cross the swelling tide.
Death shall not destroy your comfort,
Christ shall guide you thro' the gloom,
Down he'll send an heavenly convoy,
To convey you to his home.



2 Hear all nature's groans proclaiming
Nature's swift approaching doom!
War, and pestilence, and famine,
Signify the wrath to come;
Cleaves the centre,
Nations rush into the tomb.

3 Close behind the tribulation
Of the last tremendous days,
See the flaming Revelation!
See the universal blaze!
Earth and heaven
Melt before the Judge's face.

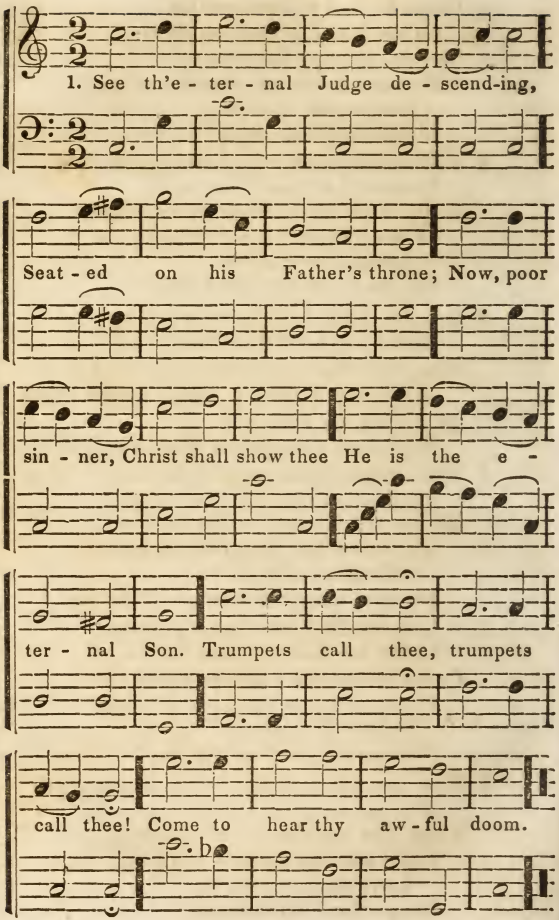
4 Sun and moon are both confounded,
Darken'd into endless night,
When with angel-hosts surrounded,
In his Father's glory bright,
Beams the Savior,
Shines the everlasting light.

5 See the stars from heaven falling!
Hark! on earth the doleful cry!
Men on rocks and mountains calling,
While the frowning Judge draws nigh;
Hide us, hide us,
Rock and mountains, from his eye!

6 With what different exclamation
Shall the saints his banner see!
By the monuments of his passion,
By the marks received for *me!*
All discern him,
All with shouts cry out—"'Tis He!"

7 "Lo! 'tis He! our heart's desire,
Come for his espoused below;
Come to join us with the choir,
Come to make our joys o'erflow:
Palms of victory,
Crowns of glory to bestow."

8 Yes, the prize shall sure be given;
We his open face shall see:
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love our full reward shall be,
Love shall crown us
Kings thro' all eternity


1. See th'e - ter - nal Judge de - scend-ing,
Seat - ed on his Father's throne; Now, poor
sin - ner, Christ shall show thee He is the e -
ter - nal Son. Trumpets call thee, trumpets
call thee! Come to hear thy aw - ful doom.

The Judgment.

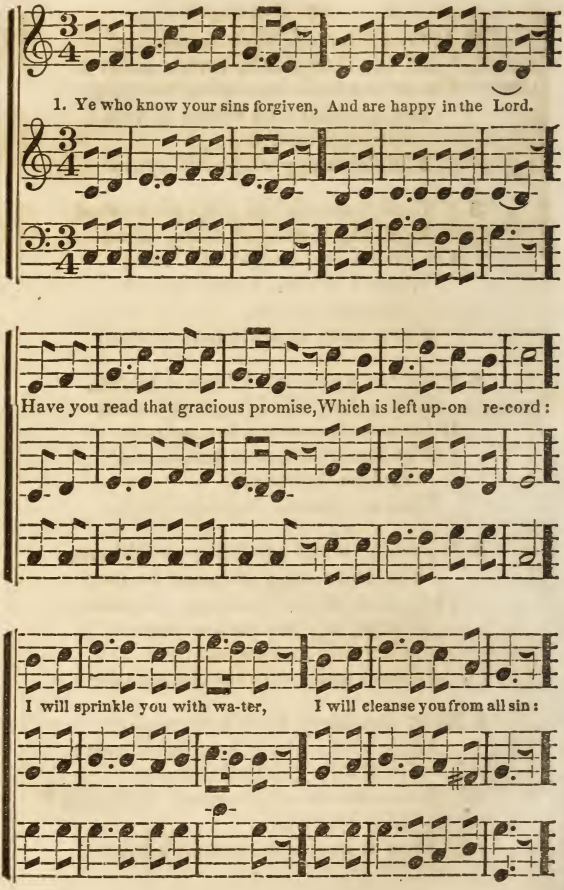
2 Hear the sinner thus lamenting,
At the thoughts of future pain;
Cries and tears he now is venting,
But he cries and weeps in vain:
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again.

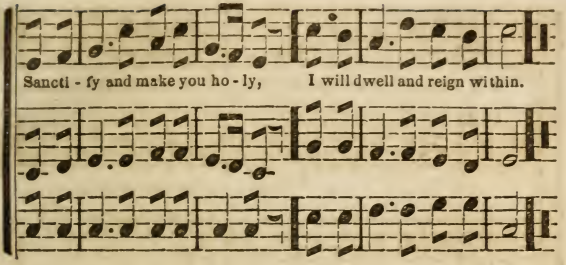
3 "Yonder stands the glorious Savior,
With the marks of dying love;
Oh, that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his Spirit move!
Doomed justly,
For I have against him strove.

4 "All his warnings I have slighted,
While he daily sought my soul;
If some vows to him I plighted,
Yet for sin I broke the whole:
Golden moments,
How neglected did they roll!

5 "Yonder stand my godly neighbors,
Who were once despised by me;
They are clad in dazzling splendor,
Waiting my sad fate to see—
Farewell, neighbors;
Dismal gulf! I'm bound for thee!

6 Now, despisers, look and wonder,
Hope and sinners here must part;
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart"
Lost forever!
How it quails the sinner's heart!


1. Ye who know your sins forgiven, And are happy in the Lord.
Have you read that gracious promise, Which is left up-on re-cord:
I will sprinkle you with wa-ter, I will cleanse you from all sin:

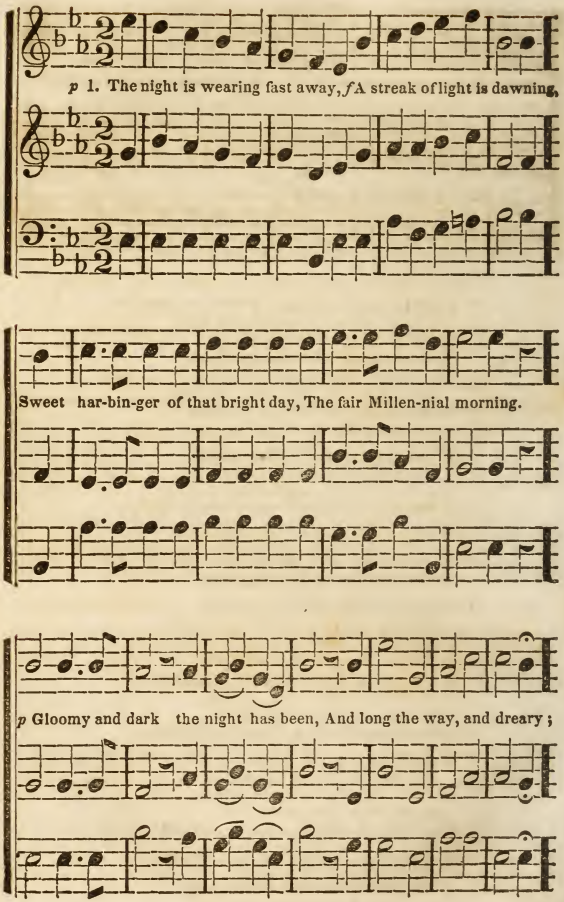


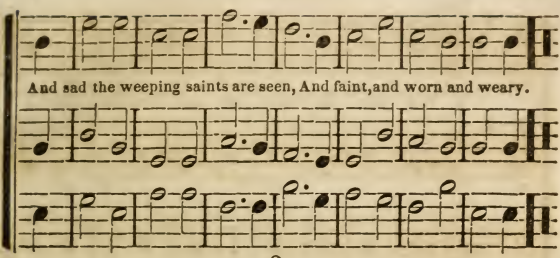
2 Though you have much peace and comfort
Greater things you yet may find,
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind.
To procure your perfect freedom,
Jesus suffered, groaned and died,
On the cross the healing fountain
Gushed from his wounded side.

3 If you have obtained this treasure,
Search and you shall surely find
All the Christian marks and graces,
Planted, growing in your mind, —
Perfect faith, and perfect patience,
Perfect lowliness, and then
Perfect hope, and perfect meekness,
Perfect love for God and man.

4 But be sure to gain the witness,
Which abides both day and night
This your God has plainly promised,
This is like a stream of light.
While you keep the blessed witness,
All is clear and calm within;
God himself assures you by it
That your heart is cleansed from sin.

5 Be as holy and as happy,
And as useful here below,
As it is your Father's pleasure;
Jesus, only Jesus know.
Wake up, brother; wake up, sister;
Seek, O seek this holy state;
None but holy ones can enter
Through the pure celestial gate.


p 1. The night is wearing fast away, f A streak of light is dawning,
Sweet har-bin-ger of that bright day, The fair Millen-nial morning.
p Gloomy and dark the night has been, And long the way, and dreary ;



2

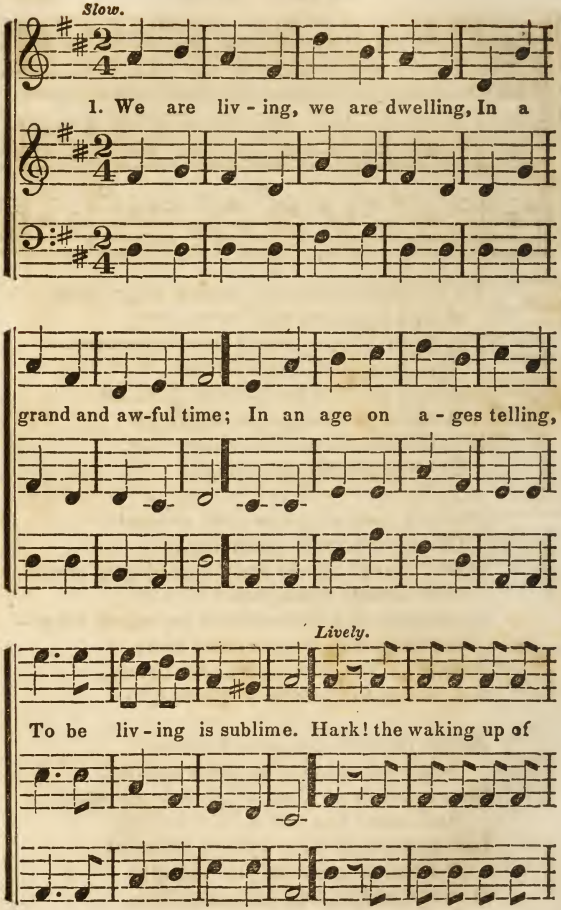
Ye mourning pilgrims, cease your tears,
And hush each sigh of sorrow;
The light of that bright morn appears,—
The long sabbatic morrow.
Lift up your heads—behold from far
A flood of splendor streaming!
It is the bright and Morning-Star,
In living lustre beaming!

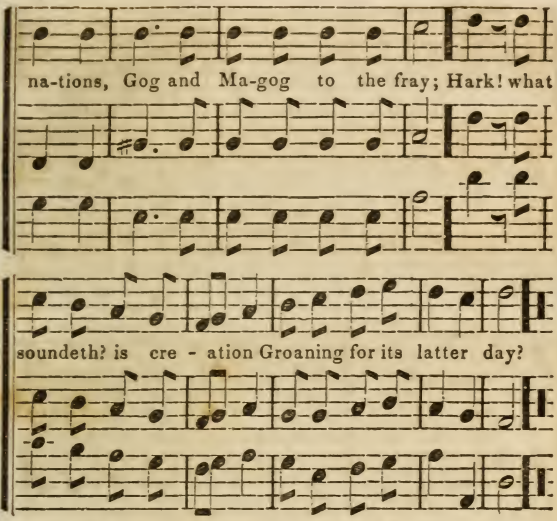
3

And see that star-like host around
Of angel bands, attending;
Hark! hark! the trumpet's glad'ning sound,
'Mid shouts triumphant blending.
He comes, the Bridegroom promised long—
Go forth with joy to meet him;
And raise the new and nuptial song,
In cheerful strains to greet him.

4

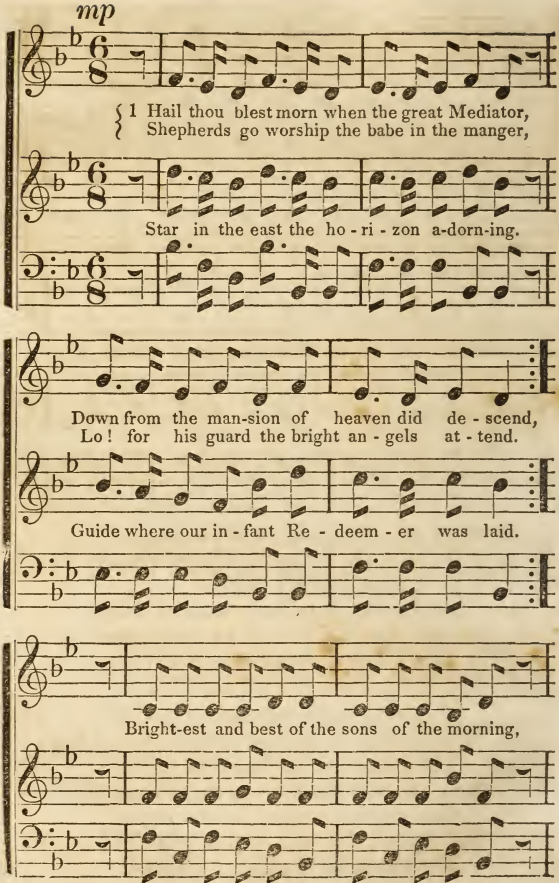
Adorn thyself, the feast prepare,
While bridal strains are swelling;
He comes, with thee all joys to share,
And make this earth his dwelling.
Lift up your heads—behold from far
A flood of splendor streaming!
It is the bright and Morning-Star,
In living lustre beaming!

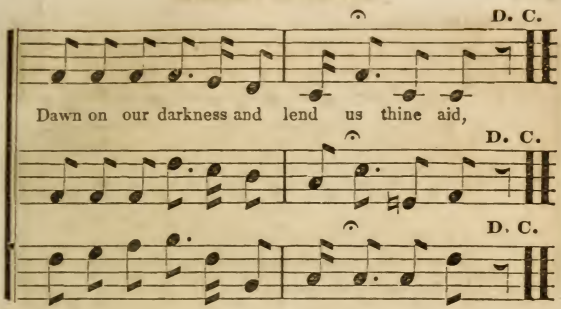

Slow.
1. We are liv - ing, we are dwelling, In a
grand and aw-ful time; In an age on a - ges telling,
Lively.
To be liv - ing is sublime. Hark! the waking up of



2 Will ye play, then, will ye dally,
With your music and your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine.
Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier;
Worlds are charging to the shock.

3 Worlds are charging—heaven beholding;
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right.
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!


mp
1 Hail thou blest morn when the great Mediator,
Shepherds go worship the babe in the manger,
Star in the east the ho - ri - zon a-dorn-ing.
Down from the man-sion of heaven did de - scend,
Lo! for his guard the bright an - gels at - tend.
Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er was laid.
Bright-est and best of the sons of the morning,



2

Cold on his cradle the dew drops were shining,
Low lay his head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour and all.
Say shall we yield him a costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and offerings divine;
Gems from the mountain, or pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine.

3

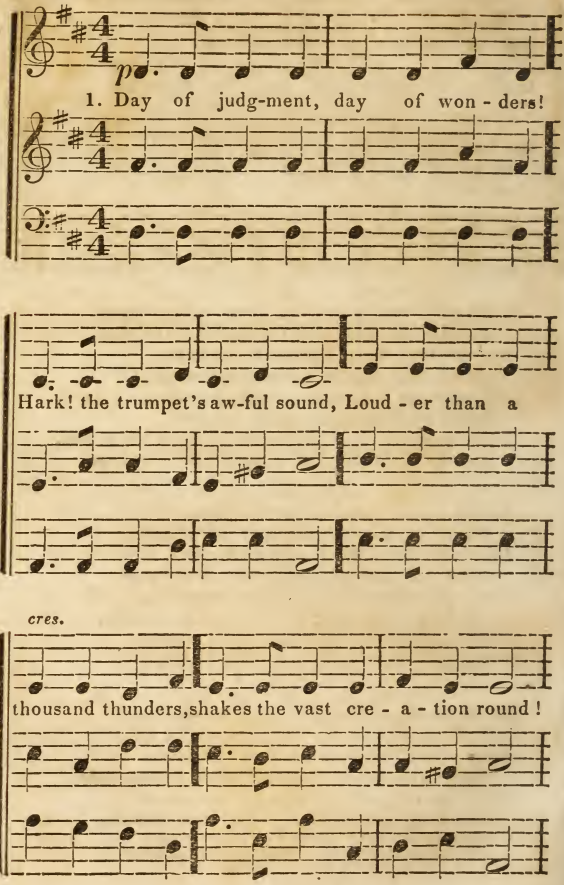
Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
Low at his feet, we in humble prostration,
Lose all our sorrow, and trouble, and strife;
There we receive his divine consolation;
Flowing afresh from the fountain of life.

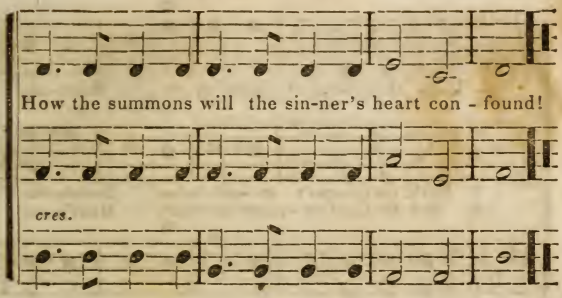
4

He is our friend in the midst of temptation,
Faithful supporter whose love cannot fail,
Rock of our refuge and hope of salvation,
Light to direct us through death's gloomy vale.
Star of the morning, thy brightness increases!
Soon from the mansion of heaven shall descend,
Glorious in light, he whose love never ceases:
Shepherds and all men, the warning attend!

Day of Wonders.

Slow and solemn.





2

See the judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say "This God is mine!'
Gracious Savior,
Own me in that day for thine!

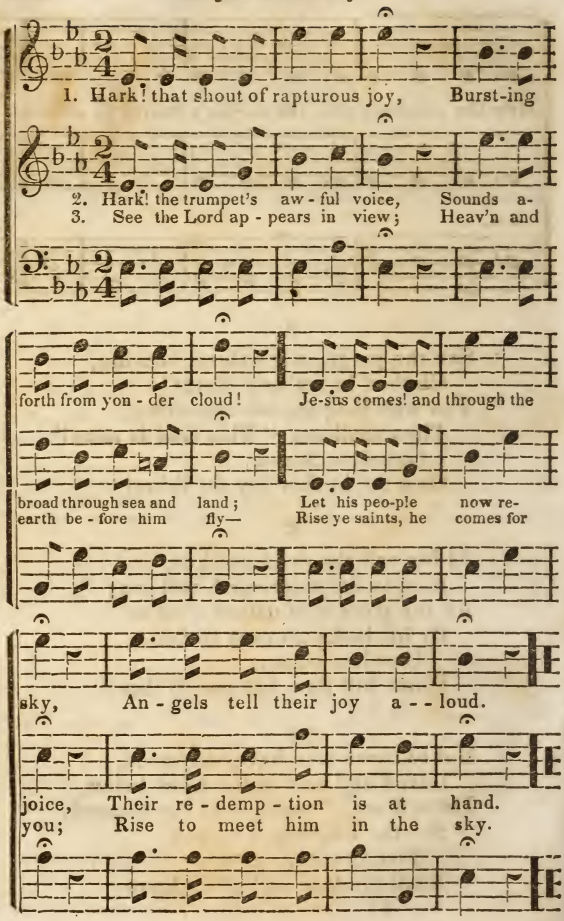
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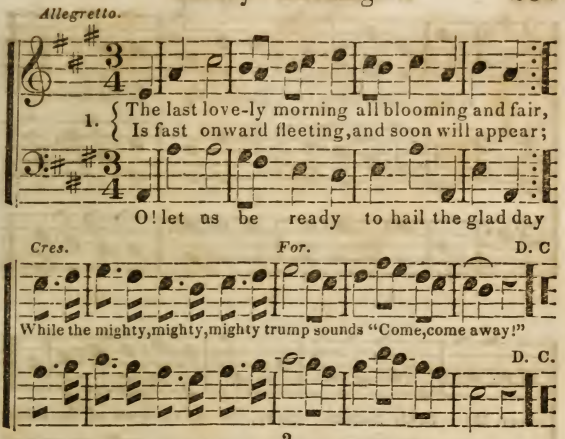
At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken
By his looks prepare to flee.
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4

But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow,
You forever,
Shall my love and glory know.

Rapturous Joy.





2

And when that bright morning
In splendor shall dawn,
Our tears will be ended,
Our sorrows all gone;
While the mighty, &c.

3

The Bridegroom from glory
To earth shall descend;
Ten thousand bright angels
Around him attend.
While the mighty, &c.

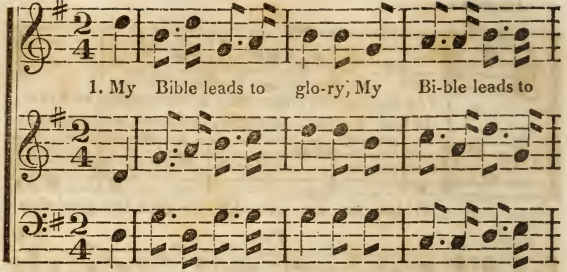
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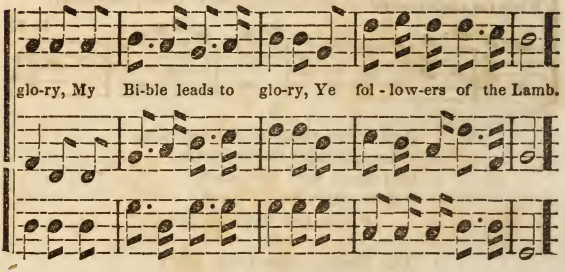
The graves will be open'd,
The dead will arise,
And with the Redeemer
Mount up to the skies.
While the mighty, &c.

5

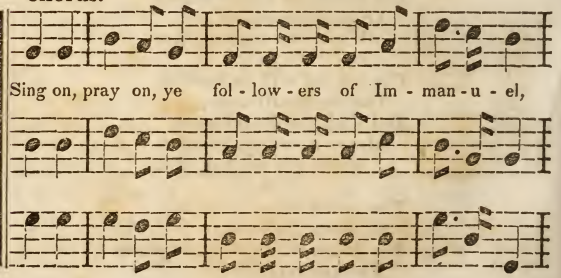
The saints then immortal,
In glory shall reign!
The Bride with the Bridegroom
Forever remain.
While the mighty, &c.

Bible leads to glory.





Chorus.





2 Religion makes me happy,
Religion makes me happy,
Religion makes me happy,
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.

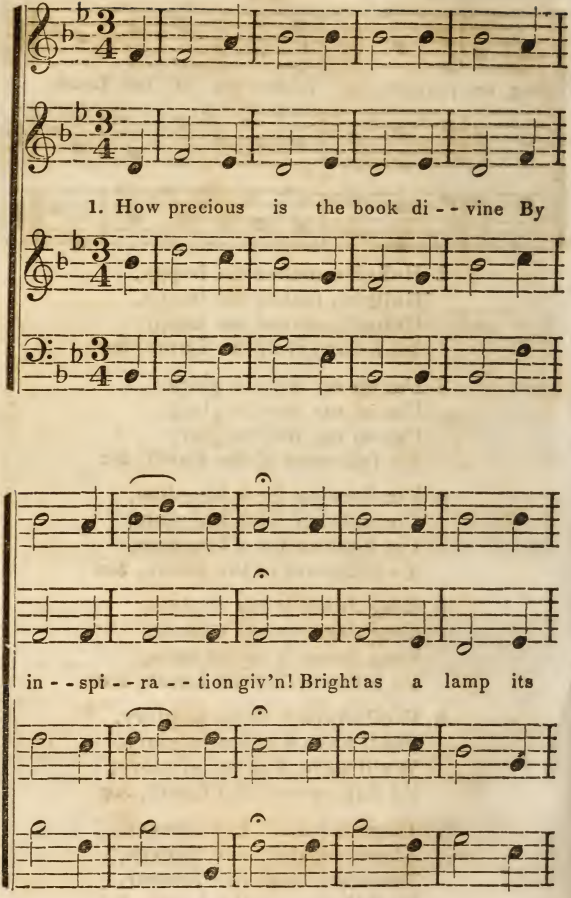
3 I'm on my way to glory,
I'm on my way to glory,
I'm on my way to glory,
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.

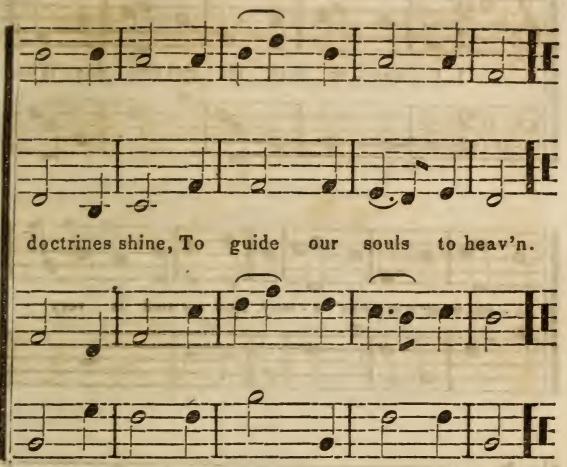
4 I'm fighting for a kingdom,
I'm fighting for a kingdom,
I'm fighting for a kingdom,
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.

5 King Jesus is my captain,
King Jesus is my captain,
King Jesus is my captain,
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.

6 We'll have a shout in glory,
We'll have a shout in glory,
We'll have a shout in glory,
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.

7 There we shall live forever,
There we shall live forever,
There we shall live forever,
Ye followers of the Lamb, &c.


1. How precious is the book di - - vine By
in - - spi - - ra - - tion giv'n! Bright as a lamp its



2

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3

This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.


1. I nev - er shall for - get the day, When
Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way. Now my soul is very
hap - py, Will you go a - long with me? Now my
soul is very hap - py, Go sound the Ju - bi lee.

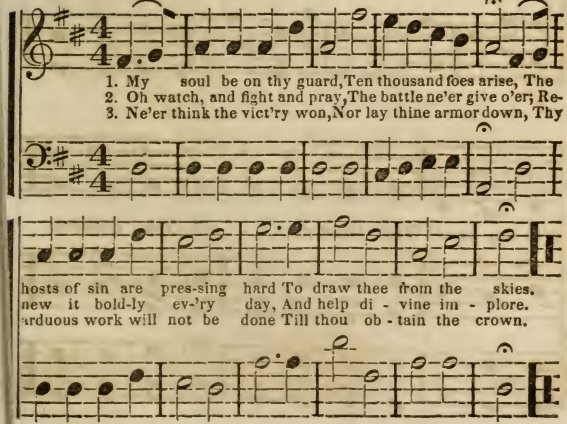
2 I am happy in this house of clay,
But what is this to perfect day?
There's a better day a coming;
Will you go along with me?

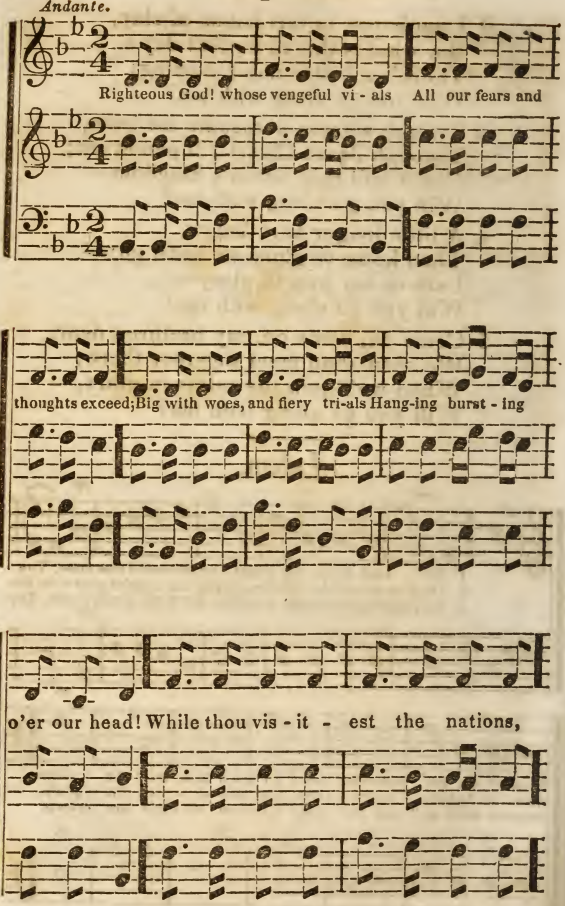
3 Though sinners persecute me here,
Through Jesus Christ I'll persevere;
Christ will ruin Satan's kingdom—
Will you go along with me?

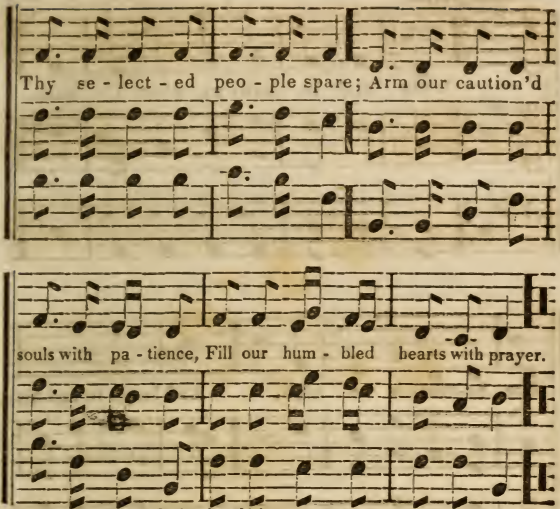
4 A little longer here below,
Then home to glory we shall go:—
I am on my way to glory—
Will you go along with me?

5 Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
We soon shall meet together there;
When we'll join the saints in glory,—
Will you go along with me?

Laban.




Andante.
Righteous God! whose vengeful vi - als All our fears and
thoughts exceed; Big with woes, and fiery tri-als Hang-ing burst - ing
o'er our head! While thou vis - it - est the nations,

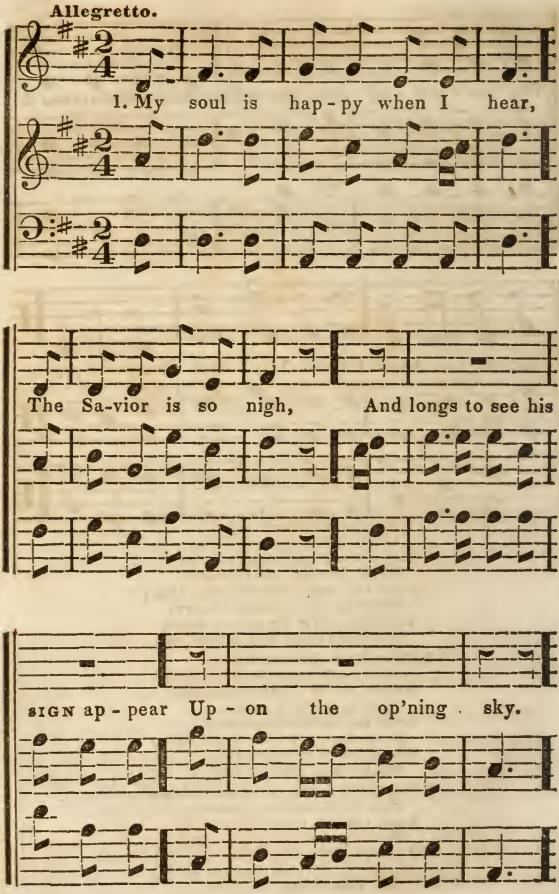


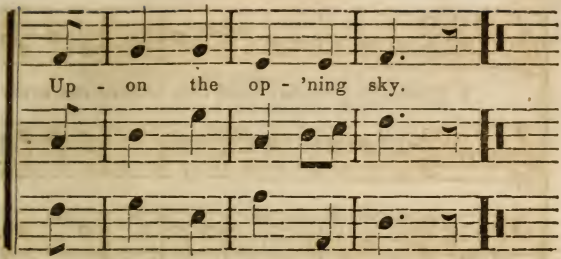
2 If thy dreadful controversy
With all flesh is now begun,
In thy wrath remember mercy;
Mercy first and last be shown.
Plead thy cause with sword and fire;
Shake us till the curse remove;
Till thou com'st the saints' desire,
Crowning them with perfect love.

3 Every fresh alarming token
More confirms the faithful word;
Nature, for its Lord hath spoken,
Must be suddenly restored.
From this national confusion,
From this ruined earth and skies,
See the times of restitution,
See the new creation rise!

4 Vanish, then, this world of shadows!
Pass the former things away;
Lord, appear! appear to glad us
With the dawn of endless day!
O conclude this mortal story!
Bring the life that shall abide!
Come, eternal King of glory,
Now descend and take thy bride!

The Crown.


Allegretto.
1. My soul is hap - py when I hear,
The Sa-vior is so nigh, And longs to see his
SIGN ap - pear Up - on the op'ning sky.



2

I love to wait, and watch, and pray,
And trust his living Word,
And feel the coming of that day
No longer is deferr'd.

3

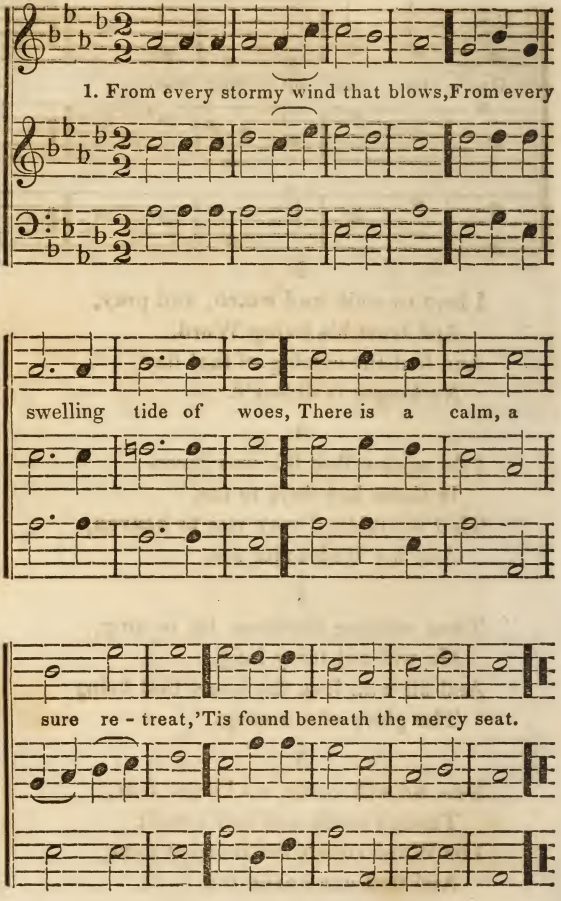
I do rejoice that life was given
In these last days to me,
That deathless I may rise to heaven,
And my Redeemer see.

4

Then, waiting brethren, let us sing,
He will not tarry long,
And fill with love the hours that bring
The glory of our song.

5

Yes, he will come, no longer fear,
Though earth and hell assail;
His Word attests the moment near,
And that can never fail.


1. From every stormy wind that blows, From every
swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a
sure re - treat, 'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

2

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.

3

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy Seat.

4

Ah! whither should we flee for aid
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy Seat?

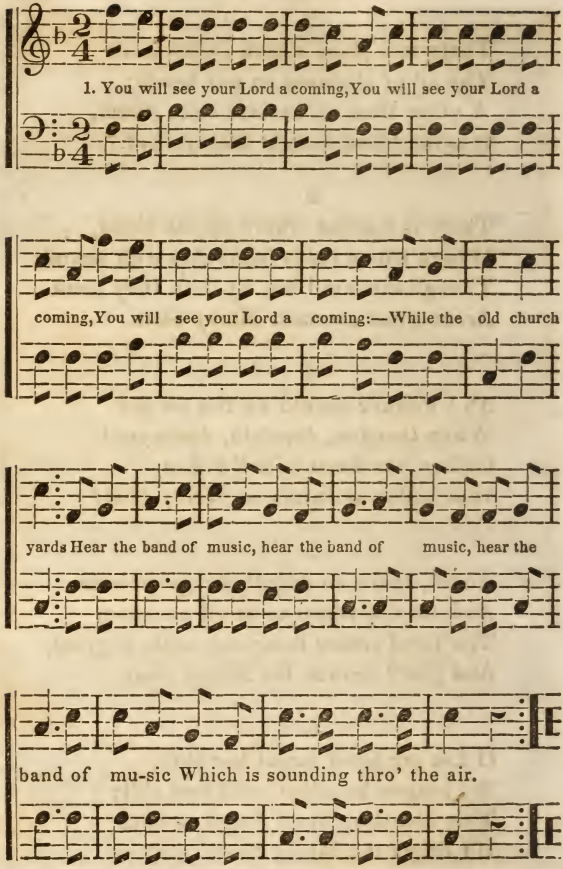
5

There, there on angel's wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
The Lord comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy Seat.

6

O Let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still;
This bounding heart forget to beat
If I forget the Mercy Seat.

Old Church Yard.



2 Gabriel sounds his mighty trumpet, &c.
Through the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.

3 He'll awake all the nations, &c.
From the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.

4 There will be a mighty wailing, &c.
At the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.

5 O Sinner, you will tremble, &c.
At the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.

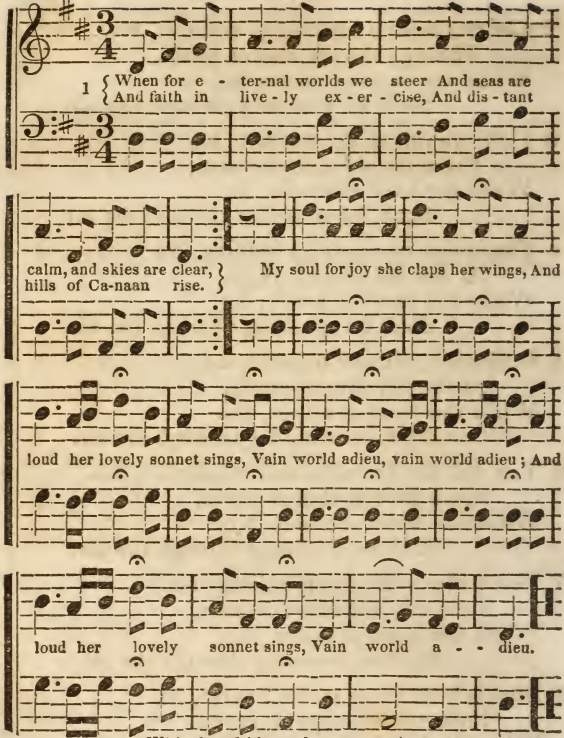
6 You will flee to rocks and mountains, &c.
From the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.

7 You will see the saints arising, &c.
From the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.

8 Angels bear them to the Savior, &c.
From the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air.

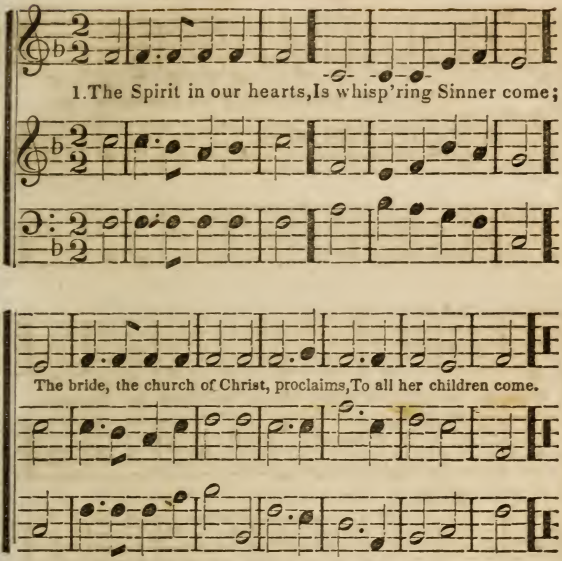
9 Then we'll shout, our sufferings over, &c.
From the old church-yards,
While the band of music, &c.
Shall be sounding through the air

Sonnet.



With cheerful hopes her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore,
The trees of Life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she claps her wings, &c.

When nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand,
With steady helm and free bent-sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail.
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
On Canaan's shore. &c.

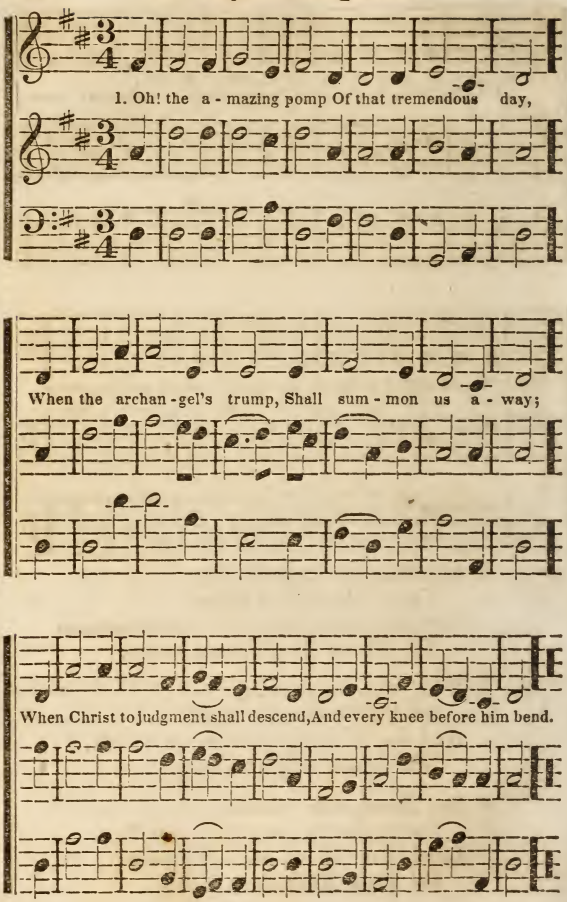


2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him come!
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ the fountain come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life,
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus who invites,
Declares "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so we wait thy hour;
O! blest Redeemer come.

The Day of Judgment.



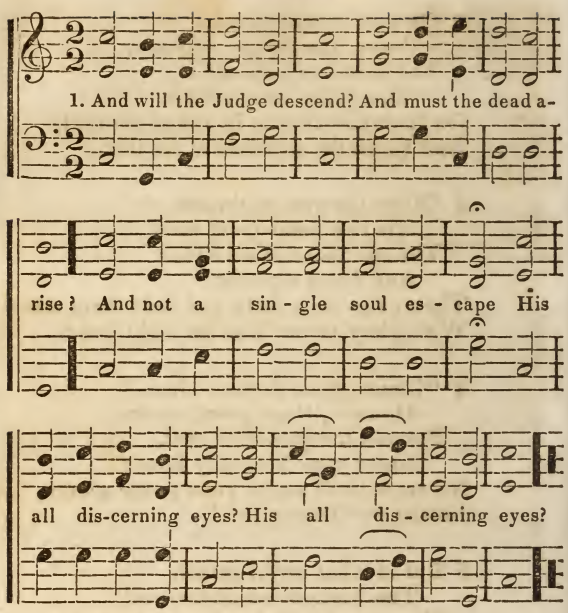
2 On a refulgent cloud,
Jesus, the Judge, appears;
The saints rejoice aloud,
The guilty sinner fears.
On the white throne he takes his seat,
And views the myriads at his feet.

3 'Midst the vast multitude,
His eye omniscient sees
The purchase of his blood
And dying agonies:
Then calls them forth and bids them stand
With glory crown'd at his right hand.

4 "Come, souls forever blest,"
He says, "my people come,
Possess the promised rest,
Enter your heavenly home;
No more shall aught your peace annoy,
Inherit everlasting joy."

5 But in what awful sounds
The wicked are addressed!
Heaven with their groans resounds,
As on his left they're placed.
"Depart ye curs'd the Judge exclaims,
"To be destroyed in burning flames!"

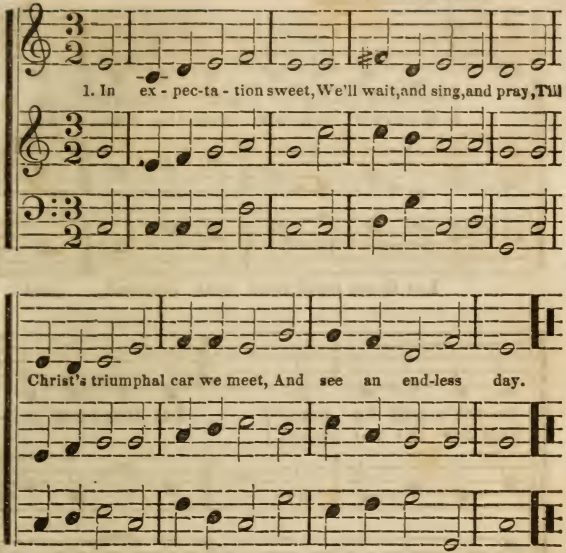
6 Oh! thou eternal God,
Ere this tremendous day,
Cleanse me in Jesus' blood,
Wash all my guilt away.
Then may I join the happy throng,
To praise thee in eternal song.



2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Flee to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there

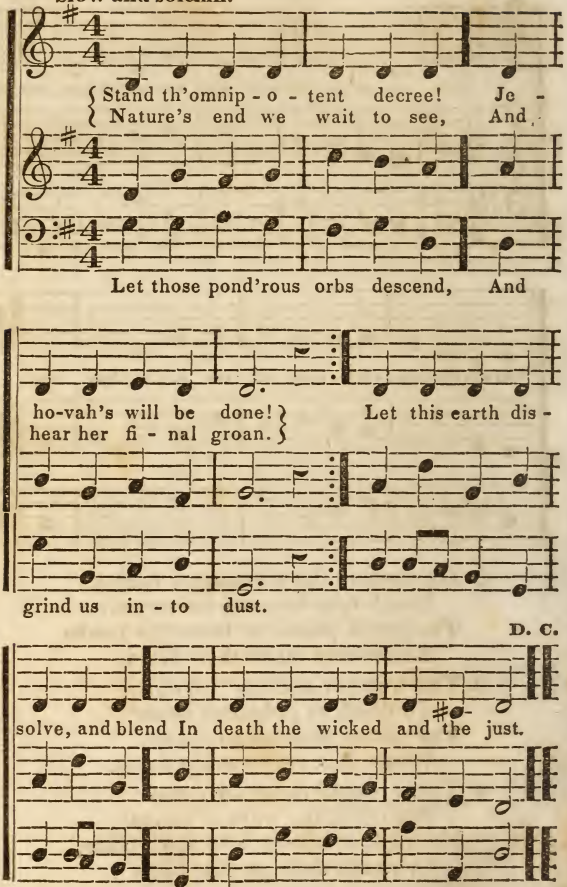


2 He comes! the Conqueror comes!
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful prisoners burst the tombs
And rise to meet their Lord.

3 The trumpet sounds, "Awake!
Ye dead, to judgment come!"
The pillars of creation shake,
While man receives his doom.

4 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace;
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
Or shade their perfect bliss.

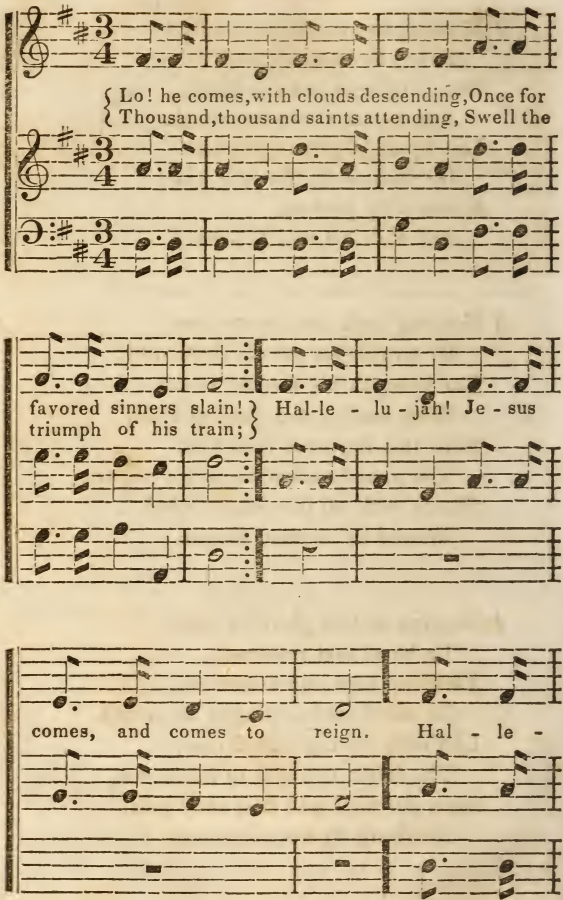
Slow and solemn.

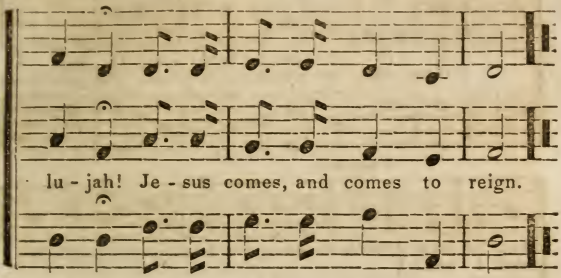


2 Rests secure the righteous man; —
At his Redeemer's beck
Sure t' emerge and rise again,
And mount above the wreck.
Lo! by angel-arms upborne,
He rises as the Saviour rose;
Immortality puts on,
And ends his mortal woes.

3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
By worlds on worlds destroyed;
Far beneath his feet he views,
With smiles, the flaming void;
Sees this universe renewed,
The grand millennial reign begun;
Shouts with all the sons of God,
Around th' eternal throne.

4 Resting in this glorious hope,
To be at last restored,
Yield we now our bodies up,
To earthquake, plague or sword.
List'ning for the call divine,
The latest trumpet of the seven,
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.


Lo! he comes, with clouds descending, Once for
Thousand, thousand saints attending, Swell the
favored sinners slain!
Hal-le - lu - jah! Je - sus
triumph of his train;
comes, and comes to reign. Hal - le -

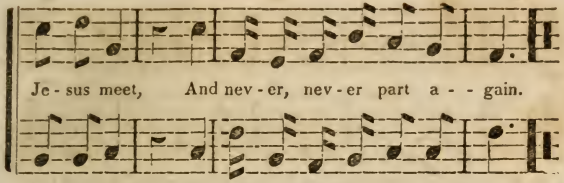


2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day—
"Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!"

4 Yea, amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Savior, take the power and glory,
Make thy righteous sentence known,
O come quickly—
Claim the kingdom for thine own!


Je - ru - - sa - lem, my happy home, O how I
When will . . my sorrows have an end, Thy joys when
Chorus.
long for thee! We're marching thro' Im-manuel's ground, We
shall I see?
soon shall hear the trumpet sound, And then we shall our
Je - sus meet, And nev - er, nev - er part a - gain.
What, never part again? No, never part again; But there we shall our



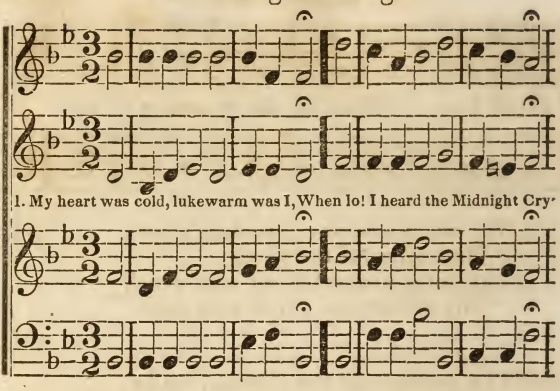
2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

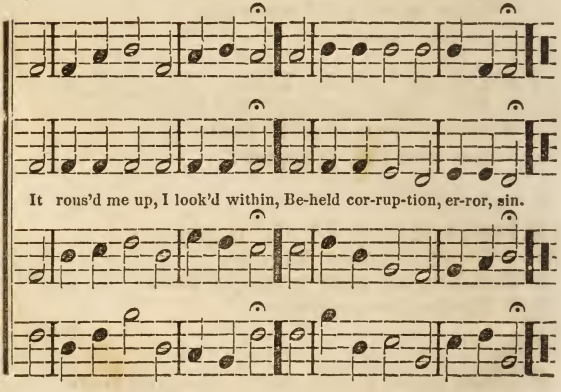
3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks
My study long have been;
Such dazzling views by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 If such thy holy city, Lord,
Why should we linger here?—
Still cleaving to this vile abode,
Nor wish thee to appear?

5 Lord, help us by thy mighty grace
To keep in view the prize,
Till thou dost come to take us home
To that blest paradise.

6 When we 've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We 've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.


1. My heart was cold, lukewarm was I, When lo! I heard the Midnight Cry·


It rous'd me up, I look'd within, Be-held cor-rup-tion, er-ror, sin.

1

My heart was cold—lukewarm was I,
When lo! I heard the Midnight Cry;
It rous'd me up—I looked within,
Beheld corruption, error, sin.

2

My soul was sad, mine eyes did weep,
I had no rest, I could not sleep.
And is it true the Master's nigh?
Have mercy, Lord, was all my cry.

3

I sought the Lord with all my might,
He heard my prayer and gave me light,
Filled me with joy—I love to hear
The solemn cry, the Bridegroom's near.

4

I love to tell to all around
What peace and comfort I have found.
I love to echo still the cry,
Behold the Heavenly Bridegroom's nigh

5

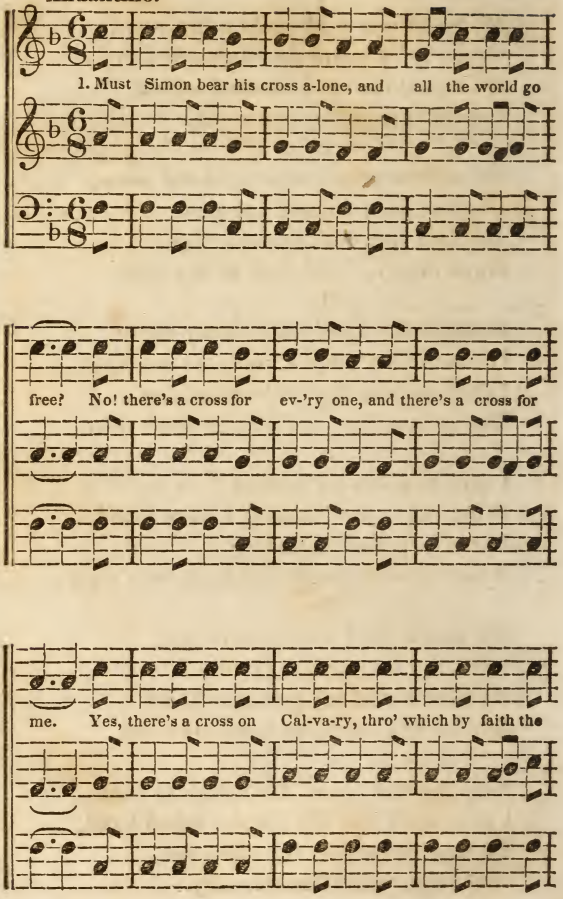
My soul is fill'd with love divine,
I feel I'm his, that he is mine;
My Savior and my gracious Lord,
And he will come, so says his word.

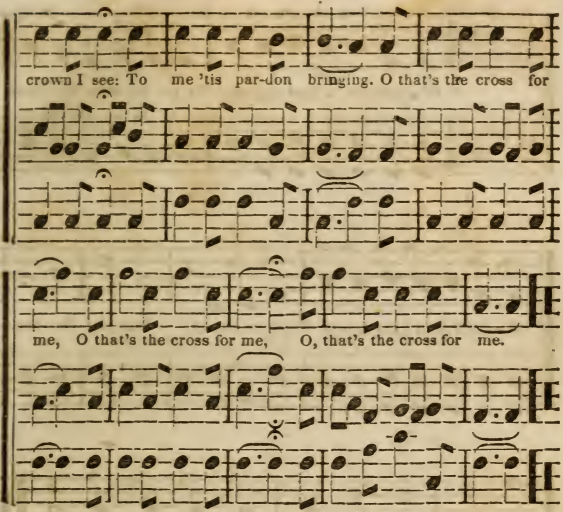
6

Yes, He will come, He's nigh at hand,
I soon shall join the blood-washed band,
To sing his praise, his glory see,
And reign with Him eternally.

The Cross and Crown.

Andantino.





2 How faithful does the Saviour prove to those who serve him here!
They now may taste his perfect love, and joy to hail him near.
Yes, perfect love will dry the tear, and cast out all tormenting fear,
Which round my heart is clinging. O that 's the love for me, &c.

3 We 'll bear the consecrated cross, till from the cross we 're free
And then go home to wear the crown, for there 's a crown for me.
Yes, there 's a crown in heaven above, the purchase of my Saviour's love,
For me at his appearing. O that 's the crown for me, &c.

4 The church has heard the midnight cry, the Lord will soon appear;
Ye virgins, rise with burning lamps, go meet him in the air.
Yes, there 's a home in heaven prepared, a house no wicked man has shared,
Where Christ is interceding. O that 's the home for me, &c.



2

We shall see him as he is
By and by when he comes ;
We shall see him as he is
When he comes;
Ride on, Jesus, &c.

3

We shall have a mighty shout
By and by when he comes:
We shall have a mighty shout
When he comes;
Ride on, Jesus, &c.

4

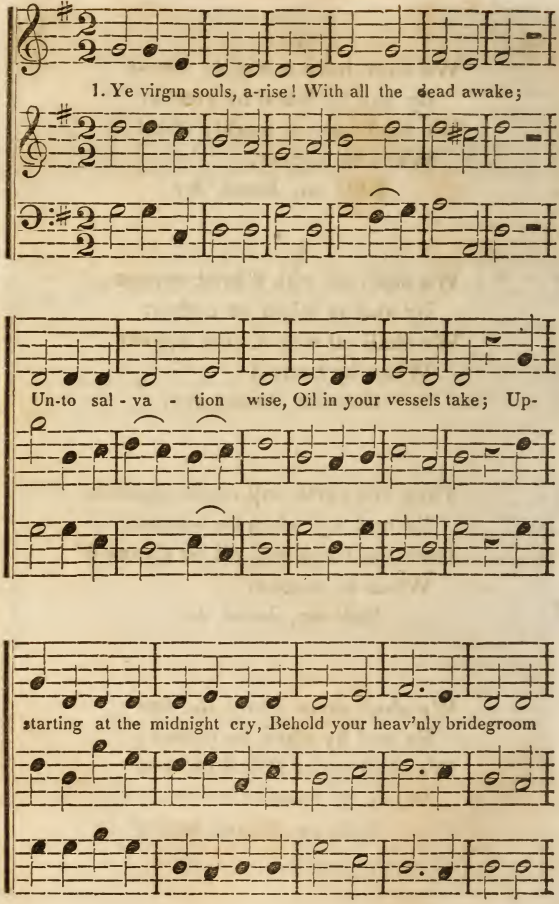
We shall all with Christ appear
By and by when he comes;
We shall all with Christ appear
When he comes;
Ride on, Jesus, &c.

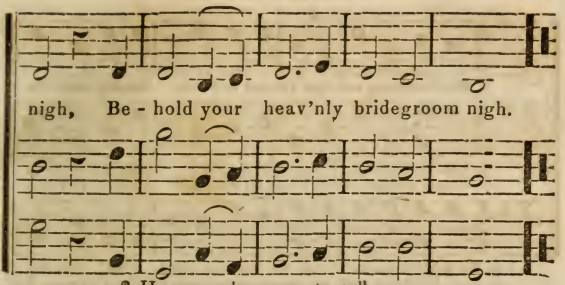
5

Then the earth will all be cleans'd
By and by when he comes;
Then the earth will all be cleans'd
When he comes;
Ride on, Jesus, &c.

6

We shall shout above the fire
By and by when he comes;
We shall shout above the fire
When he comes;
Ride on, Jesus, &c.


1. Ye virgin souls, a-rise! With all the dead awake;
Un-to sal - va - tion wise, Oil in your vessels take; Up-
starting at the midnight cry, Behold your heav'nly bridegroom



2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And take to glory all
Who meet for glory are;
Make ready for your free reward;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend;
Your head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend;
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a veil, his face.

4 Ye that have here received
The unction from above,
And in his spirit lived,
And thirsted for his love,
Jesus shall claim you for his bride;
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

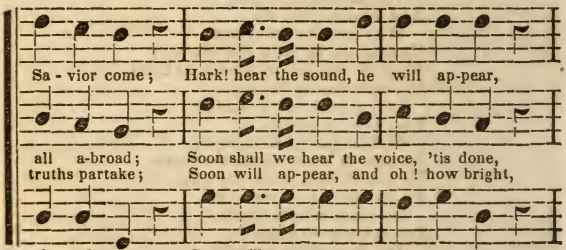
5 Rejoice in glorious hope
Of that great day unknown,
When you shall be caught up
To stand before his throne;
Called to partake the marriage feast,
And lean on our Immanuel's breast

6 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above with angel powers
In glorious joy to live;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

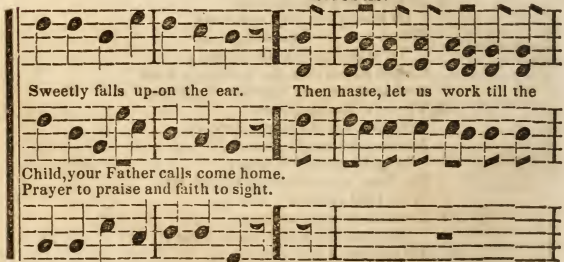
7 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound;
To see our Lord appear,
May we be watching found,
Enrobed in righteousness divine,
In which the bride shall ever shine.

Welcome Home.

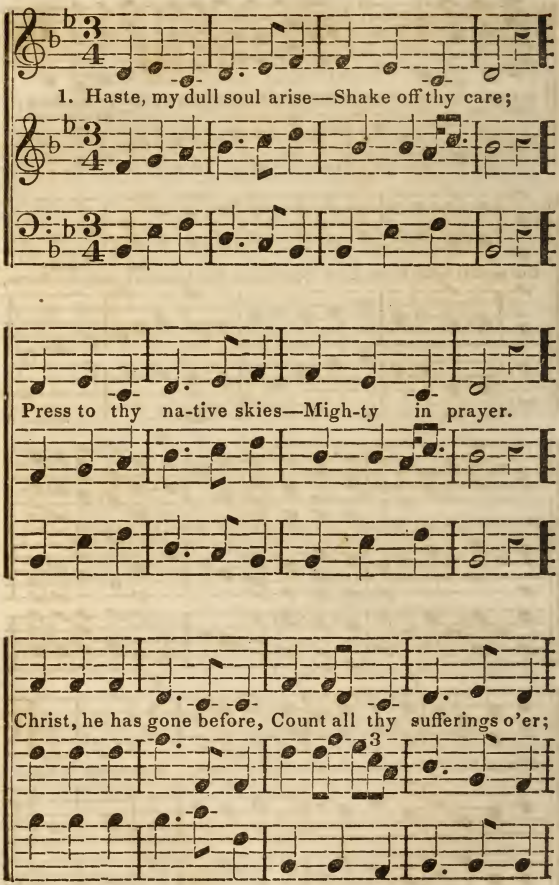


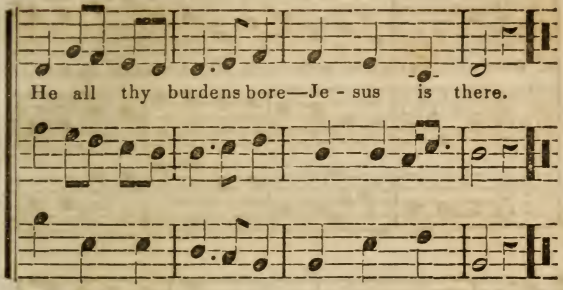


Chorus.



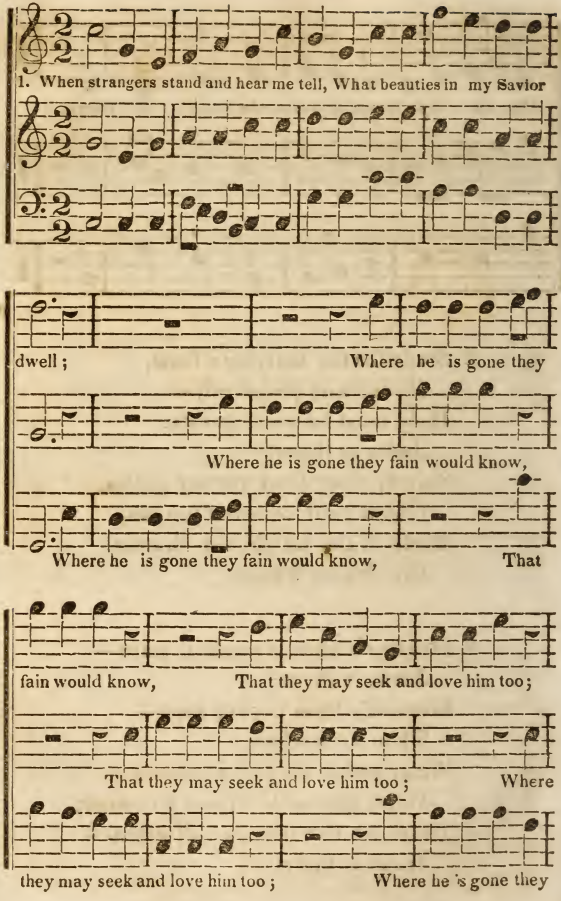

daylight is o'er, Our hearts fill'd with love as we row to the shore;
Our earthly labor being done, How sweet the christian's welcome home,
pp
Home, home, home, the christian's welcome home; Sweet, oh! sweet the christian's
f
p
ff
welcome home, welcome home, welcome home, wel - come home.

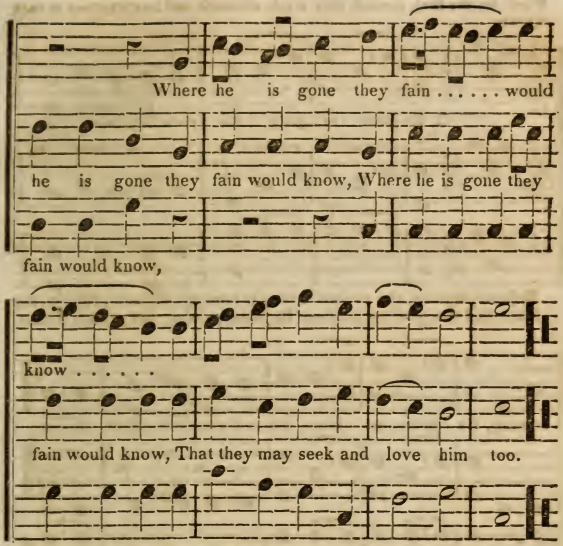

1. Haste, my dull soul arise—Shake off thy care;
Press to thy na-tive skies—Migh-ty in prayer.
Christ, he has gone before, Count all thy sufferings o'er;
3



2 Souls for the marriage feast,
Robed and prepared;—
Holy must be such guests:
Jesus is there!
Saints, wear your victory palms,
Chant your celestial psalms:
Bride of the Lamb, thy charms,
Oh! let me wear.

3 Heaven's bliss is perfect, pure—
Jesus is there!
Heaven's bliss is ever sure—
Thou art its heir.
What makes its joys complete—
What makes its hymns so sweet;
There we our friends will greet--
Jesus is there.


1. When strangers stand and hear me tell, What beauties in my Savior
dwell ; Where he is gone they
Where he is gone they fain would know,
Where he is gone they fain would know, That
fain would know, That they may seek and love him too ;
That they may seek and love him too ; Where
they may seek and love him too ; Where he is gone they



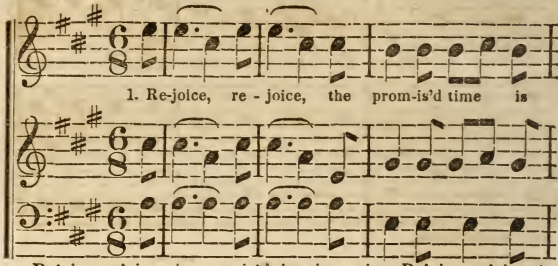
2 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till I shall make my last remove,
To dwell forever with my love.

3 In paradise within the gates,
An higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old, laid up in store,
There we shall feed—but want no more.

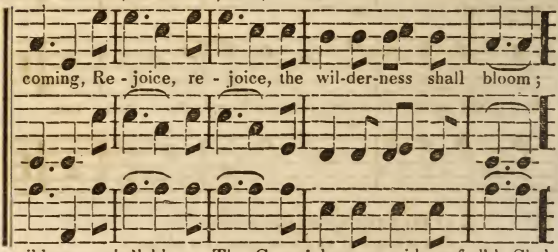
4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

5 Come, my beloved, haste away,
Cut short the hours of thy delay;
Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,
Over the hills where spices grow.

Music for the first, second, fifth, sixth, eleventh and twelfth lines in each stanza.

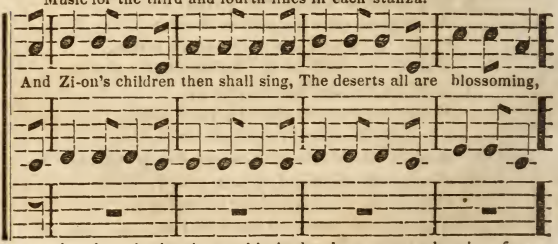


Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming, Rejoice, rejoice, the
Shall hail the glorious jubilee. Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time



wilderness shall bloom, The Gospel banner, wide unfurl'd, Shal.
is coming, Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom.

Music for the third and fourth lines in each stanza.



wave in triumph o'er the world, And ev'ry creature, bond or free,

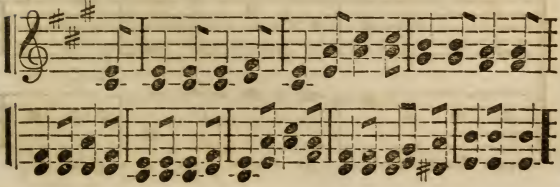
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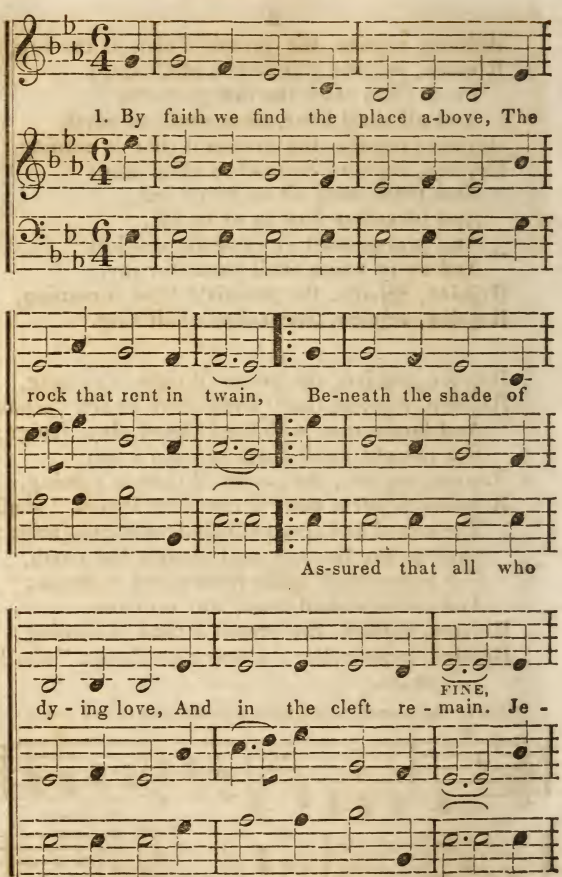
Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
From Zion shall the law go forth,
And all shall hear, from south to north.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
And truth shall sit on ev'ry hill,
And blessings flow in ev'ry rill,
And praise shall ev'ry heart employ,
And ev'ry voice shall shout for joy.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing.

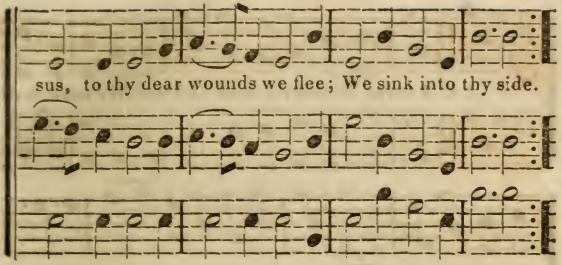
3

Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the "PRINCE OF PEACE" shall reign;
And lambs may with the leopard play,
For naught shall harm in Zion's way.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the "PRINCE OF PEACE" shall reign;
The sword and spear of needless worth,
Shall prune the tree and plough the earth,
For peace shall smile from shore to shore,
And nations shall learn war no more.
Rejoice, rejoice, the promis'd time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the "PRINCE OF PEACE" shall reign.

Music for the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth lines in each stanza.



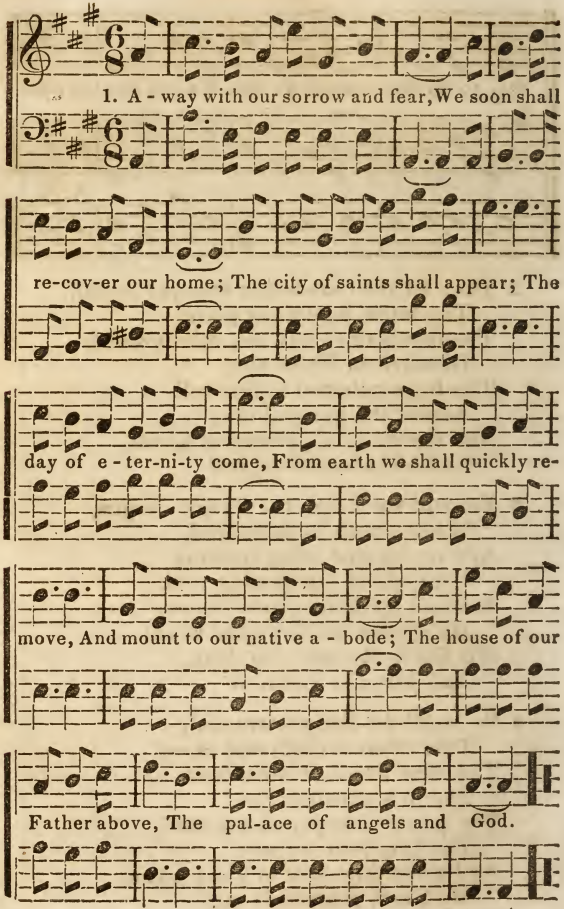

1. By faith we find the place a-bove, The
rock that rent in twain, Be-neath the shade of
As-sured that all who
FINE.
dy - ing love, And in the cleft re - main. Je -
trust in thee shall ev - er - more a - bide.



2 Then let the thundering trumpet sound,
The latest lightnings glare;
The mountains melt, the solid ground
Dissolve as liquid air;
The huge celestial bodies roll
Amidst the general fire,
And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
And all in smoke expire!

3 Yet still the Lord, the Savior, reigns,
When nature is destroyed,
And no created thing remains
Throughout the flaming void.
Sublime upon his azure throne,
He speaks th' Almighty word;
His fiat is obeyed; 'tis done,
And paradise restored.

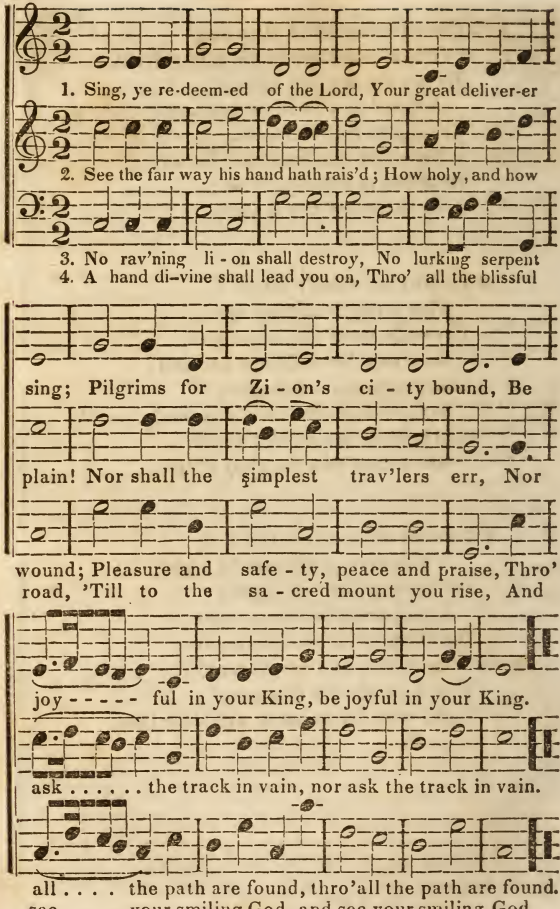
4 So be it! let this system end,
This ruinous earth and skies!
The New Jerusalem descend,
The new creation rise!
Thy power omnipotent assume!
Thy brightest majesty!
And when thou dost in glory come,
My Lord, remember me!

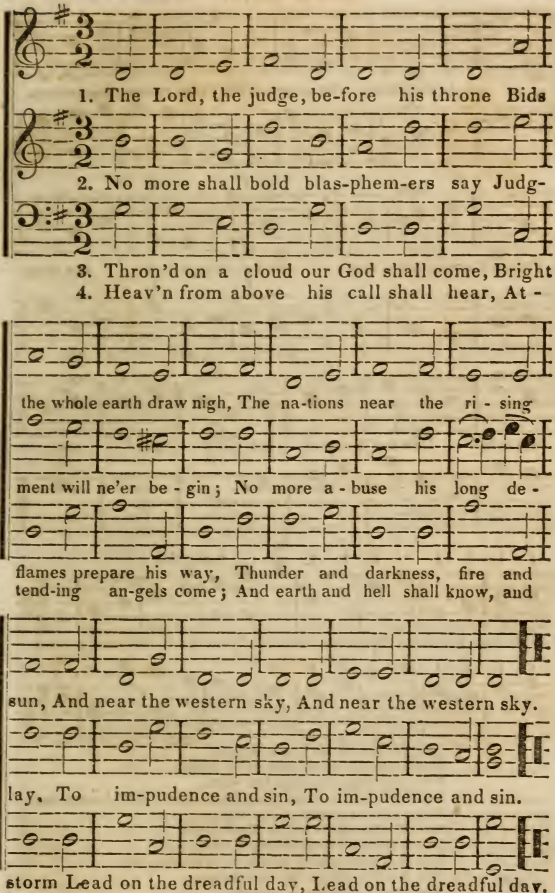

1. A - way with our sorrow and fear, We soon shall
re-cov-er our home; The city of saints shall appear; The
day of e - ter-ni-ty come, From earth we shall quickly re-
move, And mount to our native a - bode; The house of our
Father above, The pal-ace of angels and God.

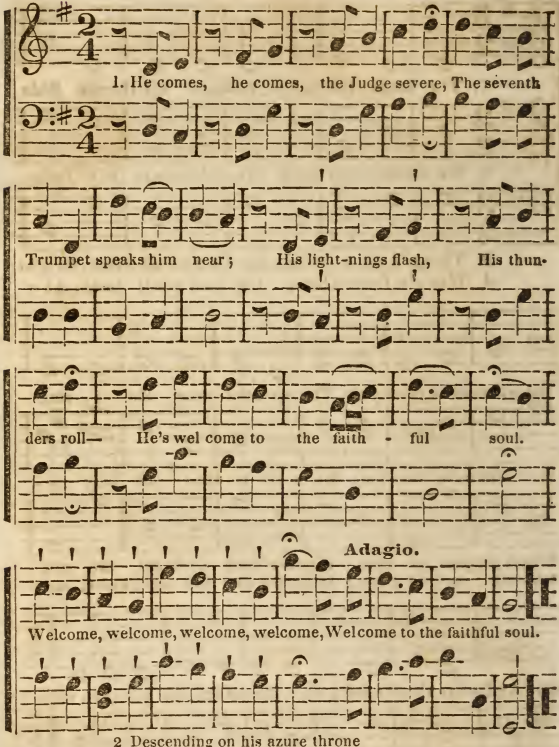
2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving Word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord:
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air,
No gloom of affliction or sin;
No shadow of evil is there.

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear:
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands, as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

4 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is followed by night;
The glory of God will display
A pure and a permanent light:
The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward;
With Jesus forever they live,
And reign on the earth with their Lord.


1. Sing, ye re-deem-ed of the Lord, Your great deliver-er
2. See the fair way his hand hath rais'd; How holy, and how
3. No rav'ning li - on shall destroy, No lurking serpent
4. A hand di-vine shall lead you on, Thro' all the blissful
sing; Pilgrims for Zi - on's ci - ty bound, Be
plain! Nor shall the simplest trav'lers err, Nor
wound; Pleasure and safe - ty, peace and praise, Thro'
road, 'Till to the sa - cred mount you rise, And
joy - - - - - ful in your King, be joyful in your King.
ask the track in vain, nor ask the track in vain.
all the path are found, thro'all the path are found.
see your smiling God, and see your smiling God.


1. The Lord, the judge, be-fore his throne Bids
2. No more shall bold blas-phem-ers say Judg-
3. Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come, Bright
4. Heav'n from above his call shall hear, At -
the whole earth draw nigh, The na-tions near the ri - sing
ment will ne'er be - gin; No more a - buse his long de -
flames prepare his way, Thunder and darkness, fire and
tend-ing an-gels come; And earth and hell shall know, and
sun, And near the western sky, And near the western sky.
lay, To im-pudence and sin, To im-pudence and sin.
storm Lead on the dreadful day, Lead on the dreadful day.
fear His justice and their doom, His justice and their doom

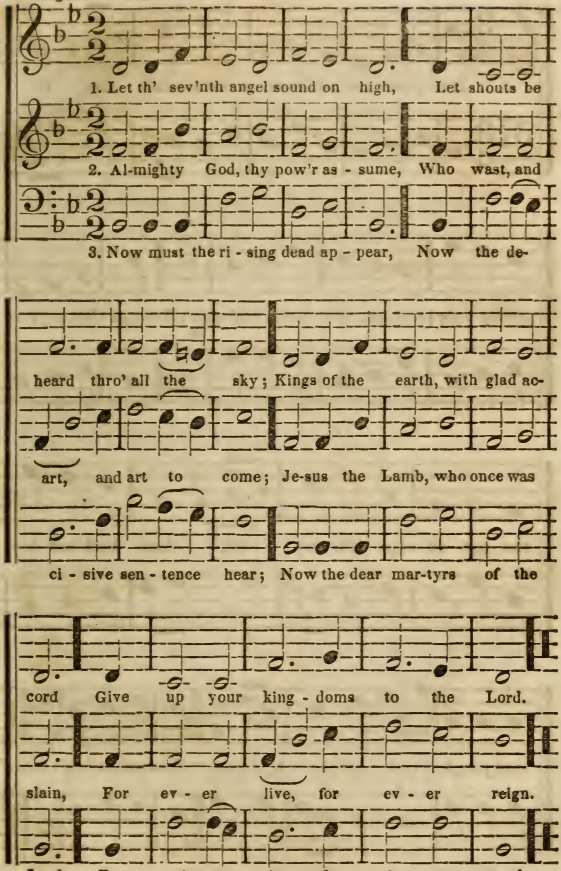


2 Descending on his azure throne
He claims the kingdoms as his own.
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.—Welcome, &c.

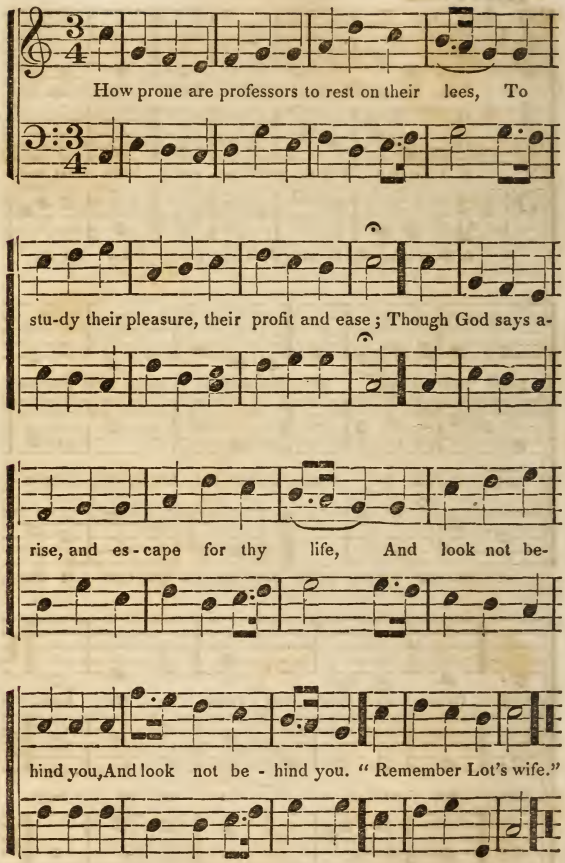
3 Shout, all ye angels of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High:
Our God, who now his right obtains,
For ever and forever reigns!—Welcome, &c.

4 The Father praise, the Son adore,
The Spirit bless for evermore:
Salvation's glorious work is done;
We welcome thee, thou glorious One!— Welcome, &c.

Legato e Piano.



Remember Lot's Wife.



Awake from thy slumbers, the warning believe
'T is Jesus that calls you, the message receive;
While dangers are pending, escape for thy life,
And look not behind you; "remember Lot's wife!"

The first bold apostate will tempt you to stay,
And tell you that lions are found in the way;
He means to deceive you, escape for thy life,
And look not behind you; "remember Lot's wife!"

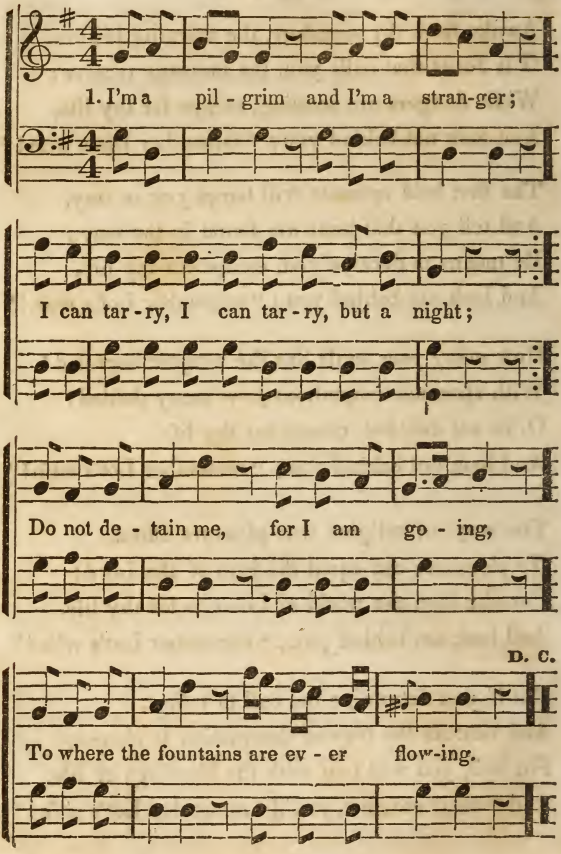
How many poor souls has the tempter beguiled!
With specious temptations how many defiled!
O, be not deluded, escape for thy life,
And look not behind you; "remember Lot's wife!"

The ways of religion true pleasure afford,
No pleasures can equal the joys of the Lord;
Forsake then the world and escape for thy life,
And look not behind you; "remember Lot's wife!"

But if you determine the call to refuse,
And venture the way of destruction to choose,
For hell, you will part with the blessings of life,
And then, if not now, you 'll "remember Lot's wife!"

"A Pilgrim and a Stranger."

HEB. XI. 13.



There the glory is ever shining!
O, my longing heart, my longing heart is there
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.
I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger, &c.

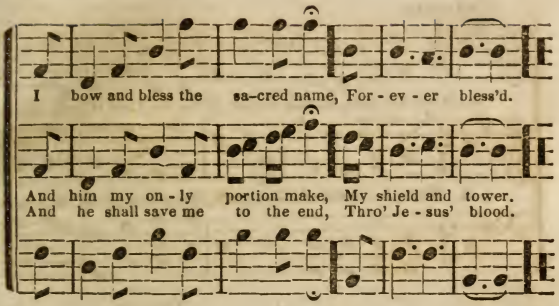
There 's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying!
I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger, &c.

Farewell, neighbors, with tears I 've warned you,
I must leave you, I must leave you and be gone!
With this your portion, your hearts' desire—
Why will you perish in raging fire?
I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger, &c.

Father, mother and sister, brother!
If you will not journey with me I must go!
Now since your vain hopes you will thus cherish,
Should I too linger and with you perish?
I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger, &c.

Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so blighted,
In immortal beauty soon you 'll be arrayed!
He who has formed thee, will soon restore thee!
And then thy dread curse shall never more be:—
I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger
Till thy rest shall end the weary pilgrim's night.


1. The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned a -
2. The God of Abraham praise, At whose supreme command
3. The God of Abraham praise, Whose all - suf - ficient
bove; An - cient of ev - er - lasting days, And God of love;
From earth I rise—and seek the joys At his right hand:
grace Shall guide me all my happy days, In all his ways:
Je - hovah, Great I Am! By earth and heav'n con - fess'd;
I all on earth for - sake, Its wisdom, fame, and power,
He calls a worm his friend, He calls himself my God!



4

He by Himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall on eagles' wings upborne
To Heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
Forevermore.

SECOND PART.

Though nature's strength decay.
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command:
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And thro' the howling wilderness,
My way pursue.

6

The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty bless'd!
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest;
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.

7

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumpant o'er the world and sin;
The Prince of Peace
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom will maintain,
And glorious, with his saints in light,
Forever reign.

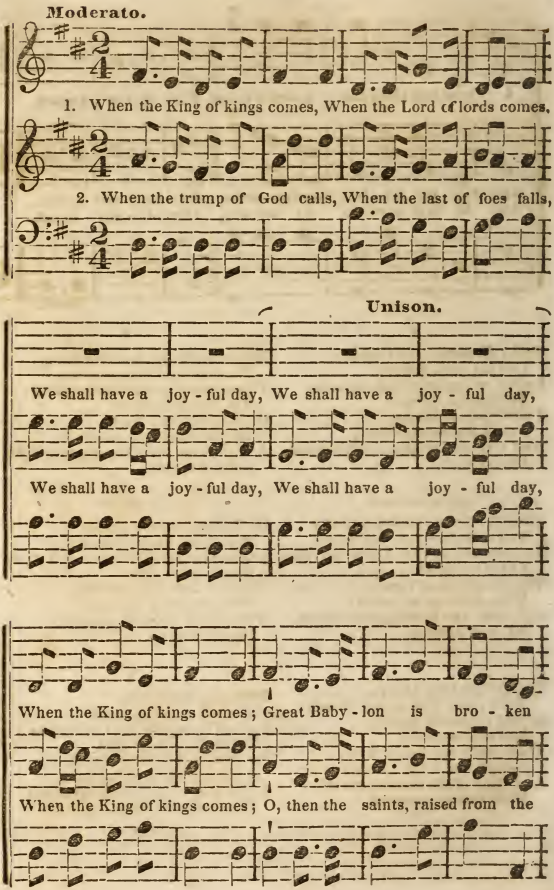
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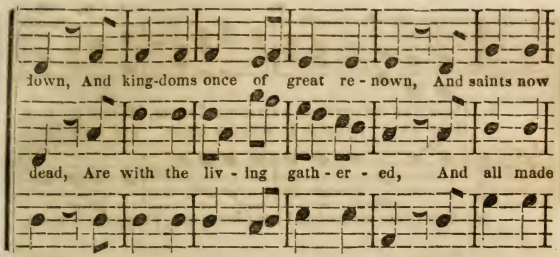
He 'll keep his own secure,
And guard them by his side,
Arrayed in garments white and pure,
His spotless bride;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joy,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He will supply.

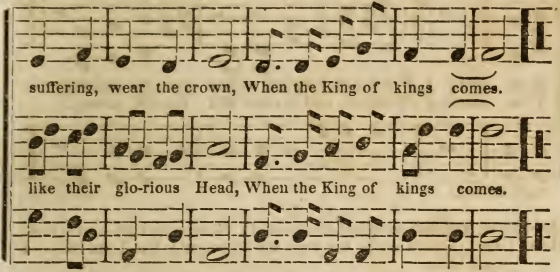
9

Before the Holy One,
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done,
Through all their land.
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing in songs which never end
The wondrous Name.

312 "When the King of kings comes."







3

When the foe's distress comes,
Then the church's "rest" comes;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes:
And then the new Jerusalem,
Surpassing all reports of fame,
Shines, worthy of its Maker's name,
When the King of kings comes.

4

When the world its course has run,
When the judgment is begun;
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes,
To see the sons of God well known,
All spotless to their Father shown,
And Jesus all his brethren own,
When the King of kings comes.

5

When the conqueror's hour comes,
When he with great power comes:
We shall have a joyful day,
When the King of kings comes:
To see all things by him restored,
And God himself alone adored
By all the saints, with one accord,
When the King of kings comes.

Here is no Rest.



2

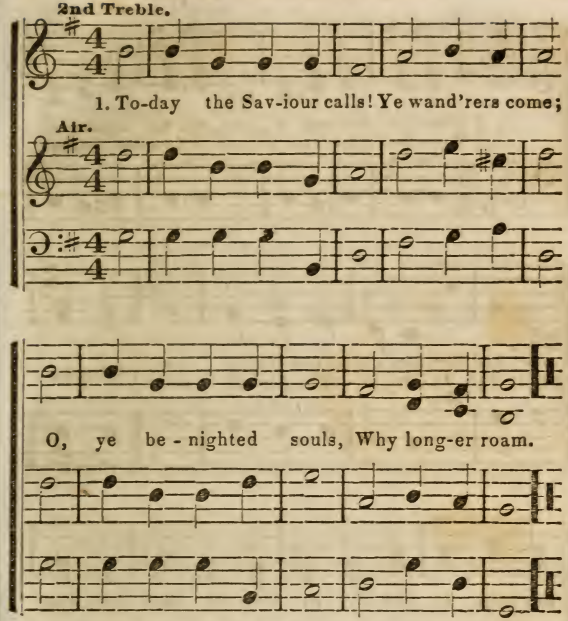
Here fierce temptations beset me around; Here is no rest—is no rest:
Here I am grieved while my foes me surround; Yet I am blest—I am blest.
Let them revile me and scoff at my name,
Laugh at my weeping—endeavor to shame;
I will go forward, for this is my theme; There, there is rest—there is rest.

3

Here are afflictions and trials severe; Here is no rest—is no rest;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear; Yet I am blest—I am blest.
Sweet is the promise I read in his word;
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;
They will be call'd to receive their reward;—Then there is rest—there is rest.

4

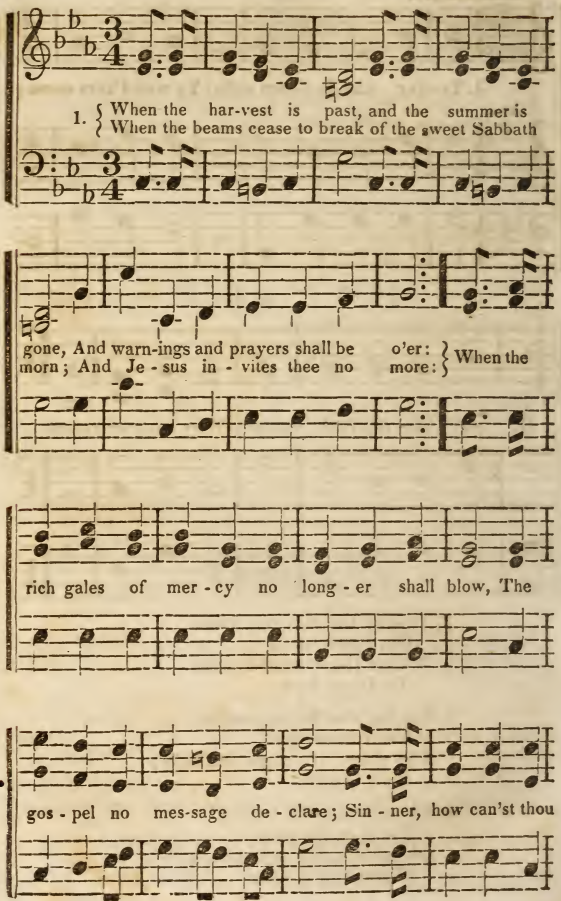
This world of cares is a wilderness state, Here is no rest—is no rest;
Here I must bear from the world all its hate,—Yet I am blest—I am blest.
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
Soon shall the weary forever be blest,
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' breast—Then there is rest—there is rest.

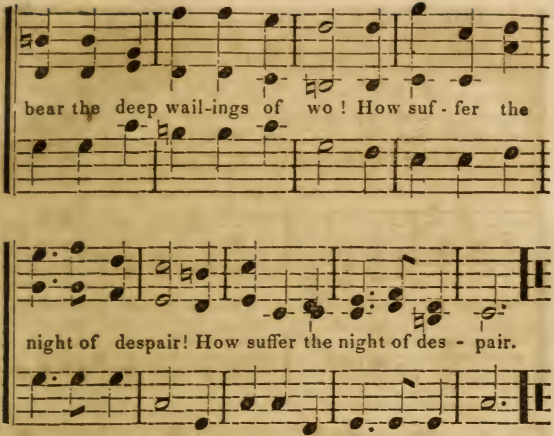


2. To-day the Saviour calls!
Oh, listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3. To-day the Saviour calls!
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls;
Ruin is nigh.

4. The Spirit calls to-day!
Yield to his pow'r:
Oh, grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.


1. When the har-vest is past, and the summer is
When the beams cease to break of the sweet Sabbath
gone, And warn-ings and prayers shall be o'er:
morn; And Je-sus in-vites thee no more:
When the
rich gales of mer-cy no long-er shall blow, The
gos-pel no mes-sage de-clare; Sin-ner, how can'st thou



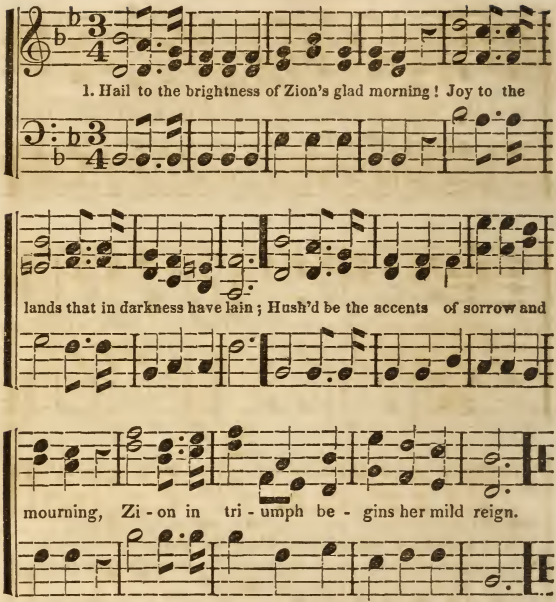
"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Jer. vii. 20.

1

When the harvest is past, and the summer is gone;
And warnings and prayers shall be o'er;
When the beams cease to break of the sweet Sabbath morn
And Jesus invites thee no more;
When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,
The gospel no message declare;
Sinner, how can'st thou bear the deep wailings of woe;
How suffer the night of despair.

2

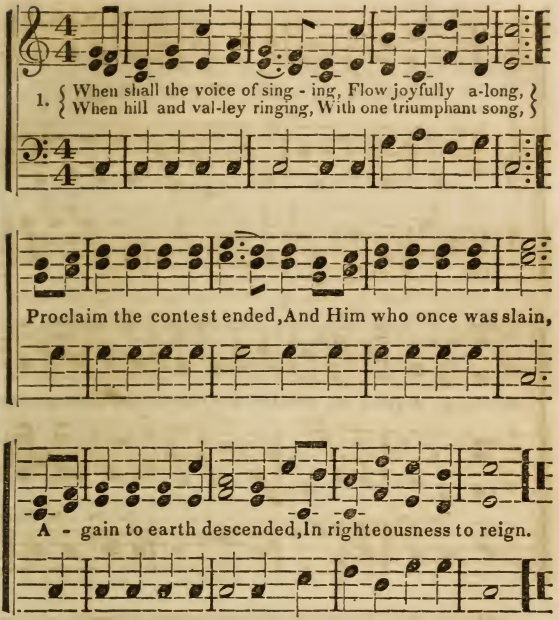
When the holy have gone to the regions of peace,
Those heavenly mansions to prove;
When their harmony wakes in the fulness of bliss,
Their song to the Saviour they love;
Say, O Sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
Who fearest no trouble to come,
Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure
Or bear the impenitent's doom!



2. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

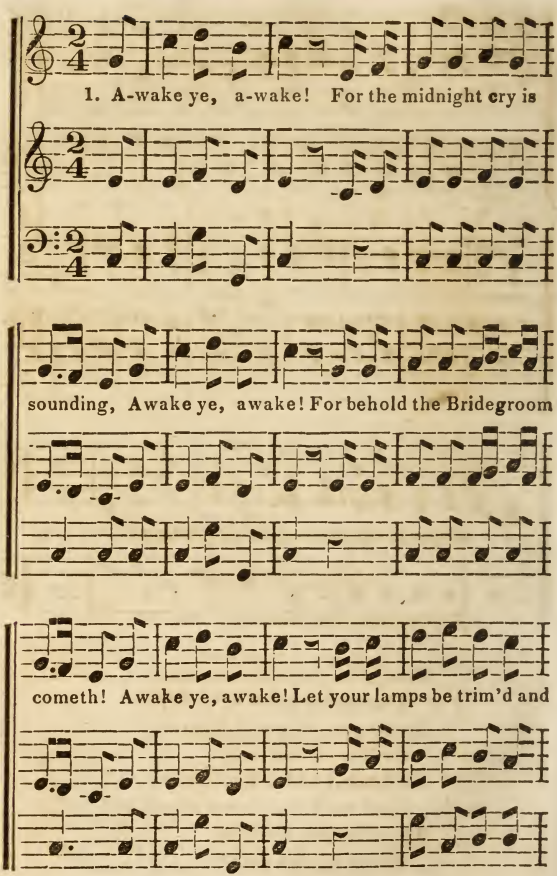
3. Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

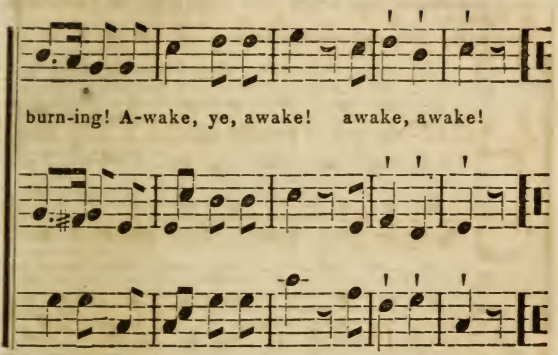
4. See, the dead risen from land and from ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.



2

Then from the lofty mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tow'r and lofty dwelling,
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling,
In one eternal sound.


1. A-wake ye, a-wake! For the midnight cry is
sounding, Awake ye, awake! For behold the Bridegroom
cometh! Awake ye, awake! Let your lamps be trim'd and



2

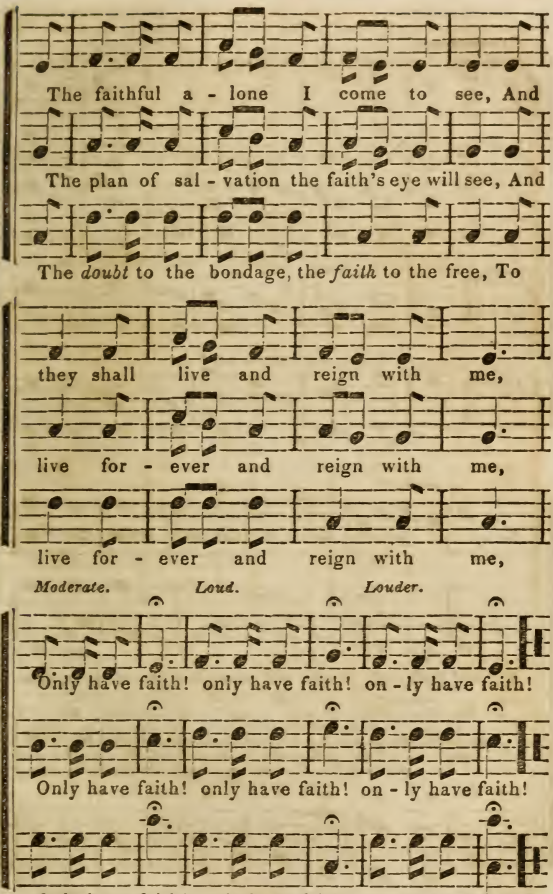
Rejoice ye, rejoice!
For the night is now departing;
Rejoice ye, rejoice!
For behold the Bridegroom cometh;
Rejoice ye, rejoice!
For Redemption draweth nigh;
Rejoice ye, rejoice!
Rejoice, for joy!

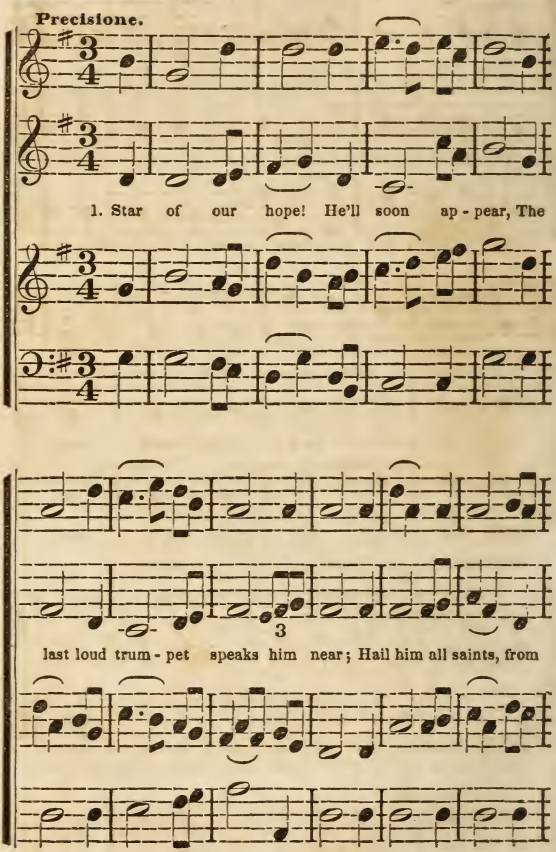
"Have you Faith?"

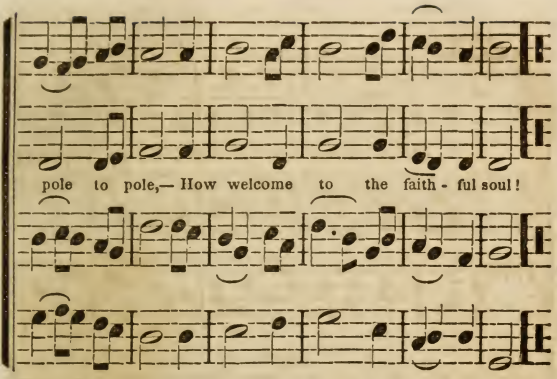
I tell you that he will avenge them speedily! Nevertheless when the son of man cometh, shall he find *faith* on the earth. St. Luke, Chap. 18. Verse 8.

Second. *With expresssion and life.*




The faithful a - lone I come to see, And
The plan of sal - vation the faith's eye will see, And
The *doubt* to the bondage, the *faith* to the free, To
they shall live and reign with me,
live for - ever and reign with me,
live for - ever and reign with me,
Moderate.
Loud.
Louder.
Only have faith! only have faith! on - ly have faith!
Only have faith! only have faith! on - ly have faith!
Only have faith! only have faith! on - ly have faith!


Precisione.
1. Star of our hope! He'll soon ap - pear, The
3
last loud trum - pet speaks him near; Hail him all saints, from



2

From heaven angelic voices sound,
Behold the Lord of glory crowned,
Arrayed in majesty divine,
And in his highest glories shine.

3

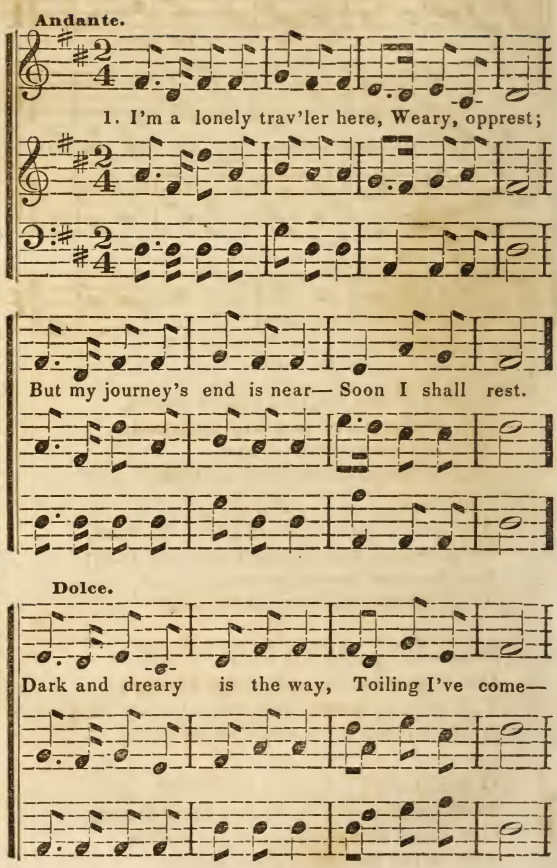
The grave yields up its precious trust,
Which long has slumber'd in the dust;
Resplendent forms ascending fair,
To meet the Saviour in the air.

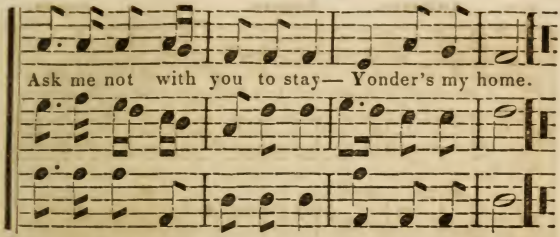
4

Descending with his azure throne,
He claims the Kingdom for his own;
The saints rejoice, they shout, they sing
And hail him their triumphant King.

5

O joyful day, when he appears
With all his saints, to end their fears;
Our Lord will then his right obtain,
And in his kingdom ever reign.


Andante.
1. I'm a lonely trav'ler here, Weary, opprest;
But my journey's end is near— Soon I shall rest.
Dolce.
Dark and dreary is the way, Toiling I've come—

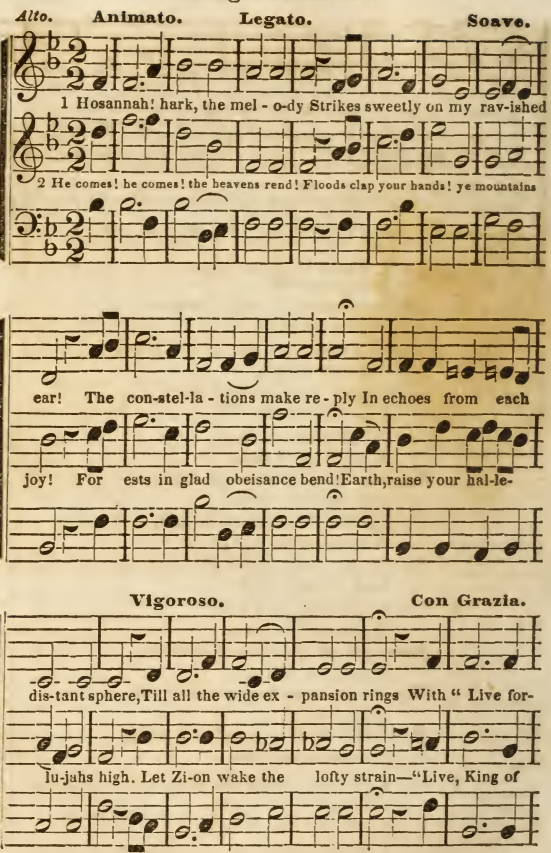


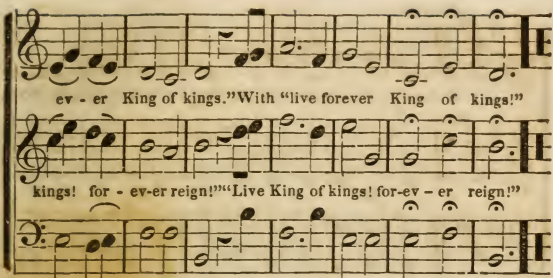
2 I'm a weary trav'ler here,
I must go on,
For my journey's end is near—
I must be gone.
Brighter joys than earth can give,
Win me away;
Pleasures that forever live—
I cannot stay

3 I'm a trav'ler to a land
Where all is fair;
Where is seen no broken band—
All, all are there.
Where no tear shall ever fall,
Nor heart be sad;
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.

4 I'm a trav'ler, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell all I've loved below—
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome sorrow, grief and pain,
If heav'n be mine.

5 I'm a trav'ler—call me not—
Upward's my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot,
I cannot stay.
Farewell earthly pleasures all,
Pilgrim I'll roam;
Hail me not—in vain you call—
Yonder's my home.


Alto.
Animato.
Legato.
Soave.
1 Hosannah! hark, the mel - o-dy Strikes sweetly on my rav-ished
2 He comes! he comes! the heavens rend! Floods clap your hands! ye mountains
ear! The con-stel-la - tions make re - ply In echoes from each
joy! For ests in glad obeisance bend! Earth, raise your hal-le-
Vigoroso.
Con Grazia.
dis-tant sphere, Till all the wide ex - pansion rings With "Live for-
lu-jahs high. Let Zi-on wake the lofty strain—"Live, King of



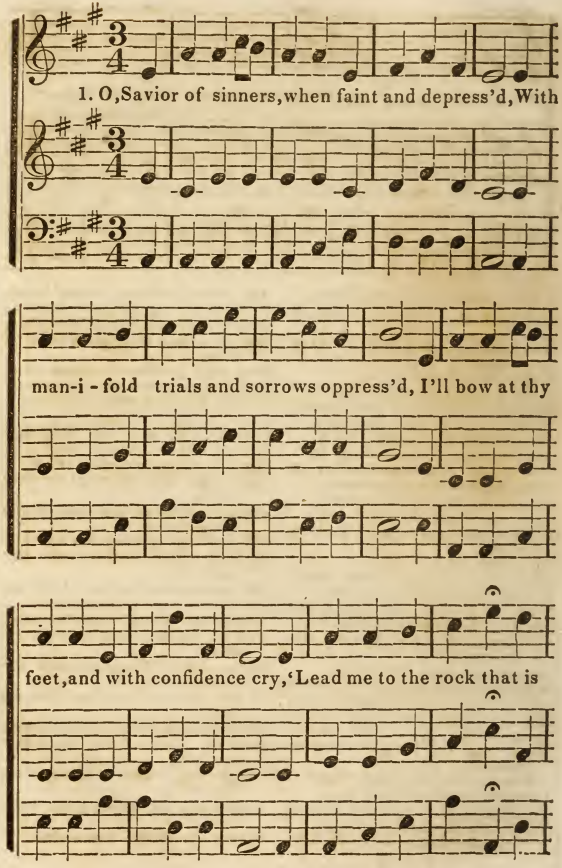
3 Ripe is the vintage of the earth;
Its clustering grapes are round and full;
And vengeance, vengeance bursts to birth,
Sudden and irresistible!
Messiah comes to tread amain
The wine-press of the battle-plain.
4 The cry is up, the strife begun,
The struggle of the mighty ones;
And Armageddon's day comes on,
The carnival of Slaughter's sons;
War lifts his helmet to his brow:
O God! protect thy people now!

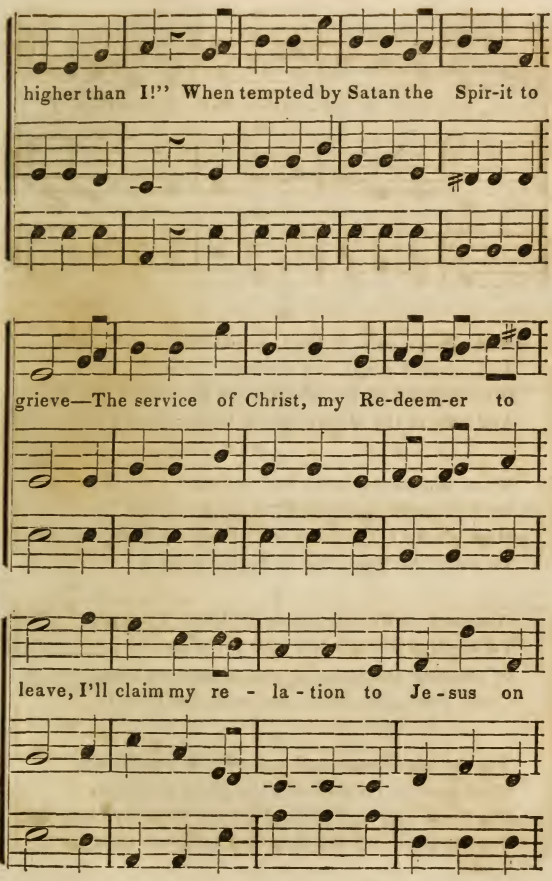
PART SECOND.

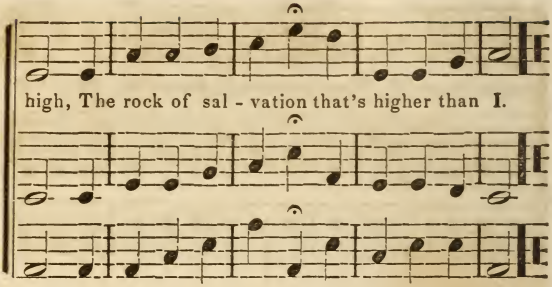
5 The graves are cleaved! the *saints* arise!
The resurrection of the just!
And now, unto their kindred skies,
Up leap the tenants of the dust!
They rise to meet their Lord in air,
And tune their hallelujahs there.
6 Wake, Zion, wake! put on thy strength!
Don thy rich garb, Jerusalem!
Rise, shine! thy light is come at length,
And thou the wicked shalt condemn.
But hark! the war-whoop nearer sounds!
From land to land Destruction bounds!
7 Assemble quickly, fowls of air!
Come to the supper of the Lord:
The great ones of the earth prepare
To reap the harvest of the sword;
And captains' flesh shall be your food,
And ye shall drink of heroes' blood.
8 The cry is up, the strife begun;
Destruction spreads from field to field;
And soon shall Slaughter's work be done,
Soon shall Abaddon's legions yield;
Unnumbered thousands shall be slain,
Ere day break on Megiddo's plain.

PART THIRD.

9 Down, Babylon! down, Mahomet!
Impostor and Apostate, down!
Your day is past, your sun is set;
Now reap the whirlwind ye have sown;
Drink—yea, drink deep—the wine's poured forth,
The red wine of Jehovah's wrath.
10 They drink! they drink! they fall! they fall!
With all their sorceries and charms;
And Desolation grasps them all
Within his vast and withering arms;
The "strong one" has them in his toil;
When, lo, a Stronger shares the spoil.
11 Yea, come, O king, and take the spoil;
With thy confederates share the prey:
Ha! ha! Death "grins a ghastly smile;"
The morning dawns—and where are they?
The flames, the flames, great Autocrat,
Spread o'er thee in Jehosophat.


1. O, Savior of sinners, when faint and depress'd, With
man-i - fold trials and sorrows oppress'd, I'll bow at thy
feet, and with confidence cry, 'Lead me to the rock that is


higher than I!'' When tempted by Satan the Spir-it to
grieve—The service of Christ, my Re-deem-er to
leave, I'll claim my re - la - tion to Je - sus on



3

When judgments, O Lord, are abroad in the land,
And merited vengeance descends from thy hand!
O'erwhelmed with the sight, for protection I'll fly,
And hide in the Rock, that is higher than I!

4

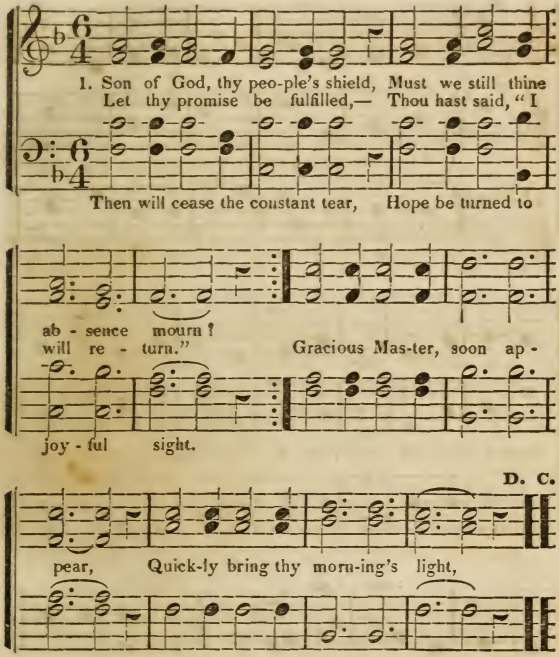
When summoned away before God to appear,
By free-grace supported I'll yield without fear!
Most gladly I'll venture with Jesus on high,
To enter the Rock that is higher than I!

5

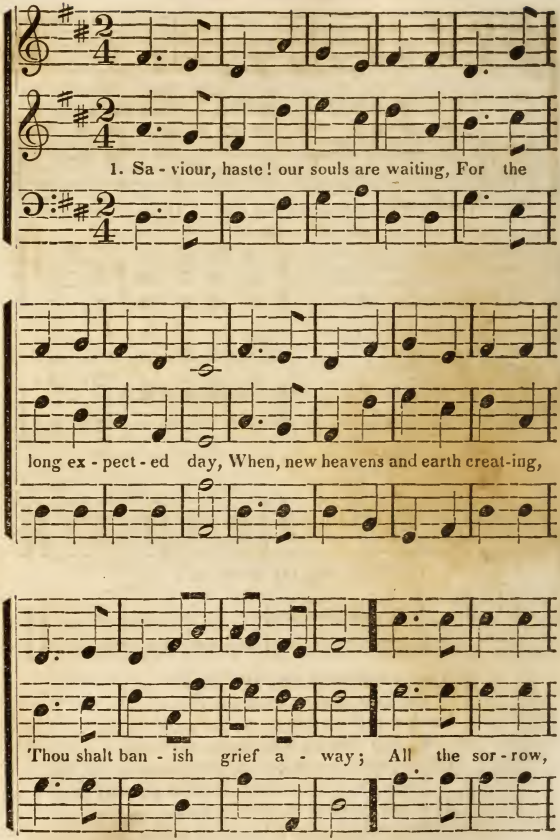
'Tis there, with the chosen of Jesus, I long
To dwell, and eternally join in the song,
Of praising and blessing with angels on high,
Christ Jesus, the Rock that is higher than I!

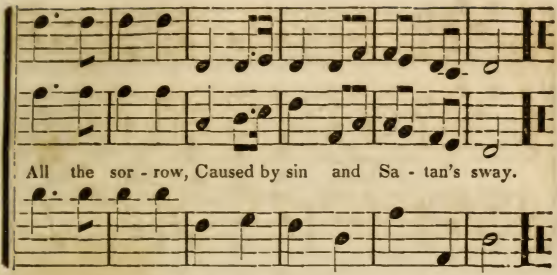
6

The faithful sure promise the fathers believed,
Shall then be fulfilled and the glory received;
The hand that was pierced for me wipe my tears dry.
For to reign with the One that is higher than I.



2 As a woman counts the days
Till her absent lord she sees,
Longs and watches, weeps and prays,
So the church must long for thee.
Come, that we may see thee nigh;
Then the sheep shall feed in peace;
Hushed forever trouble's sigh,
Sin and sorrow's triumph cease.


1. Sa - viour, haste! our souls are waiting, For the
long ex - pect - ed day, When, new heavens and earth creat-ing,
Thou shalt ban - ish grief a - way; All the sor - row,

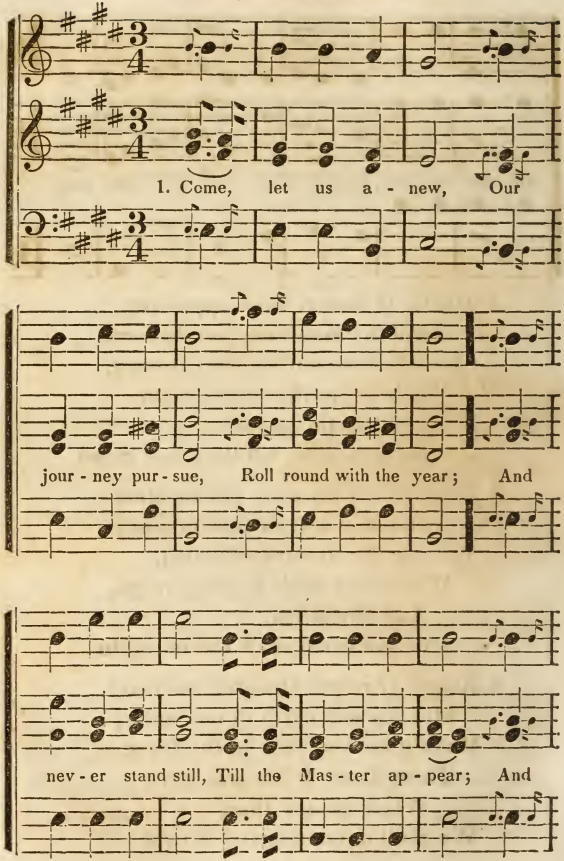


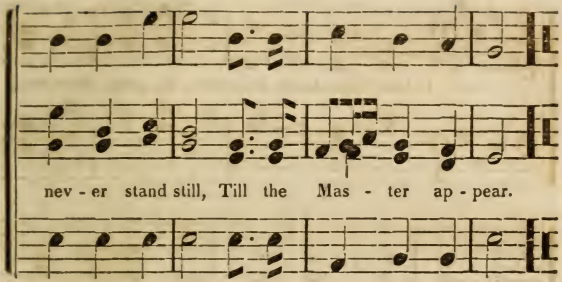
2 Haste, O hasten thine appearing,
Take thy mourning people home:
'Tis this hope our spirits cheering,
While we in the desert roam,
Makes thy people
Strangers here, till thou dost come.

3 Lord, how long shall the creation
Groan and travail sore in pain;
Waiting for its sure salvation,
When thou shalt in glory reign,
And like Eden,
This sad earth shall bloom again.

4 Reign, O reign Almighty Saviour!
Heaven and earth in one unite;
Make it known, that in thy favor,
There alone is life and light;
When we see thee,
We shall have unmixed delight.

"Come, let us Anew."





2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

3 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

5 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."

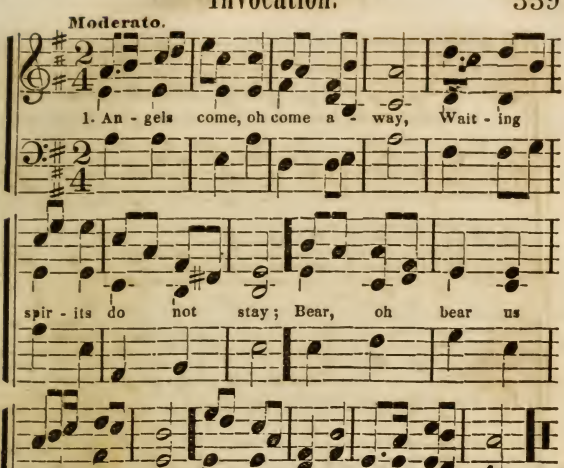
6 O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

"Christ, the Lord, will Come."



2 Then, when the archangel's voice
Shakes the earth and rends the skies,
Rising millions shall proclaim
Blessings on the Saviour's name.

3 "Hail! redeeming Son of God!"
Ransomed hosts will shout aloud:
"Praise, eternal praise be given,
To the Lord of earth and heaven!"



2 Clouds of glory lingering,
Haste! our blessed Jesus bring;
Gleam no longer from afar,
Like a dim uncertain star

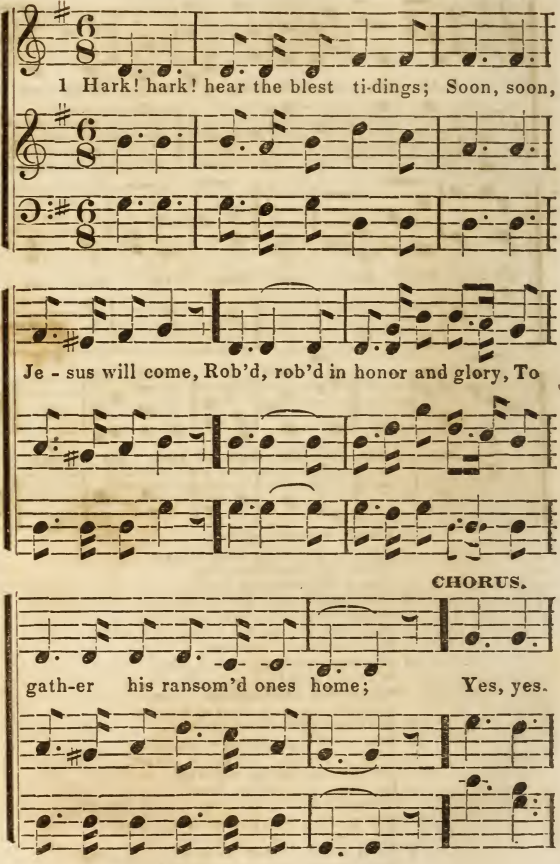
3 Speed thy coming Blessed One,
We are fainting sad and lone;
Why doth yet the star of day,
Its bright rising thus delay?

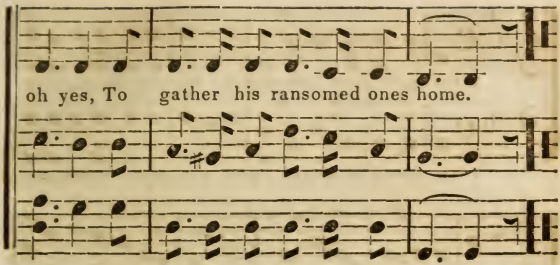
4 Whirlwinds struggling still afar,
With the mighty conqueror's car,
Speed along like tempests driven,
From the bursting gates of heaven.

5 Meek and humble trusting ones,
Zion's suff'ring trodden sons,
"Day and night," prevail in prayer,
Till the kingdom ye shall share.

6 Let Creation's prayer arise,
Filling all the vaulted skies;
Rise as incense to His hand,
Who doth by the altar stand.

7 Voice of God! awake the dead!
Now descend with earthquake tread!
Trump of judgment sound the tone,
That shall end Creation's groan!


1 Hark! hark! hear the blest ti-dings; Soon, soon,
Je - sus will come, Rob'd, rob'd in honor and glory, To
CHORUS.
gath-er his ransom'd ones home; Yes, yes.



2 Joy, joy, sound it more loudly,
Sing, sing glory to God;
Soon, soon Jesus is coming,
Publish the tidings abroad.

3 Bright, bright, seraphs attending,
Shouts, shouts, filling the air;
Down, down, swiftly from heaven,
Jesus our Lord will appear.

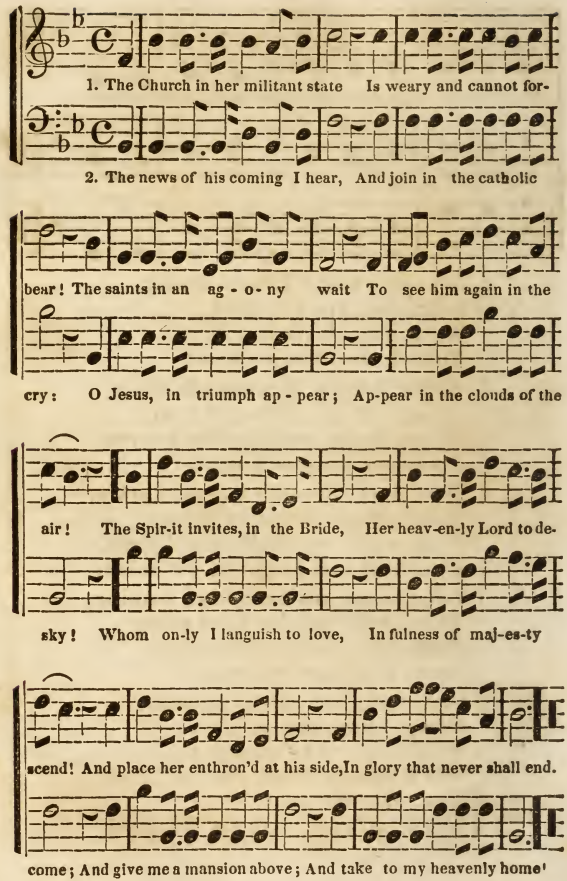
4 Now, now, through a glass darkly,
Shine, shine visions to come;
Soon, soon, we shall behold them,
Cloudless and bright in our home.

5 Long, long, we have been waiting,
Who, who, love his blest name;
Now, now, we are delighting,
Jesus is near to proclaim.

6 Still, still, rest on the promise,
Cling, cling, fast to his word;
Wait, wait, if he should tarry,
We'll patiently wait for the Lord.

CHO. { Yes, yes, oh yes,
We'll patiently wait for the Lord

Hope of the Church.



1 O sinner, come without delay,
And seek a home in glory;
The Lord is calling you to-day—
He pleads for you in glory.
CHORUS—O glory! O glory!
There 's power in Jesus' dying love,
To bring you home to glory.

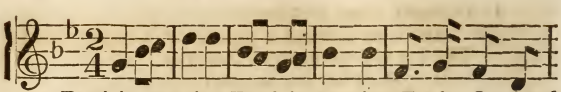
2 O, turn and live! to you he cries,
And you shall share my glory;
But, if my mercy you despise,
You cannot see my glory.
O glory, &c.

3 Repent, and give him now your heart,
He is the Lord of Glory,
Confess his name, secure a part,
When he shall come in glory.
O glory, &c.

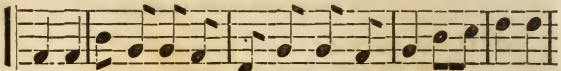
4 Now is your time—no more delay,
For soon he 'll come in glory;
When shut without, in vain you 'll pray—
You 've lost all hope of glory.
O glory, &c.

5 O do not madly slight his grace,
And lose the crown of glory;
But now, before you leave this place,
Begin the race for glory.
O glory, &c.

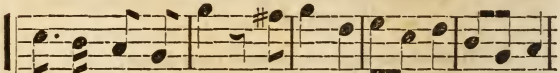
6 Awake! awake! the Judge is near,
Prepare, prepare for glory;
If sleeping when he shall appear,
You cannot bear his glory.
O glory! O glory!
There 's power in Jesus' dying love
To bring you home to glory.



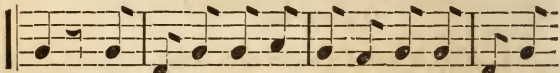
1. Earth is groaning, Earth is groaning, For her Lord and



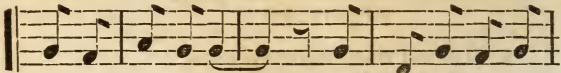
King is longing, longing, longing, longing, Earth is groaning,



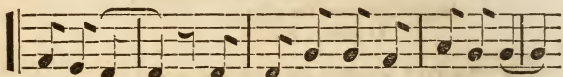
Lord deliverance bring, Remove the curse, in triumph



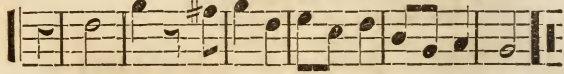
reign. How long wilt thou re-main away? How long wilt



thou re - main a - way? Why doth thy ling'ring



chariot stay, How long wilt thou re-main a-way?



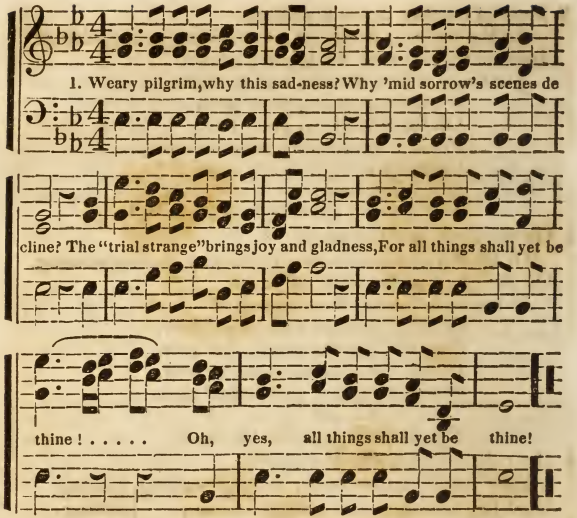
Come, come, to Is-rael bring the promis'd day.

2 Jesus is coming, Jesus is coming,
Lo the day star bright, is rising, rising, rising, **rising!**
Jesus is coming with the blazing crowns
For those who walk with him in white.
Oh there is glory, glory now,
Oh there is glory, glory now,
For lo! the heavens seem to bow;
Oh there is glory, glory now.
Lo, lo,
The shaking heavens begin to bow!

3 Oh the glory, Oh the glory,
Of the King of armies coming, coming, coming, **coming,**
Oh the glory of the King of kings
In triumph coming down to reign.
Seraphic legions marshalled now,
Seraphic legions marshalled now,
Behold the shaking heavens bow,
Seraphic legions marshalled now.
Lo, lo,
The brilliant glory of his train!

4 Hear the voices! hear the voices!
That proclaim the Savior coming, coming, coming,
Hear the voices,—sweet angelic strains, [coming.
In Heaven th' echo loud resounds;
Angelic harpings now in heaven,
Angelic harpings now in heaven,
In sweeping melody are driven.
Angelic harpings now in heaven,
Sound, sound,
"Behold the King of glory comes!"

5 Heaven rejoices—Heaven rejoices,
For the King of kings is coming, coming, coming,
Heaven rejoices, for the King of kings [coming,
In radiant glory comes to reign!
Oh Earth be glad, rejoice and sing!
Oh Earth be glad, rejoice and sing!
He comes to reign, thy rightful King!
Oh Earth be glad, rejoice and sing!
Shout, shout,
Glad tidings all the angels bring!



2. Earth anew, with robe of glory,
Shall rejoice in hill and vale;
And sweetest harpings tell the story
Of the love that could not fail!
Oh, yes, the love that could not fail!

3. Thou shalt range the fields of pleasure,
Where joy's gushing songs arise;
Thou shalt have all thy well-stored treasure,
In the New Earth, Paradise!
Yes, in the New Earth, Paradise!

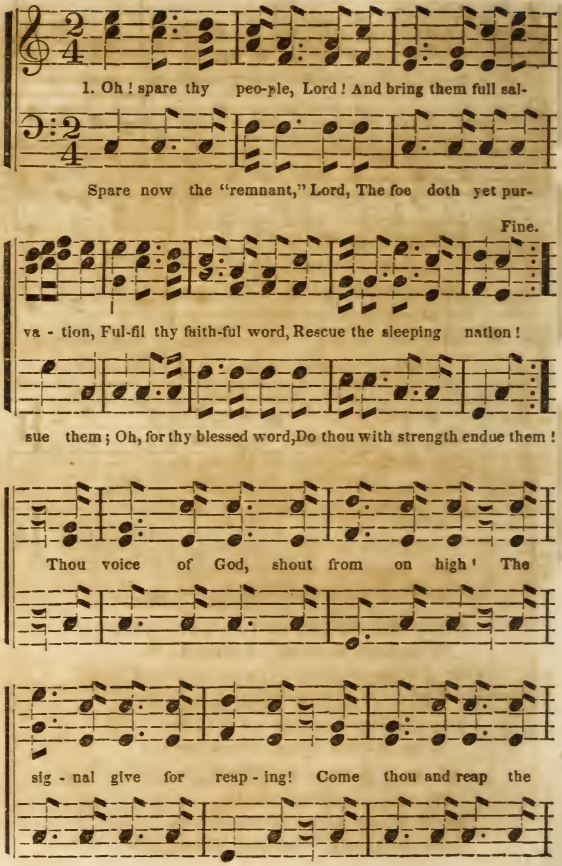
4. Weary pilgrim, leave thy sadness,
To Mount Zion thou art come!
Now swell thy songs of joy and gladness,
And rejoice in thy blest home!
Thine own, and Jesus' heavenly home!

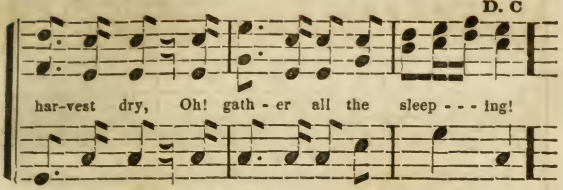


2. Oh, angel-pinions, come to me!
And bear me soon away,
For I would dwell by Life's fair tree,
Whence I shall never stray!

3. Fair Eden bowers glad I see—
There sweetly I would rest;
I'm longing, longing there to be
With all the white-robed, blest!

4. My Savior's love I would explore,
That overflowing sea!
Oh, I would dwell forevermore,
Fast by Life's verdant tree!


1. Oh! spare thy peo-ple, Lord! And bring them full sal-
Spare now the "remnant," Lord, The foe doth yet pur-
Fine.
va - tion, Ful-fil thy faith-ful word, Rescue the sleeping nation!
sue them; Oh, for thy blessed word, Do thou with strength endue them!
Thou voice of God, shout from on high! The
sig - nal give for reap - ing! Come thou and reap the



2

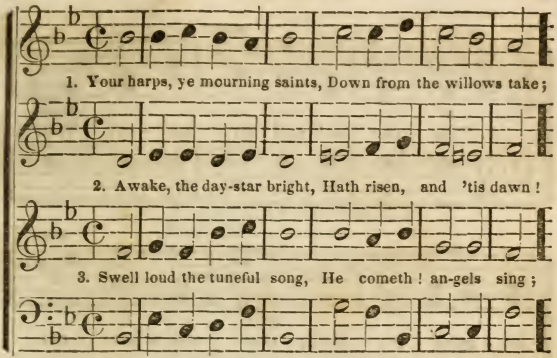
Oh may thy kingdom come!
All power and dominion,
Bring now the faithful home
On bright seraphic pinion—
We're "tried," oh, come and take us home,
And give us crowns of glory—
We feel, like those who weary roam
About some ruin hoary.
Oh, may thy will be done,
On earth, as 'tis in heaven;
May now the glorious Sun
Of Righteousness be given!

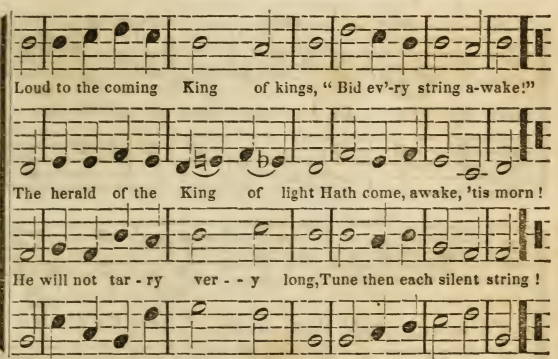
3

Oh! may the "city" come
Down from the opening heaven—
The New Jerusalem,
Oh, may it now be given!
Its gates of pearl, its streets of gold
Blaze with thy brightest glory;
The holy seers have raptured told
The New Creation's story!
Oh, may it now descend,
The city of foundations,
In triumph ne'er to end,
Rule thou the "angry nations!"

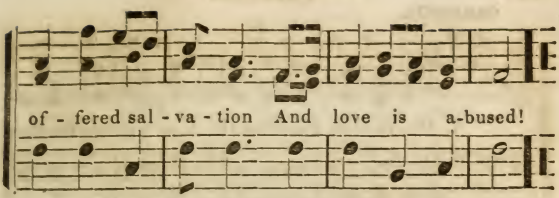
Sleeping Martyrs.




1. Your harps, ye mourning saints, Down from the willows take;
2. Awake, the day-star bright, Hath risen, and 'tis dawn!
3. Swell loud the tuneful song, He cometh! an-gels sing;
4. Bid every heart a-wake! 'Tis sure - ly death, to sleep!
5. Sing Je-sus' dy-ing love, Sing that he rose a - gain—


Loud to the coming King of kings, "Bid ev'-ry string a-wake!"
The herald of the King of light Hath come, awake, 'tis morn!
He will not tar - ry ver - - y long, Tune then each silent string!
Oh, from the willows take the harp, And faithful vig-il keep.
Sing now he comes to burst the tombs, And with his saints to reign!


1. 'Tis the last call of mer - cy, That
lin - gers for thee; Oh! sin - ner re-
ceive it; To Je - sus now flee! He of-ten has
call'd thee, But thou hast re - fus'd! His



2 If thou slightest this warning
Now offered at last,
Thine will be the sad mourning—
"The harvest is past,
Salvation I've slighted,
The summer is o'er,
And now there is pardon,
Sweet pardon, no more.

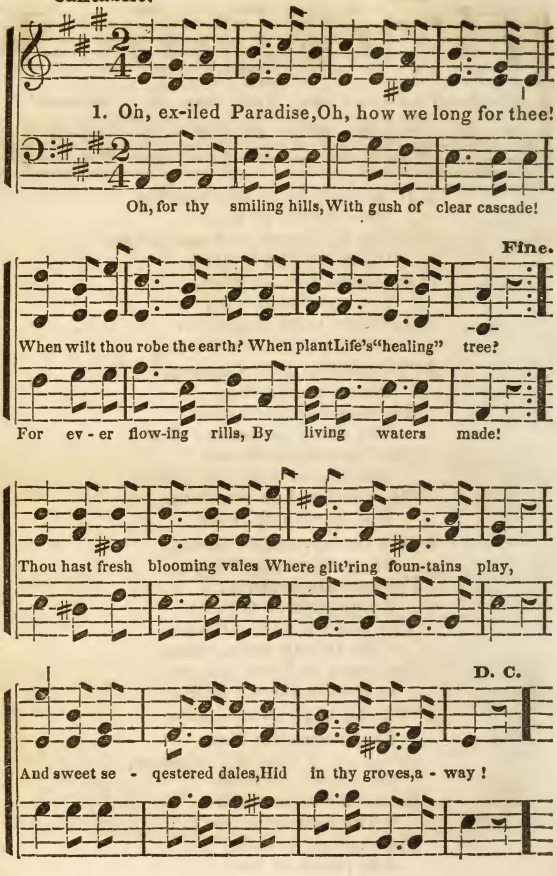
3 'Tis the last call of mercy,
Oh, turn not away,
For now swiftly hasteth
The dread vengeance day!
The Spirit invites you,
And pleads with you, come!
Oh, come to Life's waters,
Nor thirstingly roam!

4 'Tis the last call of mercy,
Oh, steel not thy heart,
For now she is rising,
From earth to depart!
The Bride is now calling—
"Ye thirsty souls, come!"
Oh, come with the ransom'd,
In heaven there's room!

5 'Tis the last call of mercy,
That lingers for thee,
Break away from thy bondage,
Oh, sinner, be free!
Be not a sad mourner—
"The harvest is past,
The summer is ended"—
And perish at last!

Paradise.

Cantabile.

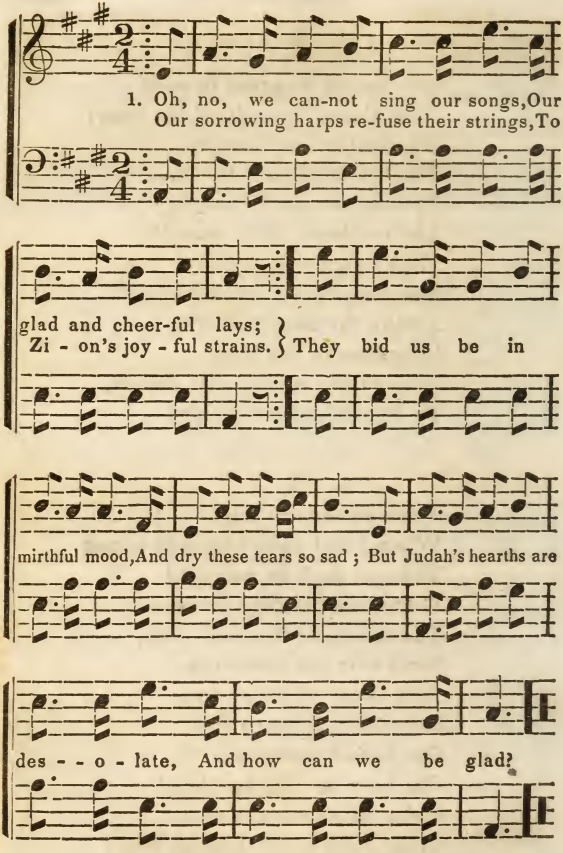


2

Oh, for thy fragrant flowers
That bloom through all the year;
Oh, for thy rosy bowers,
The "wilderness" to cheer!
To thee we shall "return,
And to Mount Zion come!"
With songs sing joyfully,
'And shout the harvest home!"
Awake the harp and lute,
In praises to the King
Who reigns on David's throne,
To Him Hosannas bring!

3

Jesus shall ever reign!
When His bright kingdom comes
The sun shall be ashamed
Before his dazzling thrones!
The moon confounded, then,
Shall hide her silver ray,
And saints of every age,
Rejoice in glorious day!
Oh, exiled Paradise,
Oh, how we long for thee!
Robe thou anew the earth,
Bring back Life's healing tree!


1. Oh, no, we can-not sing our songs, Our
Our sorrowing harps re-fuse their strings, To
glad and cheer-ful lays;
Zi - on's joy - ful strains.
They bid us be in
mirthful mood, And dry these tears so sad ; But Judah's hearths are
des - - o - late, And how can we be glad?

2 Our silent harps o'er Babel's streams
Are hung on willows lone,
We'll mourn until our absent Lord
Returns to claim his own.
When 'neath the curse the groaning earth
Moans forth her plaintive prayer,
How can we sing with joy and mirth?
Oh, no, her grief we'll share.

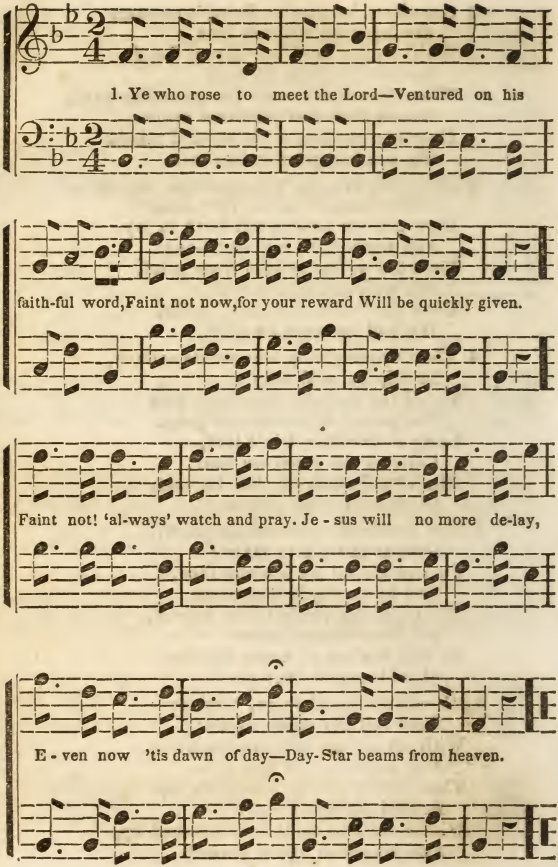
3 How can we sing when martyrs mourn—
"How long, O Lord, how long?"
How can our souls gush forth in joy,
And swell with raptured song?
Then bid us not refrain from grief,
For we must still be sad;
Until the "morning star" arise,
We will no more be glad.

4 Thou Coming One, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.
Long as our fiery trials last,—
Long as the cross we bear,
Oh, let our souls on thee be cast,
In all-prevailing prayer.

5 The power of interceding grace,
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.
Till then, thy perfect love impart,
Till thou appear below,
Be this the cry of every heart—
"I will not let thee go."

6 "I will not let thee go," unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee,
Then let me on the mountain top,
Behold thy open face;
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in joyful praise!

Morning Watch.



2

Would ye to the end endure?
Keep the wedding garment pure—
Claim ye still the promise sure—
Faithful is the Lord!
Let your lamps be burning bright,
In God's word is beaming light,
Live by faith and not by sight—
Crowns are your reward.

3

'Mid the darts of angry foe,
Onward, fearless, onward go,
The good soldier's courage show,
On, to victory!
"Let thine eyes be turned to me,"
Jesus says, "I ll rescue thee,
Overcome, and faithful be,
Thou shalt glory see!"

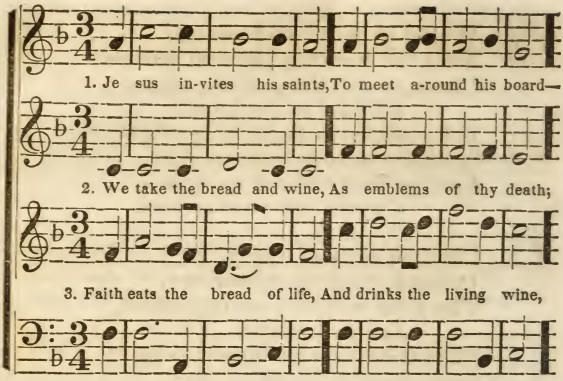
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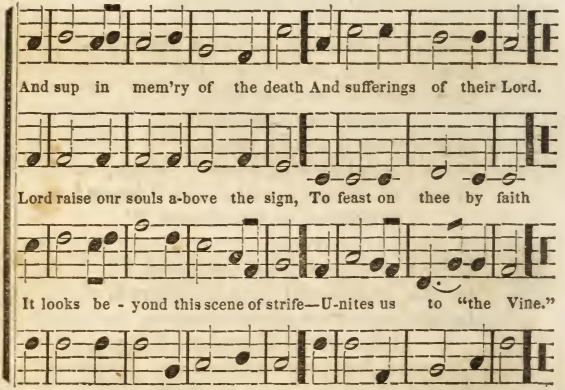
Tones of thunder, through the sky—
Angel voices, sounding high,
Echo still the mighty cry,
Jesus quickly come!
Quickly he'll return again,
With his saints will come to reign,
While all Heaven will shout "Amen!
Welcome to thy throne !"

5

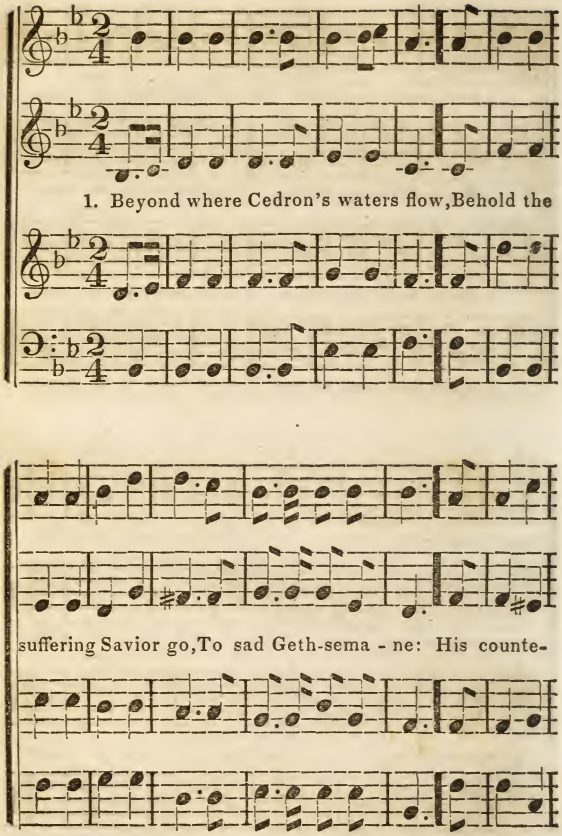
Marriage supper now prepared,
By the guests will then be shared,
In fair righteous robes arrayed,
Like the Bridegroom King.
Glory to Jehovah's name!
Sound aloud the glad acclaim,
To the Lamb that once was slain,
Alleluias bring !

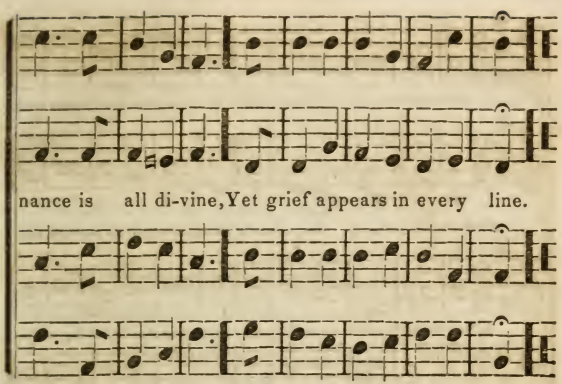
Golden Hill.


1. Je sus in-vites his saints, To meet a-round his board—
2. We take the bread and wine, As emblems of thy death;
3. Faith eats the bread of life, And drinks the living wine,
4. Soon shall the night be gone, Our Lord will come a-gain—


And sup in mem'ry of the death And sufferings of their Lord.
Lord raise our souls a-bove the sign, To feast on thee by faith
It looks be - yond this scene of strife—U-nites us to "the Vine."
The Marriage Supper of the Lamb Will usher in his reign.


1. Coming Sa-vior, now in faith, We re-mem-ber still thy death,
2. While in faith we drink the wine, Of thy blood we see the sign;
3. Lord, we thus re-member Thee; But we long thy face to see—
4. Quickly, Thou Thyself wilt come, Thou wilt raise us to thy throne,
Thou wast broken—thou hast died, For us thou wast cru---ci---fied.
Wash us pure from every stain, Thou that comest soon to reign.
Long to reach our heav'n-ly home "Come, Lord Je-sus, quick-ly come!"
And thy glo-ries here dis-play Through the nev-er-end--ing day!


1. Beyond where Cedron's waters flow, Behold the
suffering Savior go, To sad Geth-sema - ne: His counte-



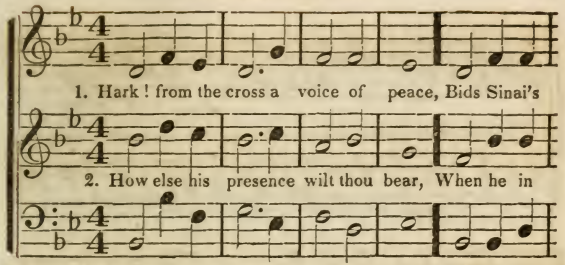
2 He bows beneath the sins of men—
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane;
He lifts his mournful eyes above—
"My Father, can this cup remove?"

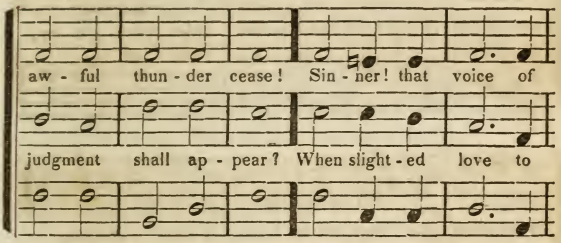
3 With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane;
"Behold me here, thine only Son,
And, Father, let thy will be done!"

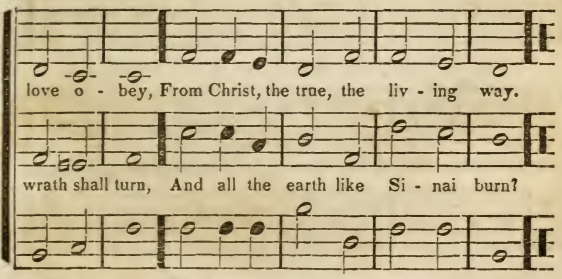
4 The Father heard—and angels, there
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane;
For us he drank the cup of pain,
Then rose to life and joy again.

5 Now in the Holiest he stands,
With golden censer in his hands,
Far from Gethsemane—
And he is coming now to reign,
With glory, glory in his train.

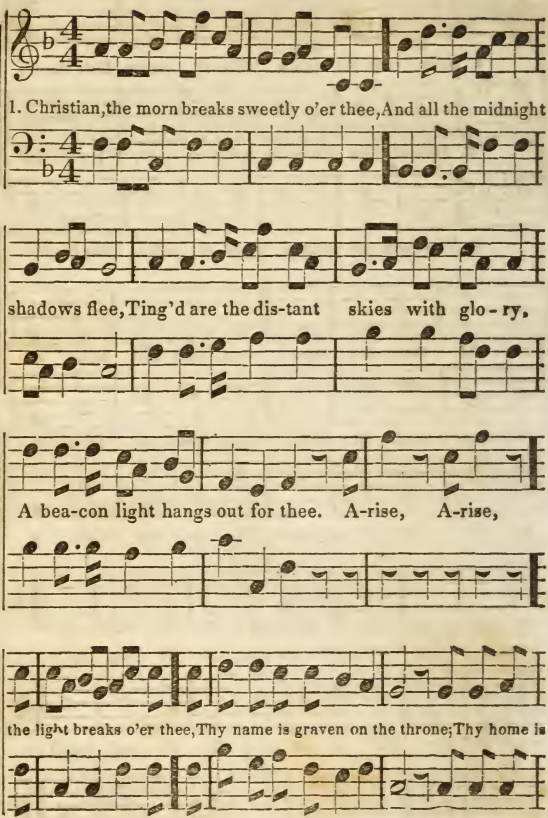

1. Let all that wait the Com-ing King, Now to his name sweet praises bring;
2. Earth shall de-part, and like a scroll, The passing heavens together roll,
3. Now let thy kingdom come, O Lord, As thou hast promised in thy word—
He cometh quickly! sound it high, Till echoes meet the vo - cal sky!
For Jesus' faithful words shall be Enduring as e - - ter - ni - ty.
Fill earth with glory like a sea—Oh! speak the word, and it shall be!

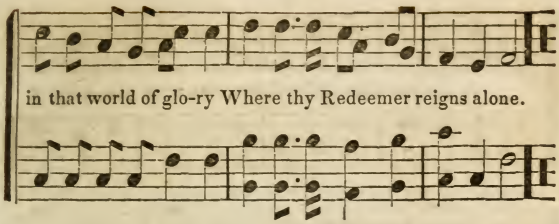

1. Hark! from the cross a voice of peace, Bids Sinai's
2. How else his presence wilt thou bear, When he in
3. Now from the cross a voice of peace, Bids Sinai's


aw - ful thun - der cease! Sin - ner! that voice of
judgment shall ap - pear? When slight - ed love to
aw - ful thun - der cease— O sin - ner, while 'tis


love o - bey, From Christ, the true, the liv - ing way.
wrath shall turn, And all the earth like Si - nai burn?
called to - day, That voice of sav - ing love o - bey.

Morn sweetly breaking.



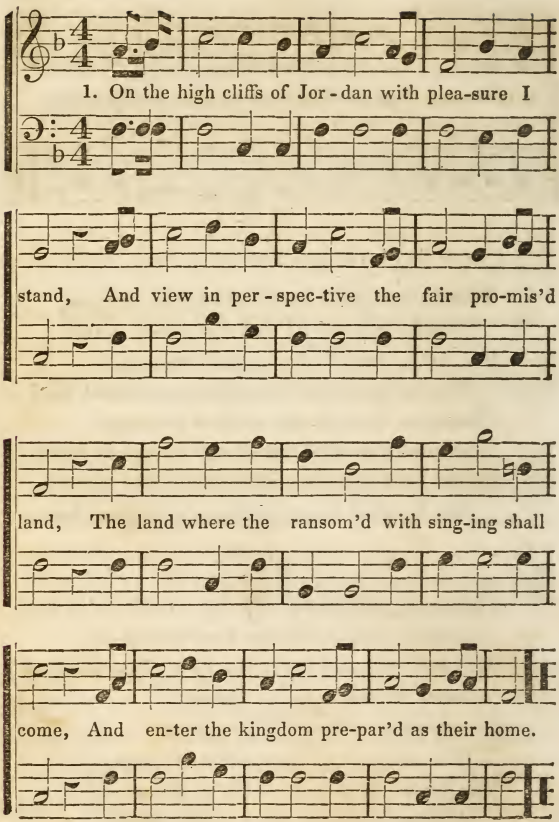


2

Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges,
Calmly composed and dauntless stand,
For lo! beyond those scenes emerges
The heights that bound the promised land
Christian, behold the land is nearing
Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er;
Hark! how the heavenly hosts are cheering,
See in what throngs they range the shore.

3

Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee
Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray,
The star gemm'd crowns and realms of glory
Invite thy happy soul away
Away, away, leave all for glory,
Thy name is graven on the throne,
Thy home is in that world of glory
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone,


1. On the high cliffs of Jor - dan with plea-sure I
stand, And view in per - spec-tive the fair pro-mis'd
land, The land where the ransom'd with sing-ing shall
come, And en-ter the kingdom pre-par'd as their home.

2

There rivers most graceful eternally glide,
And groves rich with verdure grow up by their side;
There spirits made perfect forever become
Immortal and beauteous, in glory their home.

3

'Tis there all the nations redeemed by the Lamb,
In circles most lovely, his praises proclaim;
Through tempests, and sorrows, and perils they come,
To enter those mansions prepared as their home.

4

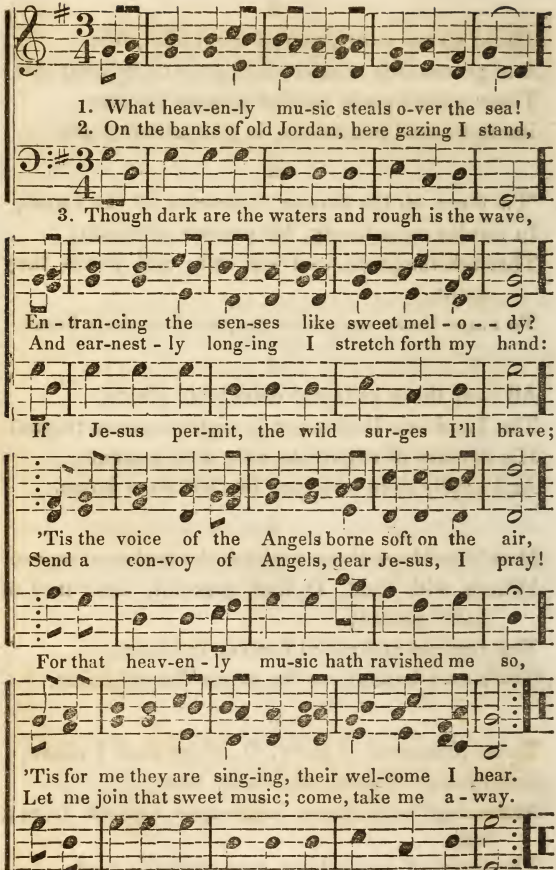
All over those peaceful delectable plains,
The Lord our Redeemer in righteousness reigns;
His sceptre of empire he now doth assume,
And kindly doth welcome his followers home.

5

How bless'd are those regions, the realms of repose,
Where with fruit, O how grateful, the "tree of Life" grows;
The regions ambrosial forever in bloom,
God's own habitation, the saints' happy home.

6

Those pleasures of glory, O, when shall I share,
And crowns of celestial felicity wear;
And range o'er those landscapes exempt from a sigh.
The home of our fathers, now specially nigh,


1. What heav-en-ly mu-sic steals o-ver the sea!
2. On the banks of old Jordan, here gazing I stand,
3. Though dark are the waters and rough is the wave,
En - tran-cing the sen-ses like sweet mel - o - - dy?
And ear-nest - ly long-ing I stretch forth my hand:
If Je-sus per-mit, the wild sur-ges I'll brave;
'Tis the voice of the Angels borne soft on the air,
Send a con-voy of Angels, dear Je-sus, I pray!
For that heav-en - ly mu-sic hath ravished me so,
'Tis for me they are sing-ing, their wel-come I hear.
Let me join that sweet music; come, take me a - way.
I must join in the cho-rus! I'll go! let me go.

I.

O hail, happy day, that speaks our trials ended,
Our Lord has come to take us home;
O hail, happy day;
No more by doubts or fears distressed,
We now shall gain our promised rest,
And be forever blest; O hail, happy day,

II.

Swell loud the glad note, our bondage now is over;
The jubilee proclaims us free;
O hail, happy day;
The day that brings a sweet release,
That crowns our Jesus Prince of Peace,
And bids our sorrows cease; O hail, happy day.

III.

O hail, happy day, that ends our tears and sorrows,
That brings us joy without alloy,
O hail, happy day;
There peace shall wave her sceptre high,
And love's fair banner greet the eye,
Preclaiming victory; O hail, happy day.

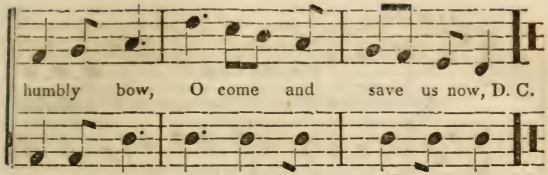
IV.

We hail thy bright beams, O morn of Zion's glory;
Thy blessed light breaks on our sight,
O hail, happy day;
Fair Beulah's fields before us rise,
And sweetly burst upon our eyes,
The joys of Paradise; O hail, happy day.

V.

Thrice hail, happy day, when earth shall smile in gladness.
And Eden bloom o'er nature's tomb,
O hail, happy day;
Where life's pellucid waters glide,
Safe by the dear Redeemer's side,
Forever we'll abide; O hail, happy day.


1. Our Father who in hea-ven art, Hallow-ed be thy
D. C. Then will we sing our sufferings o'er, And praise the ever-
name; Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, In
more; Then will we sing our suff'rings o'er, And
heav'n and earth the same. Come my Sa - viour, O my
praise thee ev - er more.
Sa-viour, Come and bless thy people now, While at thy feet we



II.

Give us this day our daily bread;
Our trespasses forgive;
As we forgive our fellow men,
May we thy grace receive.
Come, my Saviour, &c.

III.

And in temptation leave us not;
From evil us defend;
For thine, O Lord, the kingdom is,
For ever, without end.
Come, my Saviour, &c.

IV.

Thine is the power, O Lord, to bring
The kingdom down to men;
Thine is the glory evermore,
And kingdom without end.
Come, my Saviour, &c.

V.

In that glad day shall all thy saints
A joyful tribute bring,
Of praise and pow'r, of joy and song,
To their exalted king.
Come, my Saviour, &c.


ANIMATO.
O, come, come away! for time's career is closing; Let
worldly care henceforth forbear; O, come, come away! Come
come! our holy joys renew, Where love and heav'nly friendship
grew: The
Spir - it welcomes you! O, come, come a - way!

II.

Awake! ye awake! no time now for reposing;
"The Lord is near!" breaks on the ear,
O, come, come away!
Come, come where Jesus' love will be,
Who says, "I meet with two or three:"
Sweet promise made to thee!
O, come, come away!

III.

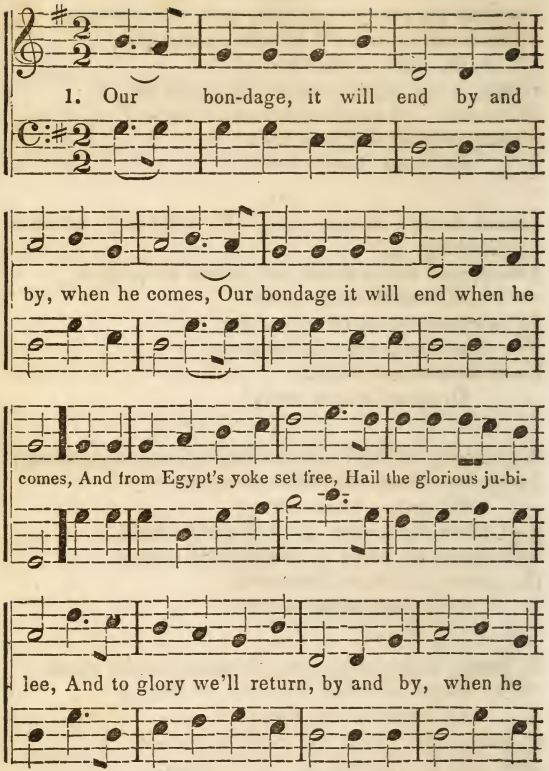
Come where sacred song the pilgrim's heart is cheering;
Come, and learn there the power of prayer,
O, come, come away!
In sweetest notes of sympathy
We praise and pray in harmony:
Love makes our unity;
O, come, come away!

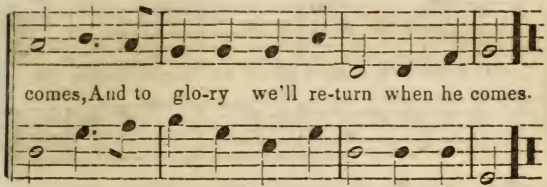
IV.

Night soon will be o'er! and endless day appearing;
Away from home no more we roam;
O, come, come away!
And when the trump of God shall sound,
The saints no more by Death are bound:
He owns our Jesus crowned;
O, come, come away!

V.

O, come, come away, my Saviour, in thy glory!
"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,"
O, come, come away!
O, come, my Lord, thy right maintain,
And take thy throne and on it reign;
Then earth shall bloom again!
O, come, come away!


1. Our bon-dage, it will end by and
by, when he comes, Our bondage it will end when he
comes, And from Egypt's yoke set free, Hail the glorious ju-bi-
lee, And to glory we'll return, by and by, when he



2. Our deliverer he will come, by and by,
And our sorrows have an end,
When our Saviour shall descend,
And glory crown the day, by and by, when he comes,
And glory crown the day when he comes.

3. Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on,
Though our hearts do sometimes fear,
Lo Israel's God is near,
And the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on, we'll go on,
And the fiery pillar moves, we'll go on.

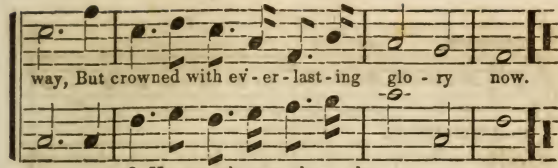
4. And when to Jordan's flood, we are come,
Jehovah swells the tide,
And the waters he'll divide, [we are come,
And the ransom'd hosts will shout, we are come, we
And the ransom'd hosts will shout, we are come.

5. There friends shall meet again, who have loved,
And their union will be sweet,
At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more, who have loved, who have loved,
When we meet to part no more, who have loved.

6. There with all thy happy throng, we'll rejoice,
Shouting glory to our King,
Till the vaults of Heaven ring,
And to all eternity, we'll rejoice, we'll rejoice,
And to all eternity, we'll rejoice.

There is a King of glory.





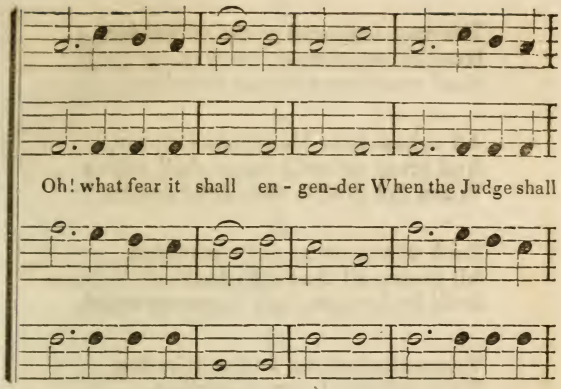
2. He cometh, cometh speedy,
To save his suffering saints,
Saints groaning, waiting, ready,
And endeth their complaints:
With joy they meet him in the air,
And shout the swelling triumph there:
No longer poor and needy,
But crown'd with glory now!
Not one's reviled to-day!
None stumble in the way—
All crowned with everlasting glory now.

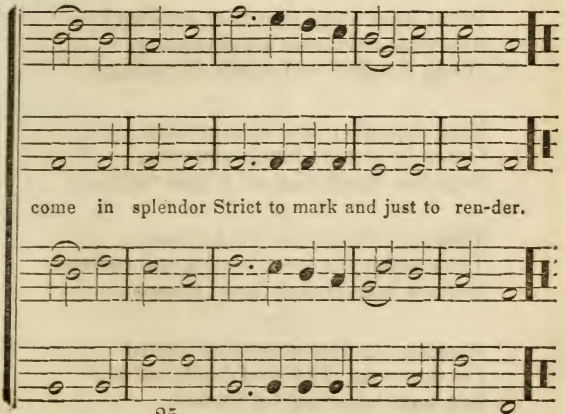
3. O tears, and sin, and sighing,
Now let your prisoner go,
Discharged from pain and dying
And from a world of woe;
I go to Christ—he comes to me—
We meet in bright eternity—
On clouds he cometh flying,
On clouds of glory now!
Victorious in his wars.
Full many a palm he bears,
And crowns of everlasting glory now!

4. O what are tribulation,
And all the ills I bear,
Compared with this salvation,
And all the glory there?
Behold, a city fair and high,
Bright Capital of earth and sky,
That dureth with duration,
All filled with glory now!
The armies of His grace,
Triumphant reach the place—
'Tis glory, everlasting glory, now!

5. There every sight that pleases,
There every sound that cheers,
There sweet immortal breezes,
Inspire the palmy years;
There all the just join in a band,
From every age, from every land,
While o'er them reigns king Jesus,
With crowns of glory now!
The people of His grace,
Have reached the heavenly place, 'Tis glory, &c.


TENOR.
2nd TREBLE.
1. Day of wrath, that day of burning All shall melt, to ashes
Andante Sostenuto.
1st TREBLE.
BASE.
turn-ing, All foretold by seers dis - cern - ing.


Oh! what fear it shall en - gen-der When the Judge shall


come in splendor Strict to mark and just to ren-der.

3

Trumpet scattered sound of wonder,
Rending sepulchres asunder,
Shall resistless summon thunder.

4

All aghast then Death shall shiver,
And great nature's frame shall quiver
When the graves their dead deliver

5

Book where every act's recorded,
All events all time afforded,
Shall be brought, and dooms awarded.

6

When shall sit the Judge unerring,
He'll unfold all here occurring,
No just vengeance then deferring.

7

What shall I say that time pending?
Ask what Advocate's befriending,
When the just man needs defending?

8

King Almighty and all-knowing,
Grace to sinners freely showing,
Save me, fount of good o'erflowing.

9

Think, O Jesus, for what reason
Thou endur'dst earth's spite and treason,
Nor me lose in that dread season.

10

Seeking me Thy worn feet hasted
On the cross, Thy soul death tasted,
Let such labor not be wasted.

11

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant me perfect absolution,
Ere that day of execution.

12

Culprit like, I—heart all broken,
On my cheek shame's crimson token—
Plead the pardoning word be spoken.

13

Thou who Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying Thief's petition,
Cheer with hope my lost condition.

14

Though my prayers do nothing merit,
What is needful, Thou confer it—
Lest I endless fire inherit.

15

Mid the sheep a place decide me,
And from goats on left divide me,
Standing on the right beside Thee.

16

When th'accursed away are driven,
To eternal burnings given,
Call me with the bless'd to Heaven.

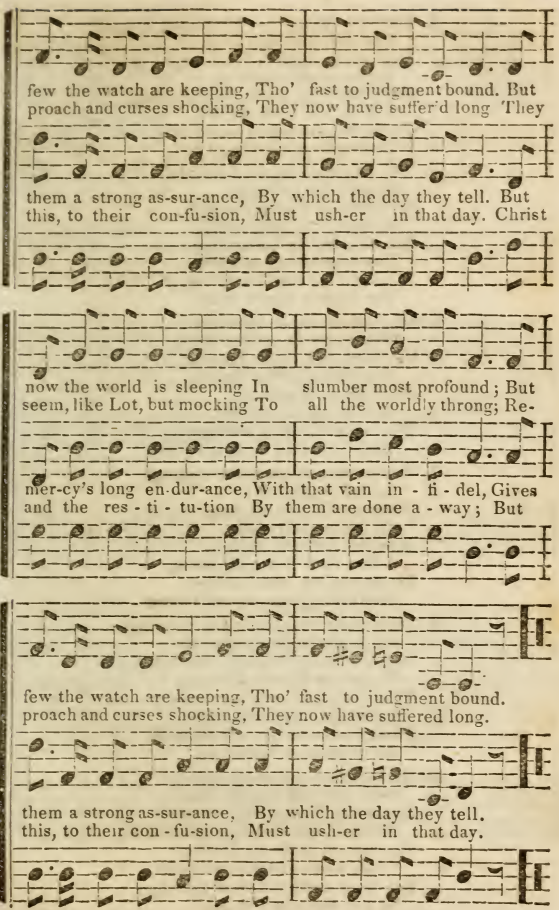
17

I beseech Thee, prostrate lying,
Heart as ashes, contrite, sighing,
Care for me when I am dying.

18

On that awful day of wailing,
Human destinies unveiling,
When man rising, stands before Thee,
Spare the Culprit, God of glory A. G


1. As time's last sands seem'd wasting, The world at large was stirr'd;
2. The few that still are heeding That awful judgment call;
3. They hear the scoffer railing In triumph and in pride;
4. Ma-gi-cians, too, are scheming, As in old Pharaoh's land;
Man saw his doom was hasting, The warning all had heard. But
And while they wait, are pleading, Like Lot at Sodom's fall, They
With blasphemies un-fail-ing, God's promise is de-nied; But
With counterfeits are teeming, And thus the truth withstand: Christ
now the world is sleeping In slum-ber most profound; But
seem, like Lot, but mocking To all the worldly throng; Re-
mer-cy's long en-dur-ance, With that vain in - fi - del, Gives
and the res - tu - tu-tion, By them are done a - way; But



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5. Earth's wisdom sees advancing
The fabled golden dawn;
And genius brightly glancing,
Her children urges on.
But when they wield the lightning,
And fly o'er land and sea,
Our better prospects bright'ning,
Now near at hand must be!

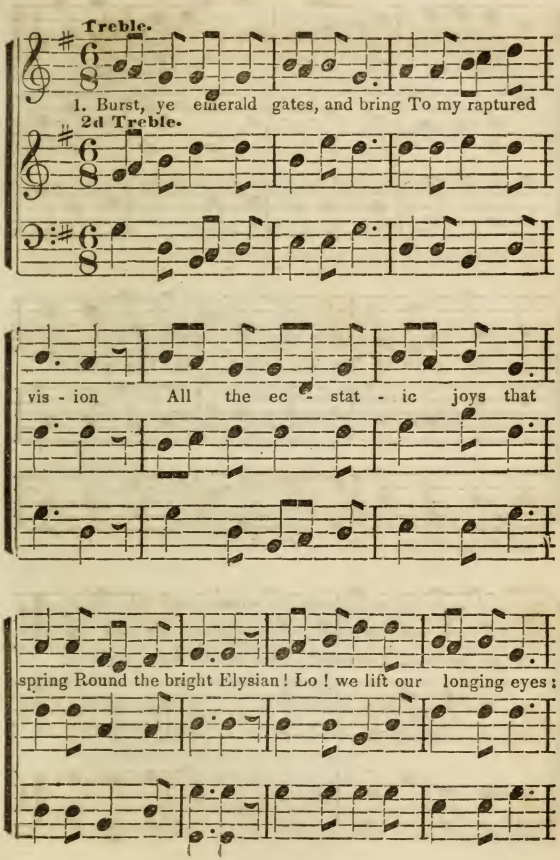
6. The Christian steward slothful,
Puts off the evil day.
Disturbed in scenes unlawful,
He says, "It must delay."
But still, tho' by his smiting,
The faithful sigh in pain,
While he the truth is spiting,
The Master comes again!

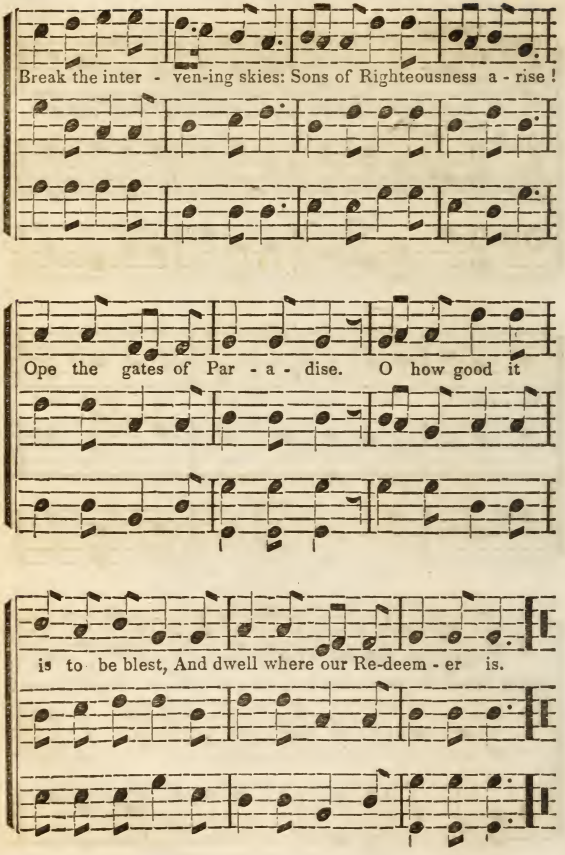
7. See, fashion gay is blending,
With mirth in yonder hall;
Its charm rich music lending,
And plenty spread for all.
But folly so untimely,
Such heedless revelry,
The watchful tells, sublimely,
Their joys they soon shall see.

8. The thrones of earth are reeling,
In sad perplexity;
Their retribution sealing,
By pride and cruelty.
As ruler, warrior, banker,
Attest their hast'ning doom,
More stedfast is our anchor:
God's kingdom soon will come.

9. Thus earth's mad children seeming,
Are found in that dread day;
Some scoffing, feasting, dreaming,
To judgment called away!
Their triumphs now are ended;
Probation, hope, are gone!
Their fruitless cries are blended,
As vengeance rushes on!

10. But see that remnant humble,
Who held the faithful word,
So fearful they should stumble,
While hope was long deferred.—
The sons of earth are leaving
Their honor, mirth, and gold;
But these shall end their grieving,
In joys that can't be told!


Treble.
1. Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring To my raptured
2d Treble.
vis - ion All the ec - stat - ic joys that
spring Round the bright Elysian! Lo! we lift our longing eyes:


Break the inter - ven-ing skies: Sons of Righteousness a - rise !
Ope the gates of Par - a - dise. O how good it
is to be blest, And dwell where our Re-deem - er is.

2

Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him;
Angels' trumps resound his fame;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name,
Heaven echoing the theme.
Cho. O, how good it is to be blest,
And dwell where our Redeemer is!

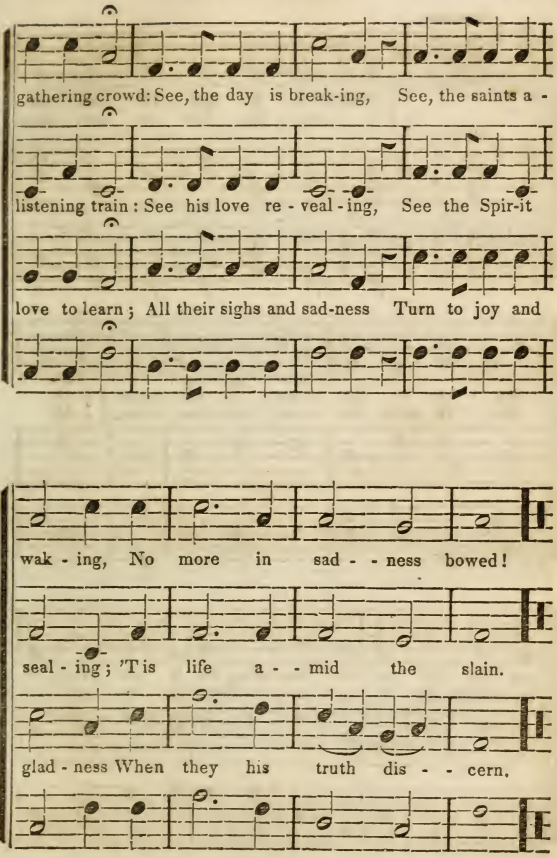
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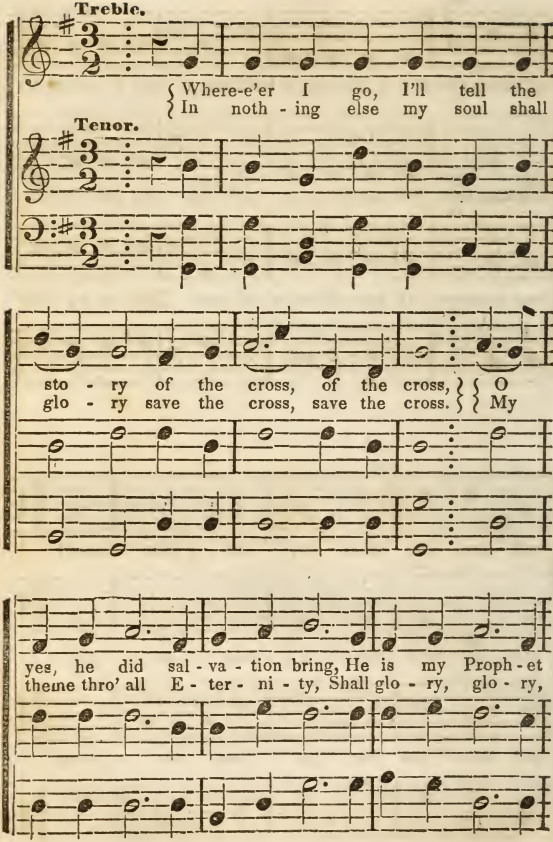
Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station;
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing his great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne;
Cry, in reverential tone.
Glory be to God alone,
Holy, holy, holy One!
O, how good it is to be blest,
And dwell where our Redeemer is!

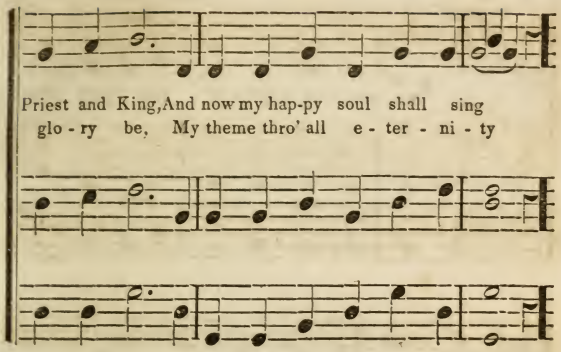
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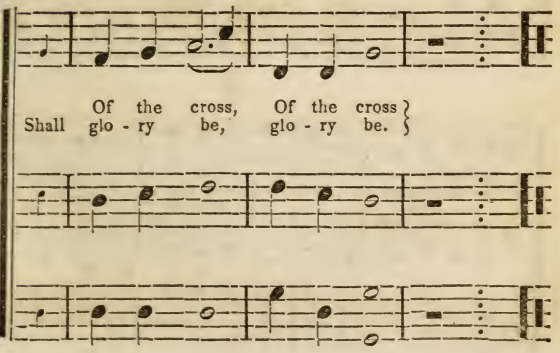
Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we to the holy lays—
Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraphs' song;
Sweetest note on mortals' tongue;
Sweetest carol ever sung;
Jesus! Jesus! flow along.
O, how good it is to be blest,
And dwell where our Redeemer is!

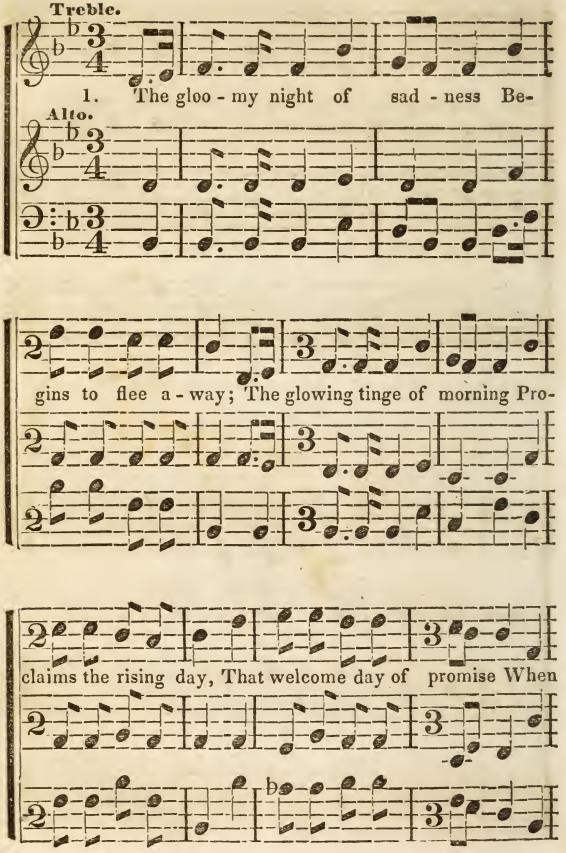

Tenor.
1. Watchmen! onward to your stations, Blow the trumpet
Alto.
2. Watchmen! hail the ris-ing glo-ry, Of the great Mes-
Treble.
3, Watchmen! as the clouds are fly-ing, As the doves in
long and loud; Preach the gospel to the nations, Speak to eve-ry
siah's reign; Tell the Saviour's bleeding story, Tell it to the
haste return; Thousands from amid the dying Flee to Christ his


gathering crowd: See, the day is break-ing, See, the saints a -
listening train: See his love re - veal - ing, See the Spir-it
love to learn; All their sighs and sad-ness Turn to joy and
wak - ing, No more in sad - - ness bowed!
seal - ing; 'T is life a - - mid the slain.
glad - ness When they his truth dis - - cern.


Treble.
Where-e'er I go, I'll tell the
In noth - ing else my soul shall
Tenor.
sto - ry of the cross, of the cross, O
glo - ry save the cross, save the cross. My
yes, he did sal - va - tion bring, He is my Proph - et
theme thro' all E - ter - ni - ty, Shall glo - ry, glo - ry,


Priest and King, And now my hap-py soul shall sing
glo - ry be, My theme thro' all e - ter - ni - ty


Of the cross, Of the cross
Shall glo - ry be, glo - ry be.


Treble.
Alto.
1. The gloo - my night of sad - ness Be-
gins to flee a - way; The glowing tinge of morning Pro-
claims the rising day, That welcome day of promise When



2

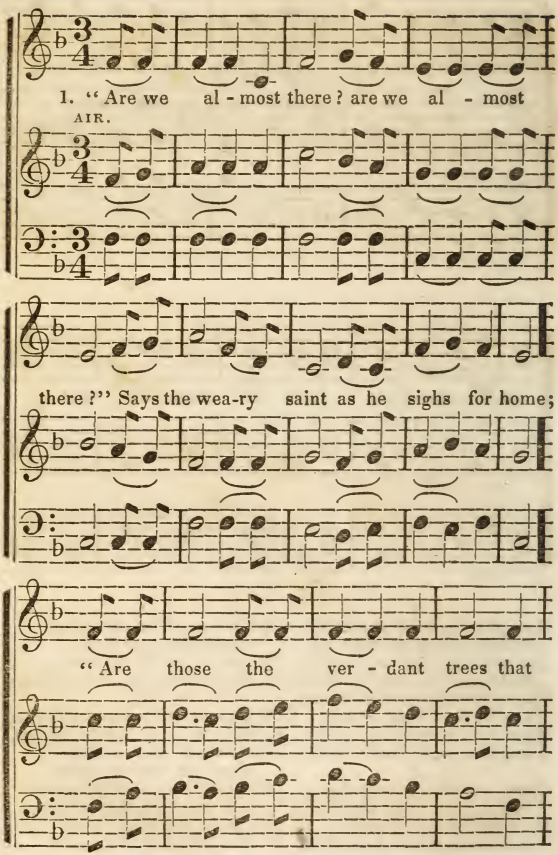
Now truth unveiled is shining
With beams of sacred light,
The morning pilgrims wonder,
And leave the paths of night;
Their glowing hearts in rapture
Are filled with joy divine,
Burst forth in shouting glory,
And like their Master shine.

3

Come, let's begin the anthems,
And join the choir above;
Exalt the blest Redeemer,
And praise the God we love;
All honor, praise and glory,
Salvation to our God,
Hosannah to the Saviour,
Who washed us in his blood.

4

The courts of heaven are ringing
With songs of highest strains,
And holy praise is rolling
Along the flowery plains;
Oh! could we rise triumphant
And join with those above,
To shout and sing forever
The Saviour's dying love.



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2

Then he talks of the flowers, the unsullied stream,
That flows through the Paradise of God;
And he longs to wake from life's troubled dream,
To walk those golden streets abroad.

3

He is weary and sick of this world's rude strife,
And pants for a holy, peaceful clime;
To glow with the vigor of endless life,
And be compass'd no more by the bounds of time.

4

His eye is fixed on the world to come,
He walks *by faith* through this vale of care,
And oft inquires as he draws near home;
With anxious heart, "*Are we almost there?*"

5

They bid him look at the charms of earth,
At the boasted trophies man doth rear;
To enter the giddy halls of mirth—
But ah! how vain do they all appear.

6

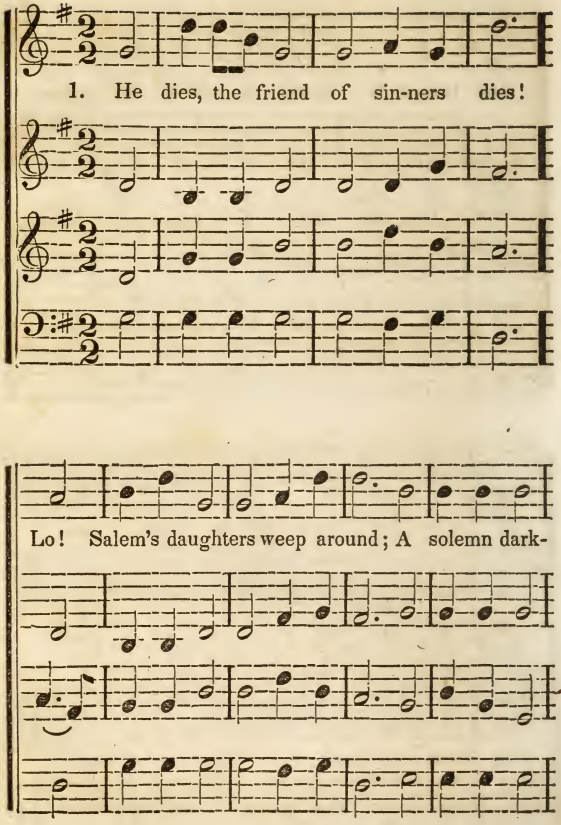
For he's had an earnest of those joys
Which the righteous alone can ever share;
He turns with contempt from these earthly toys,
And fervently asks—"*Are we almost there?*"

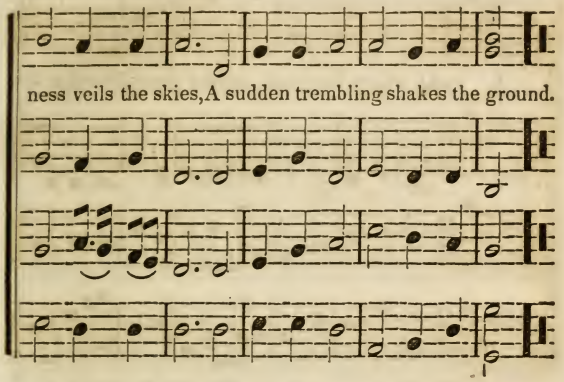
7

He is waiting to hear the trumpet sound,
And to meet his Saviour in the air;
The day-star dawns—soon with joyous bound,
He can say indeed—"*We are almost there?*"


1. I know that my Re-deem - er lives;
2. In this re - an - i - mat - ed clay,
3. I feel what then shall raise me up;
4. Mine own, and not an - oth - er's eyes,
He lives, and on the earth shall stand,
I sure - ly shall be - hold him near,
Th' e - ter - nal Spir - it dwells in me;
The King shall in his beau - ty view;


And though to worms my flesh he gives,
Shall see him in the lat - ter day,
This is my con - fi - dence and hope,
I shall from him re - ceive the prize,
My dust lies numbered in his hand.
In all his maj - es - ty ap - pear.
That God I face to face shall see.
The star - ry crown to vic - tors due.


1. He dies, the friend of sin-ners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around; A solemn dark-



2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,—
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

3 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb!
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise!)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

4 Break off your tears you saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains!

5 Say, live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And where's thy victory, boasting grave?


1. Lord, what a heav'n of saving grace, Shines in the
beauties of thy face; And lights our passion to a



2

When I can say my God is mine,
When I can feel thy grace divine;
I tread the world beneath my feet,
Nor envy earthly pride or state.

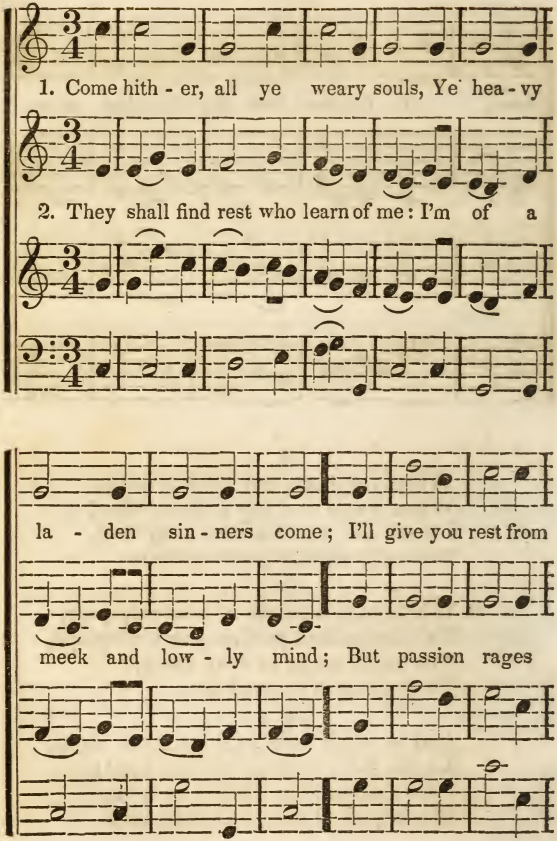
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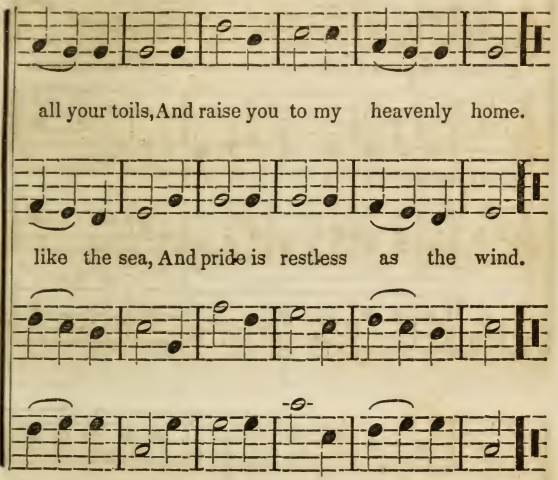
3 While such a scene of heavenly joys,
Th' enraptured soul on earth employs,
The spirit longs to soar away,
To regions of eternal day.

4

And we shall soon pass from the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
Never again from Christ to rove,
The object of our boundless love.

Andelusia. L. M.





3

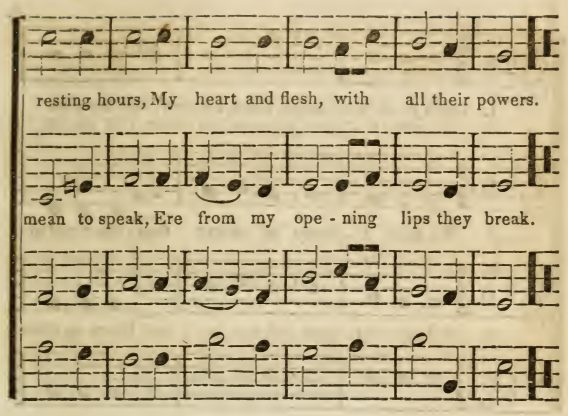
Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight:
My yoke is easy to the neck;
My grace shall make the burden light.

4

Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will

Adams. L. M.


1. Lord, thou hast search'd and seen me thro'; Thine eye com -
2. My thoughts, be-fore they are my own, Are to my
mands with pierc - ing view, My rising and my
God dis - tinct - ly known; He knows the words I



3

Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

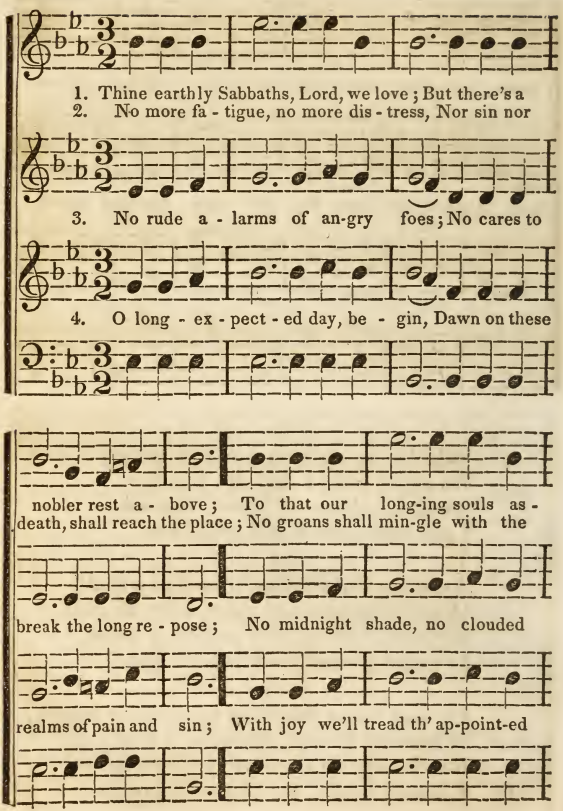
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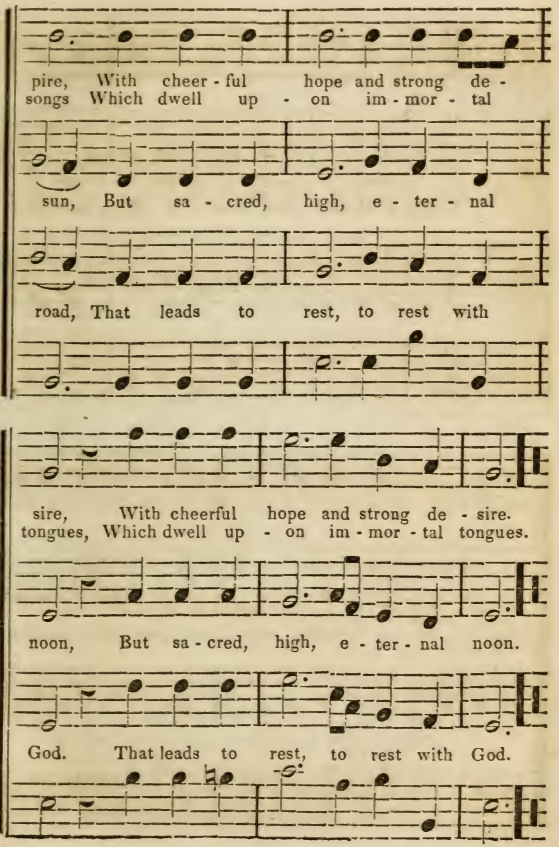
Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5

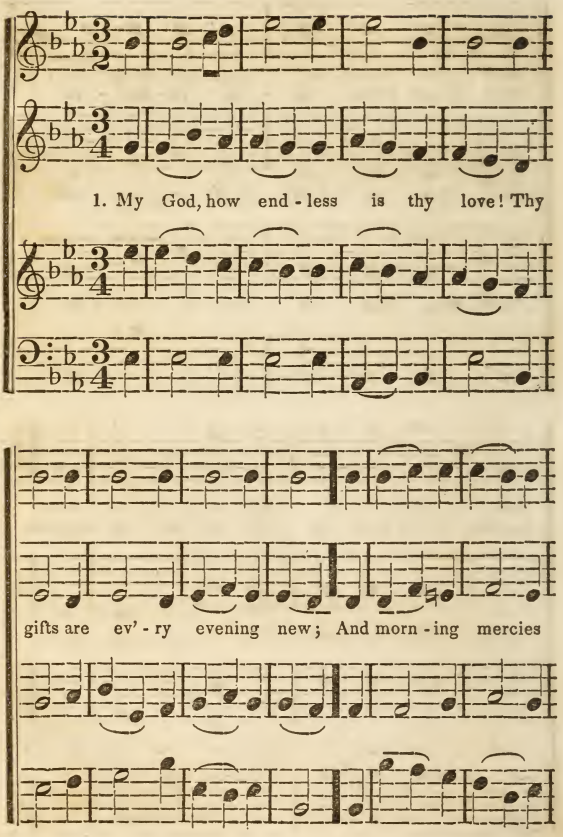
O, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there

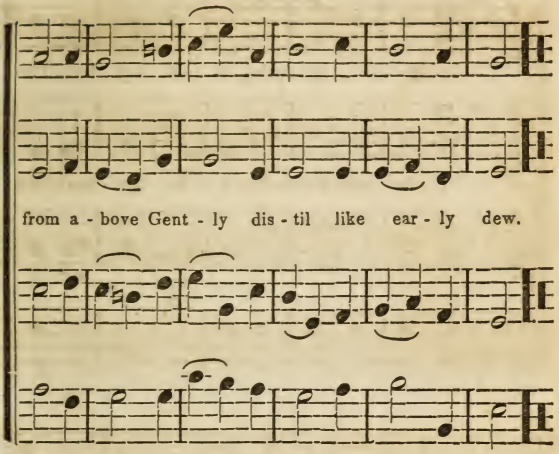
Barton. L. M.


1. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love; But there's a
2. No more fa - tigue, no more dis - tress, Nor sin nor
3. No rude a - larms of an-gry foes; No cares to
4. O long - ex - pect - ed day, be - gin, Dawn on these
nobler rest a - bove; To that our long-ing souls as -
death, shall reach the place; No groans shall min-gle with the
break the long re - pose; No midnight shade, no clouded
realms of pain and sin; With joy we'll tread th' ap-point-ed


pire, With cheer - ful hope and strong de -
songs Which dwell up - on im - mor - tal
sun, But sa - cred, high, e - ter - nal
road, That leads to rest, to rest with
sire, With cheerful hope and strong de - sire.
tongues, Which dwell up - on im - mor - tal tongues.
noon, But sa - cred, high, e - ter - nal noon.
God. That leads to rest, to rest with God.

Galilee. L. M.


1. My God, how end - less is thy love! Thy
gifts are ev' - ry evening new; And morn - ing mercies



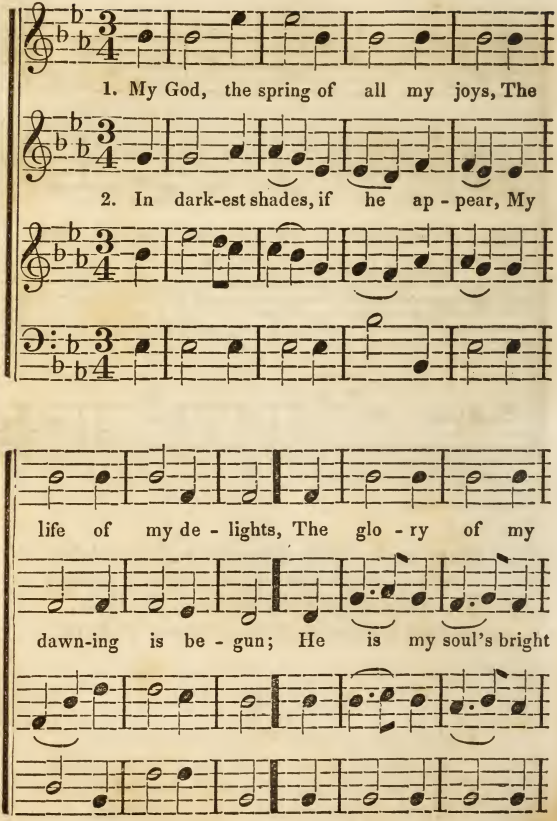
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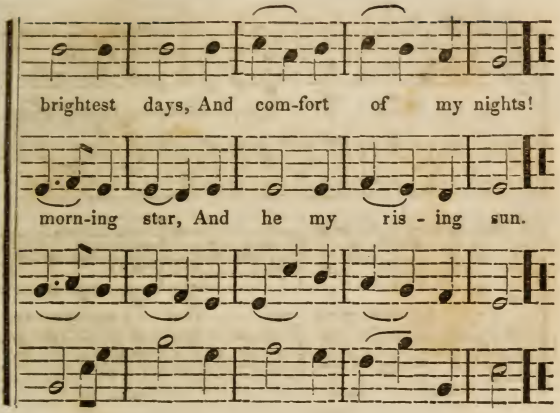
Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers

3

I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Blagden. C. M.


1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The
2. In dark-est shades, if he ap - pear, My
life of my de - lights, The glo - ry of my
dawn-ing is be - gun; He is my soul's bright



3

The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his love is mine,
And whispers, I am his.

4

My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way,
To meet my gracious Lord.

5

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I break through every foe:
The wings of love and arms of faith
Shall bear me conqueror through.

Hope. C. M. Double.





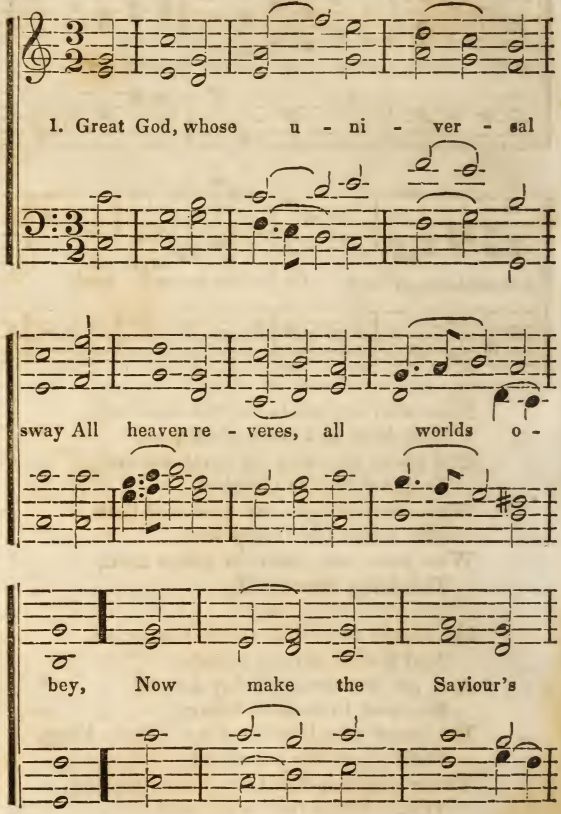
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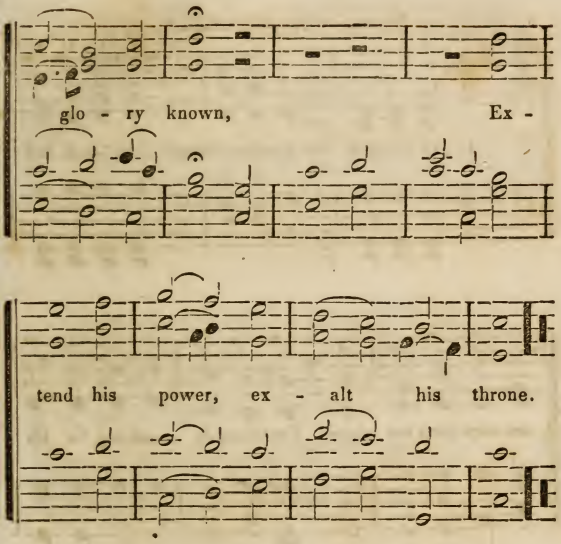
Soon with his saints he will descend,
The dead in Christ shall rise,
And those he owns on earth ascend,
To meet him in the skies;—
With what delight my soul will then,
The Saviour's Glory see,
Who once was slain for fallen men,
The King eternal *He*.

3

He comes to punish those who scoff,
And jest at sacred things,
And put the dreaded day far off,
For woe to them it brings;
But those who look for Christ their King,
Shall shout for joy aloud,
Their troubles o'er they then will sing,
While Jesus they surround.

Ringwood. L. M.


1. Great God, whose u - ni - ver - sal
sway All heaven re - veres, all worlds o -
bey, Now make the Saviour's



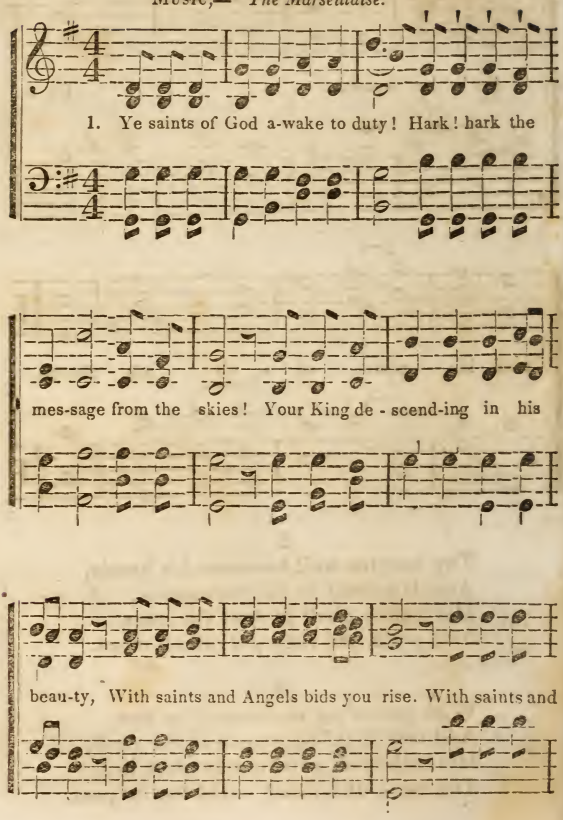
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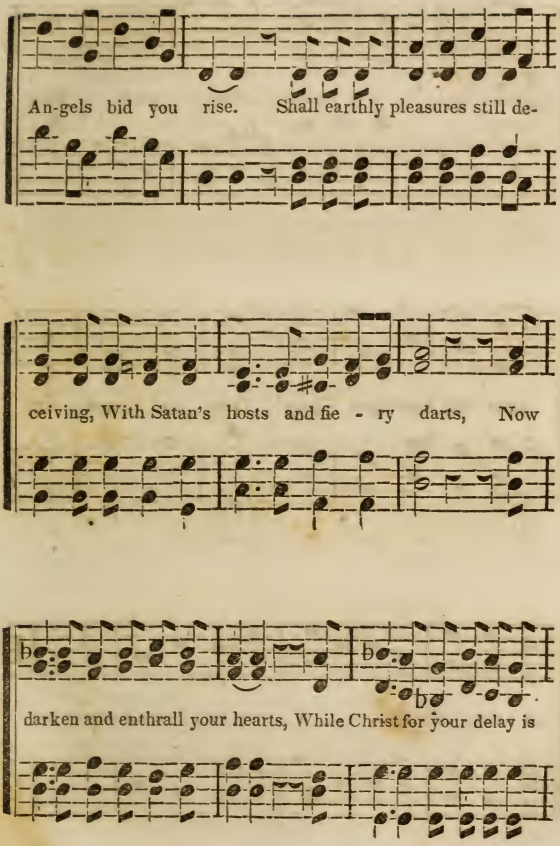
Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
Angels submit to his commands;
His justice shall protect the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

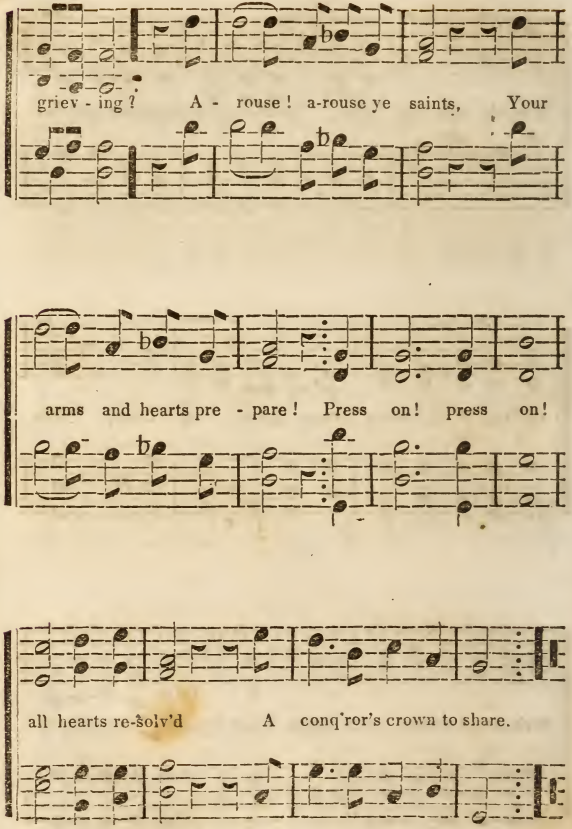
3

With power he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His righteous government shall last,
Till days, and years, and time be past.

Music,—"*The Marseillaise.*"




An-gels bid you rise. Shall earthly pleasures still de-
ceiving, With Satan's hosts and fie - ry darts, Now
darken and enthrall your hearts, While Christ for your delay is


griev - ing? A - rouse! a-rouse ye saints, Your
arms and hearts pre - pare! Press on! press on!
all hearts re-solv'd A conq'ror's crown to share.

2

Now, now, portentous omens thick'ning,
Proclaim the long predicted morn,
When, Gabriel's trump the sleepers quick'ning,
Nations shall in a day be born.
And will you worship earthly treasure
While thrones and kingdoms melt away,
And princes flee in dread dismay?
Will you be slaves to sinful pleasure?
Arouse! arouse, &c.

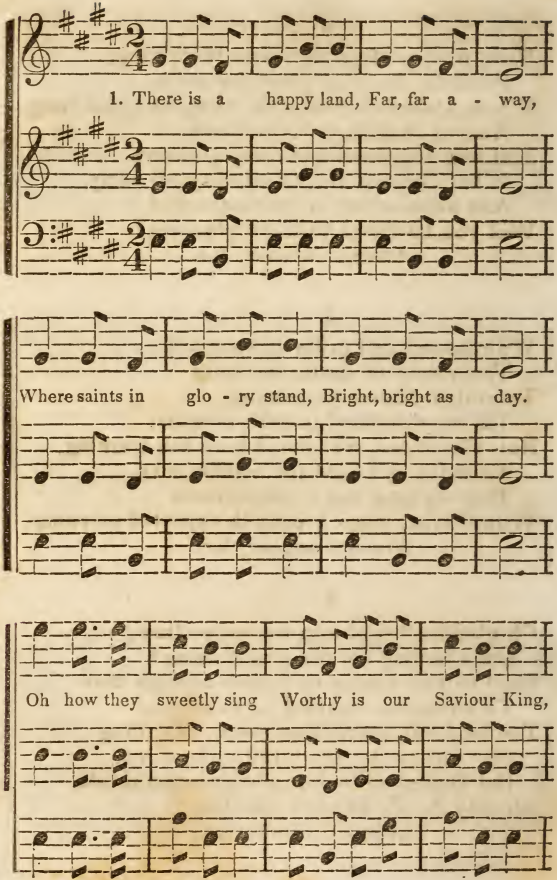
3

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The votary of earth may dare
To gratify desires unbounded,
Till overwhelmed in dark despair;
But, Christians, we should heed the warning,
To watch and fight the conflict o'er,
That we may reign forevermore
With Christ, when breaks th'expected morning.
Arouse! arouse, &c.

4

Oh glorious hope! can we resign thee,
Once having felt thy genial flame?
Shall earthly smiles or frowns consign thee
To darkness—leaving us to shame?
Too long our hearts have wept, bewailing
Our sad estate, scattered and peeled,
But God shall be our strength and shield.
Already Zion's foes are quailing.
Arouse! arouse, &c.

The Happy Land.





2

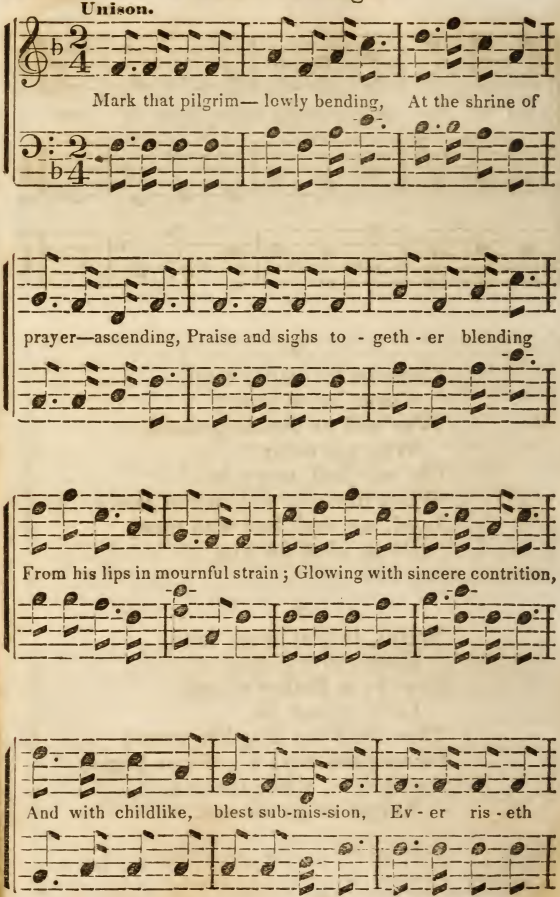
Come to the happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why yet delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

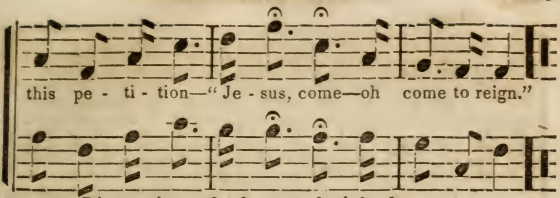
3

Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Then shall thy kingdom come;
Saints shall have a glorious home;
And bright, above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye.

Oh come to reign!

Unison.





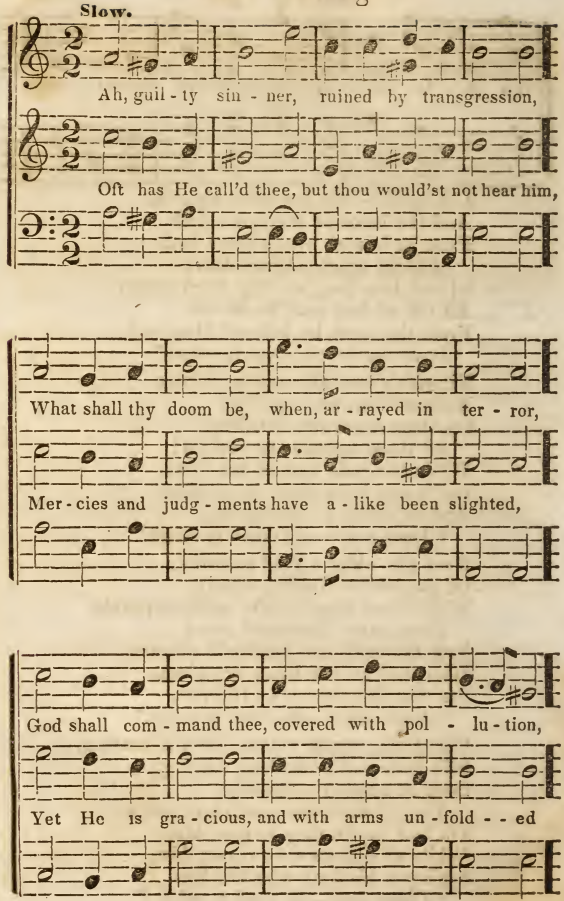
List again;—the low earth sigheth,
And the blood of martyrs crieth
From its bosom, where there lieth
Millions upon millions slain:
"Lord, how long, ere thy word given,
All the wicked shall be driven
From the earth by bolts of Heaven?
Jesus come—oh come to reign."

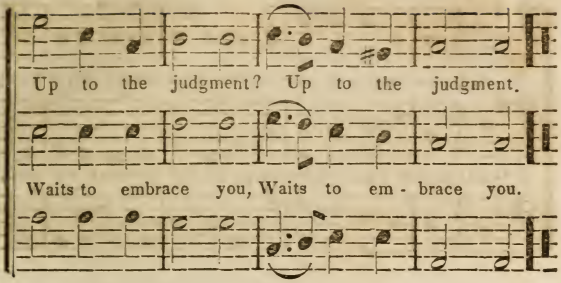
Kingdoms now are reeling, falling,
Nations lie in wo appalling,
On their sages vainly calling
All these wonders to explain;
While the slain around are lying,
God's own little flock are sighing,
And in secret places crying,
"Jesus come—oh come to reign."

Here the wicked lived securely,
Of to-morrow boasting surely,
While from those who're walking purely
They extort dishonest gain;
Yea, the meek are burden'd, driven;
Want and care to them are given,
But they lift the cry to Heaven,
"Jesus come—oh come to reign."

Christian, CHEER THEE—land is nearing,
Still be hopeful—nothing fearing,
Soon in majesty appearing,
You'll behold the Lamb once slain;
Oh how joyful then to hear him,
While all nations shall revere him,
Saying to his flock who fear him,
"*I have come—on earth to reign.*"

The Warning.


Slow.
Ah, guil - ty sin - ner, ruined by transgression,
Oft has He call'd thee, but thou would'st not hear him,
What shall thy doom be, when, ar - rayed in ter - ror,
Mer - cies and judg - ments have a - like been slighted,
God shall com - mand thee, covered with pol - lu - tion,
Yet He is gra - cious, and with arms un - fold - - ed



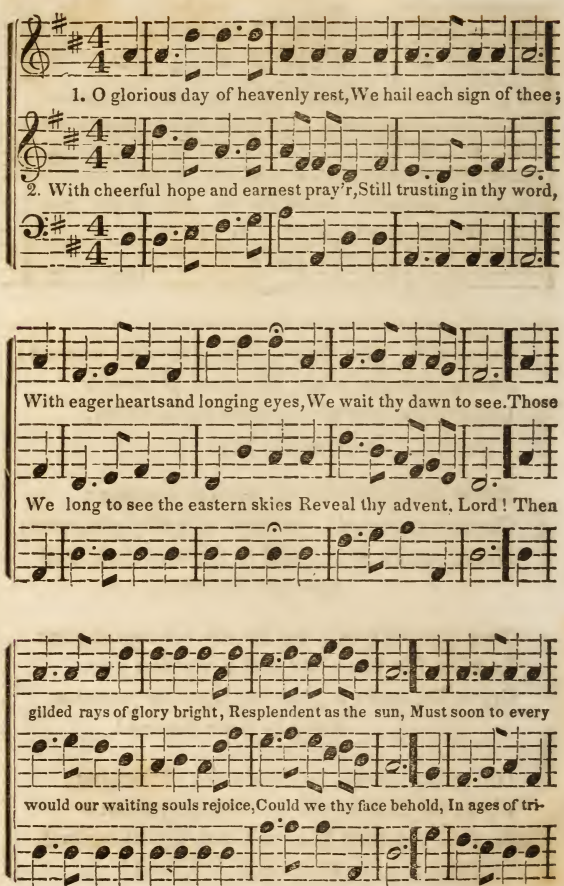
Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment;
Just as you are, come, filthy and polluted!
Come to the fountain open for uncleanness:
Jesus invites you!

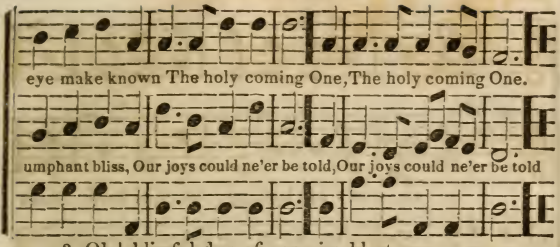
But if you trifle with his gracious message;
Cleave to the world, and love its guilty pleasures;
Mercy, grown weary, will in righteous judgment
Quit you for ever!

Then you shall call, but he will not regard you:
Seek for His favor, yet will never find it;
Cry to the rocks to hide you from his presence
Deep in their caverns!

Oh, guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning;
Fly to the Savior, and embrace his pardon;
So shall you meet him, and with joy triumphant,
Coming to judgment!

Melesina. C. M.


1. O glorious day of heavenly rest, We hail each sign of thee;
2. With cheerful hope and earnest pray'r, Still trusting in thy word,
With eager hearts and longing eyes, We wait thy dawn to see. Those
We long to see the eastern skies Reveal thy advent, Lord! Then
gilded rays of glory bright, Resplendent as the sun, Must soon to every
would our waiting souls rejoice, Could we thy face behold, In ages of tri-



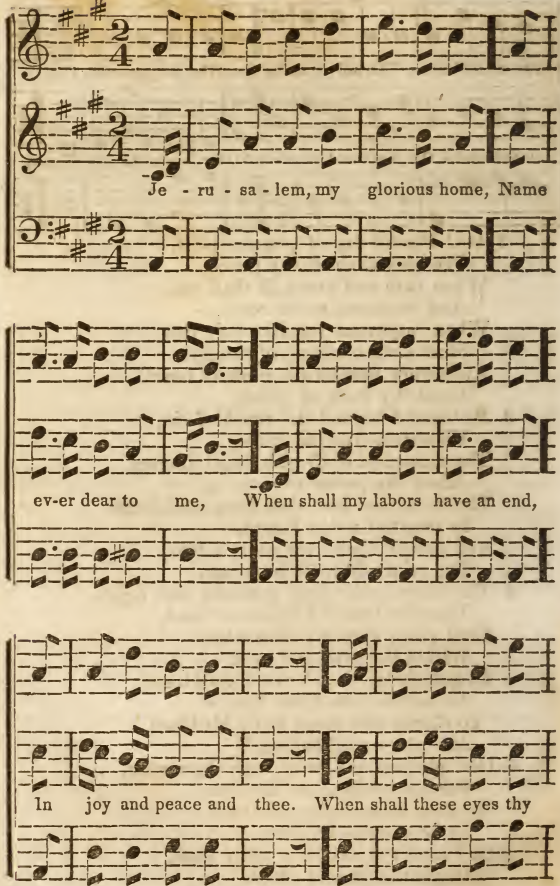
3 Oh! blissful day of promise blest,
We long to share thy peace,
When pain and every ill shall end,
And pleasures never cease,—
When rapturous joy, like holy fire,
Shall swell our song of praise,
And every wondering, grateful heart,
Extol thy work of grace.

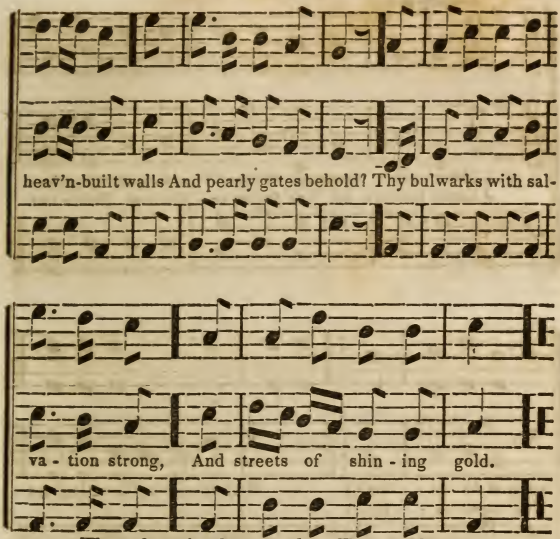
4 Redeemed beyond the reach of sin,
Victorious o'er the grave,
The ransomed shall with angel tongues
Adore thy power to save.
Thy wondrous love shall keep each heart
In sweetest union bound,
And naught shall ever cause a tear,
For grief will ne'er be found.

5 There crowns of glory gemmed with light,
The gifts from Christ's own hand,
Shall every princely saint adorn
Within the promised land.
To golden lyres each voice shall tune
An anthem sweet and long,—
"To Christ who saved us by his blood,
All glory shall belong."

6 Oh! glorious day, with haste draw near,
For we would share thy rest;
We long from every evil freed
To be supremely blest.
Oh! shed thy beams of glory forth,
Dispel this gloomy night,
And let the earth renew'd rejoice
To see thy welcome light.

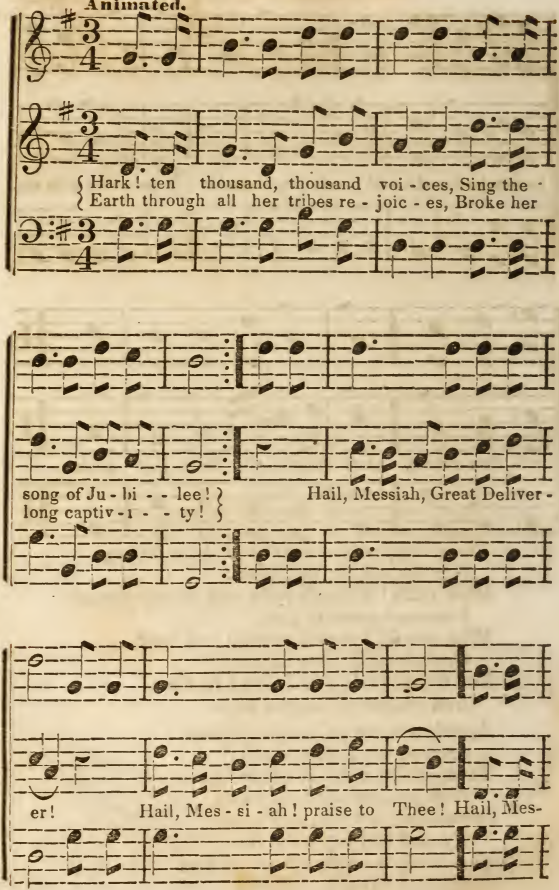
Jerusalem. C. M.

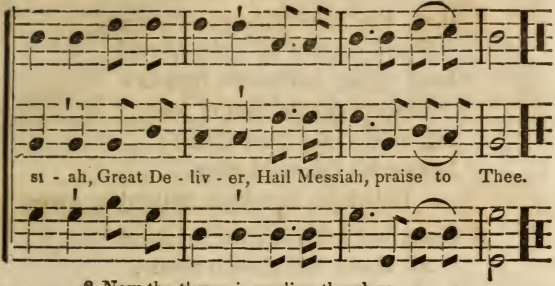




There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
Why should I shrink at pain and wo?
Or feel while here dismay?
I've Canaan's heavenly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Savior stand;
Then all the saints of every age
Will join the glorious band.
Jerusalem! my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see


Animated.
Hark! ten thousand, thousand voi - ces, Sing the
Earth through all her tribes re - joic - es, Broke her
song of Ju - bi - - lee!
long captiv - i - - ty!
Hail, Messiah, Great Deliver -
er!
Hail, Mes - si - ah! praise to Thee! Hail, Mes-



2 Now the theme in pealing thunders
Through the universe is rung;
Now, in gentler tones, the wonders
Of redeeming grace are sung.
Wider now, and louder rising,
Swells and soars th'enraptured strain.

3 While they sweep the golden lyre,
More enchanting notes arise,
Till each anthem, wafted higher,
Joins the chorus of the skies.
Earth's unnumbered tongues comprising,
Sound the conquerer's praise again.

4 Oh! the rapturous, blissful story
Spoken to Emmanuel's praise;
And the strains so full of glory,
That immortal voices raise!
Now a sea of bliss unbounded
Spreads o'er earth from pole to pole!

5 While our crowns of glory casting
At his feet in rapture lost,—
We in anthems everlasting
Mingle with th' angelic host!
Jesus reigns! the shout is sounded,
And its joyous echoes roll.

6 Yes, He reigns! the great Messiah,
In Millennial glory crowned;
"Israel's hope," and "Earth desire"
Now triumphant and renowned;
Hail, Messiah!—reign forever!
Hail, Emmanuel! Lord of all!

Christ's Triumph.

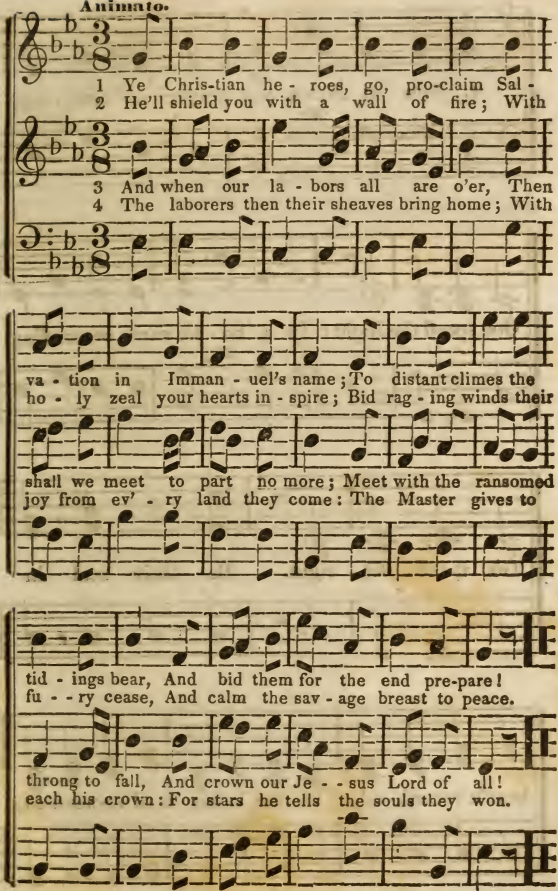
MUSIC,—*Harwell.*

1 Hark, ten thousand harps and voices,
Sound the note of praise above!
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices:
Jesus reigns the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen.

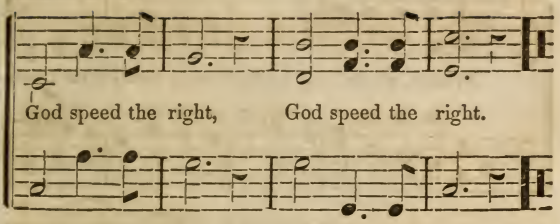
3 King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou shalt call thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen.

4 Savior, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, oh bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen.


Animato.
1 Ye Chris-tian he - roes, go, pro-claim Sal -
2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire; With
3 And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then
4 The laborers then their sheaves bring home; With
va - tion in Imman - uel's name; To distant climes the
ho - ly zeal your hearts in - spire; Bid rag - ing winds their
shall we meet to part no more; Meet with the ransomed
joy from ev' - ry land they come: The Master gives to
tid - ings bear, And bid them for the end pre-pare!
fu - - ry cease, And calm the sav - age breast to peace.
throng to fall, And crown our Je - - sus Lord of all!
each his crown: For stars he tells the souls they won.

God Speed the Right.



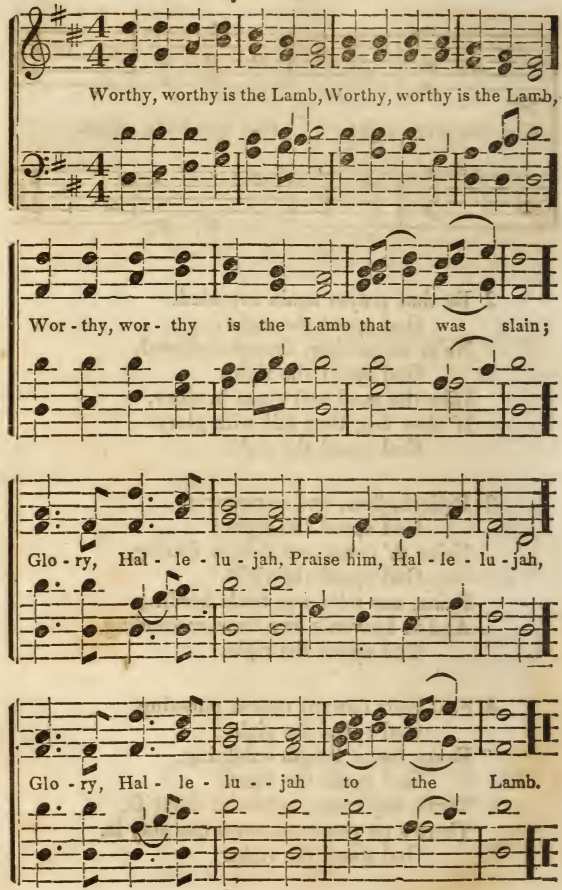


2 Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right;
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
God speed the right.
Like the good and great in story,
If they fail, they fail with glory—
God speed the right.

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right;
Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right.
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's own time succeeding,
God speed the right.

4 Still their onward course pursuing,
God speed the right;
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right.
Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
God speed the right.

Worthy is the Lamb.



2 Sons of morning, sing his praise,
In the noblest strains you raise,
Man's redemption claims your lays,
Praise the Lamb.
Glory, hallelujah, &c.

3 Christ has come in very deed,
Born to bruise the serpent's head;
Sing the woman's conquering Seed,
Praise the Lamb.
Glory, hallelujah, &c.

4 See, in sad Gethsemane,
See, on tragic Calvary,
Sinner, see his love to thee,
Praise the Lamb.
Glory, hallelujah, &c.

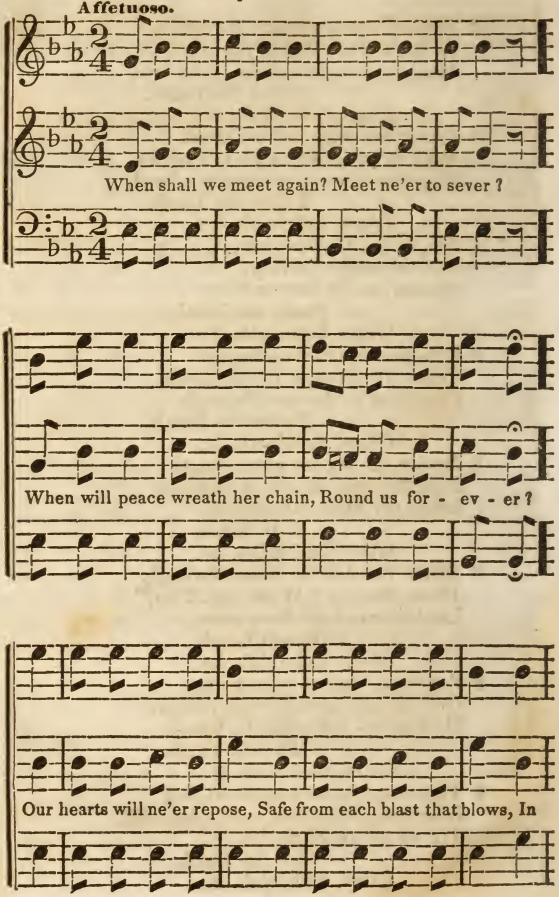
5 Ethiopia, stretch thy hands!
Come, ye tribes of distant lands,
Countless as the ocean's sands.
Praise the Lamb.
Glory, hallelujah, &c.

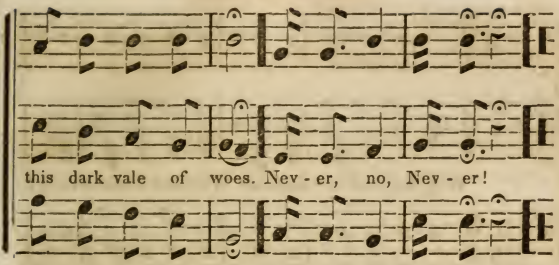
6 Savior, let thy kingdom come!
Now the Man of Sin consume,—
Bring thy blest millennium,
Holy Lamb.
Glory, hallelujah, &c.

7 Strike the stoutest sinner through,
Force the cry, "What shall I do?"
Let him weep till born anew,
Blessed Lamb.
Glory, hallelujah, &c.

8 Penitents, dry up your tears,
God hath heard believing prayers,
He forgives you when he hears,
His dear Lamb.
Glory, hallelujah, &c.

9 Thus may we each moment feel,
Love him, serve him, praise him still,
Till we all on Zion's hill
See the Lamb.
Glory, hallelujah, &c.

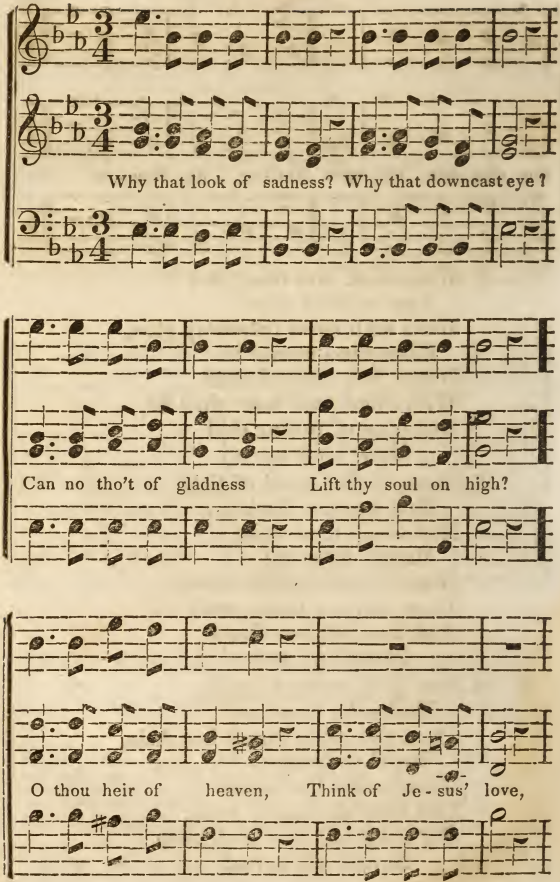

Affetuoso.
When shall we meet again? Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreath her chain, Round us for - ev - er?
Our hearts will ne'er repose, Safe from each blast that blows, In

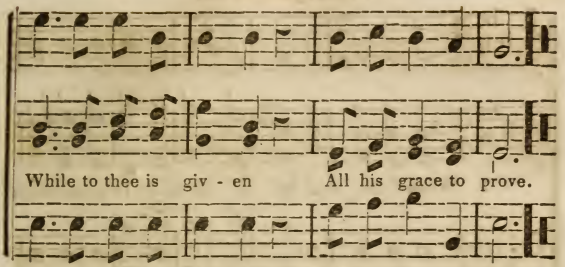


2 When shall love freely flow?
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never! no, never!

3 There, to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy, for ever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never! no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
There will peace wreath her chain,
Round us forever:
Weary saint, then repose
Free from all worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never! no, never!


Why that look of sadness? Why that downcast eye?
Can no tho't of gladness Lift thy soul on high?
O thou heir of heaven, Think of Je - sus' love,

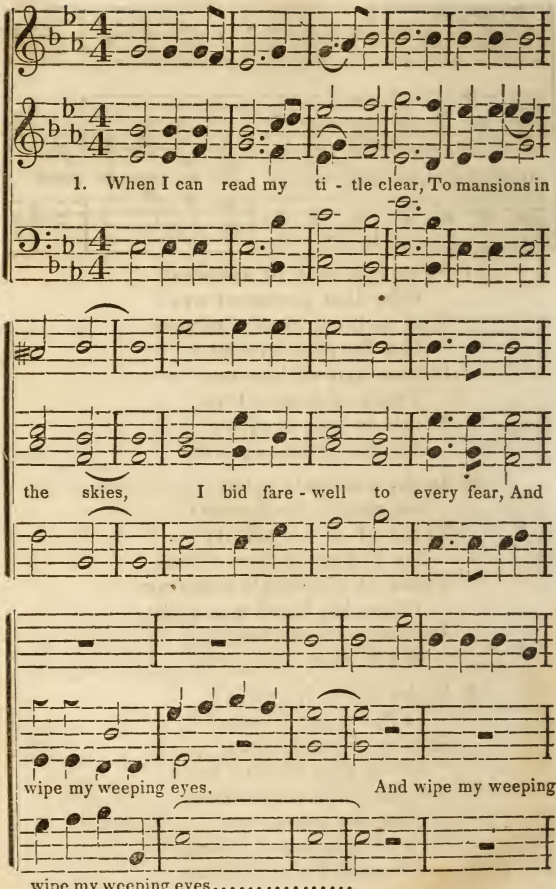


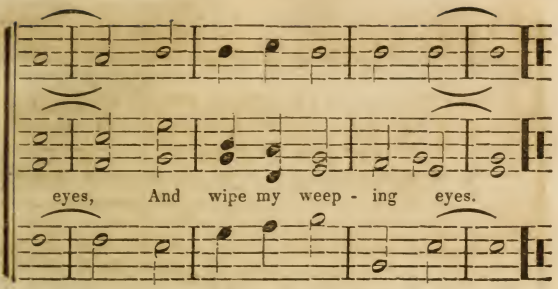
1 Why that look of sadness?
Why that downcast eye?
Can no thought of gladness
Lift thy soul on high?
O thou heir of heaven,
Think of Jesus' love,
While to thee is given
All his grace to prove.

2 Is thy burden'd spirit
Anguish'd for thy sin?
Think of Jesus' merit;
He can make thee clean:
Think of Calvary's mountain,
When his blood was spilt;
In that precious fountain
Wash away thy guilt.

3 Is thy spirit drooping?
Is the tempter near?
Still on Jesus hoping,
What hast thou to fear?
Set the prize before thee,
Gird thy armor on;
Heir of grace and glory,
Struggle for thy crown.

Victory. C. M.


1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To mansions in
the skies, I bid fare - well to every fear, And
wipe my weeping eyes. And wipe my weeping
wipe my weeping eyes.....



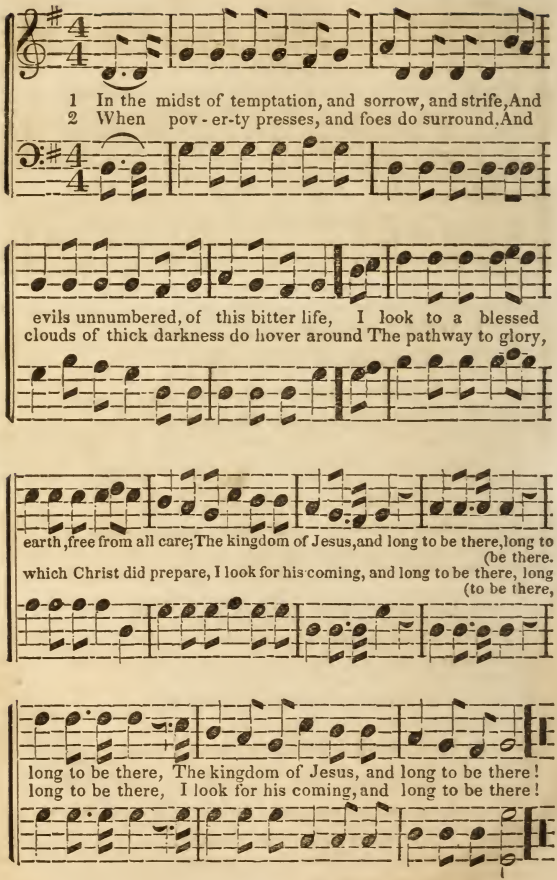
1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

I long to be there. 11s.



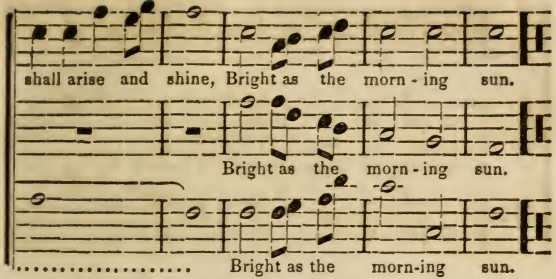
3 When this mortal body is racking with pain,
And demons are striving to trouble my brain,
I hope for the crown that the saints soon shall wear,
In the regions of glory, and long to be there!
4 When the wicked are scoffing,—because I believe
The Saviour is coming, my pains to relieve,—
I weep for their folly, and bow in deep pray'r,
For Christ's coming kingdom, and long to be there!
5 And when cruel death with his spear lifted high,
Stands full in my presence, and says, thou shalt die!
I think how my Saviour its smart once did bear,
To fit me for Eden, and long to be there!
6 When the grave, with its millions of captives, appears
To the eye of my mind, it awakens my fears:
I yearn for that morn, when the dead saints shall wear
Their glorified bodies, and long to be there!
7 By the sweet flowing River of Life I will sing
My triumph through Jesus, my Saviour and King,
And praise him who brought me, a sinner, to share
A feast of fat things,—O, I long to be there!
8 I long to be there! and the thought that 'tis near
Makes me almost impatient for Christ t' appear,
And fit up that dwelling of glories so rare,
The earth rob'd in beauty, I long to be there!

We groan with the Creation. Rom. 8.—22, 23.

1 I'm weary of staying—O when shall I rest
In that promised land of the good and the blest—
Where sin shall no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations forever are fled.
2 I'm weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joys' glowing visions that fade at their birth;
O'er the pangs of the lov'd that we cannot assuage,
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.
3 I'm weary of hoping, where hope is untrue,
As fair but as fleeting as bright morning dew;—
I long for that land whose blest promise alone
Is changeless, and sure as eternity's throne.
4 I'm weary of loving, where all pass away,
The brightest and fairest, alas! cannot stay;
I look to the place where these partings are o'er,
Where death and the tomb can divide us no more!

Liberty. C. M.


1 That glorious day is drawing nigh, When Zion's light shall
come; She
come; She shall a - rise and shine on high, She
come; She shall arise and shine on high, She shall a - rise and
shall arise and shine on high, She shall arise and shine on high, She
shall arise and shine on high, Bright as the morning sun
shine on high, Arise and shine on high.....



2 The north and south her sons resign,
And earth's foundation rend;
A bride adorn'd, Jerusalem,
All glorious shall descend.

3 When Zion's bleeding, conquering King
Shall sin and death destroy,
The morning stars shall join to sing,
And Zion shout for joy.

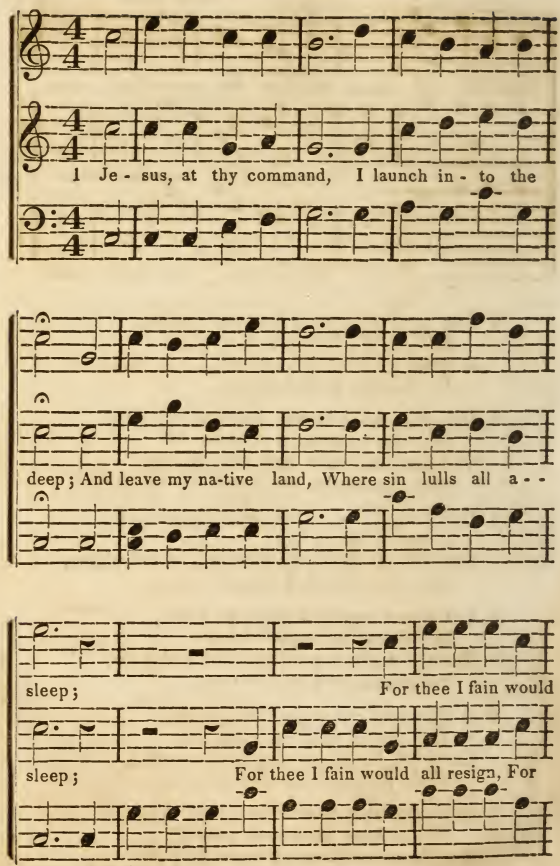
4 Descending with sweet melting strains,
Jehovah they adore;
Such shouts through earth's extended plains,
Were never heard before.

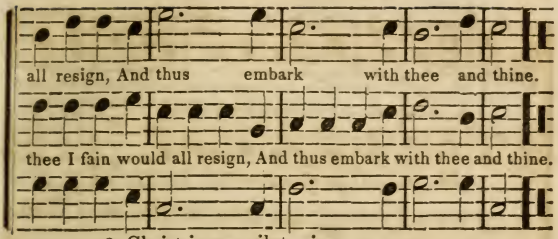
5 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Nor think his reign is long;
Though saints are feeble, frail and poor,
Their coming King is strong.

6 A thousand years shall roll around,
The church shall be complete:
Call'd by the last trumpet's last sound,
Their Saviour's face to meet.

7 With joy they meet him in the sky,
Whom here their souls ador'd;
And in a world where none shall die,
Live ever with their Lord.

Lenox. H. M.


1 Je - sus, at thy command, I launch in - to the
deep; And leave my na-tive land, Where sin lulls all a - -
sleep; For thee I fain would
sleep; For thee I fain would all resign, For
sleep; For thee, &c.



2 Christ is my pilot wise,
My compass is his word;
My soul each storm defies,
Whilst I have such a Lord;
I trust his faithfulness and pow'r,
To save me in the trying hour.

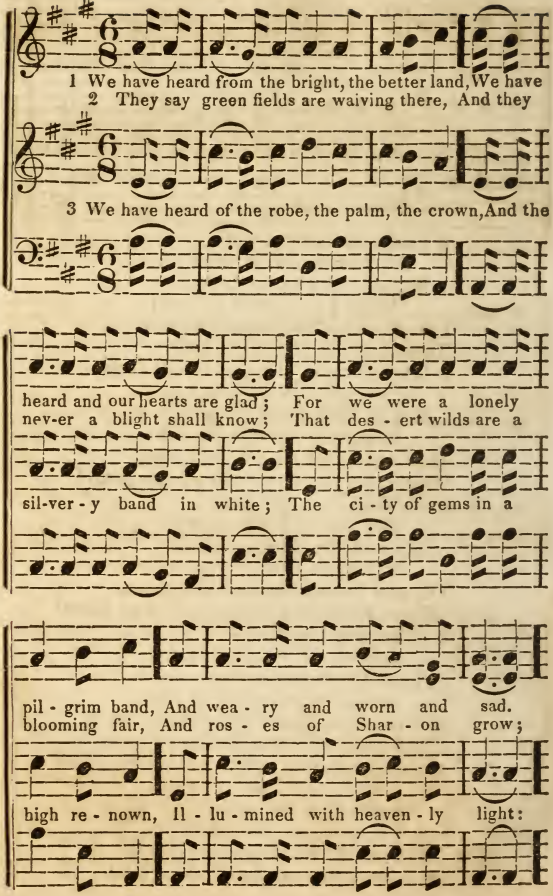
3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie;
Yet he shall safely keep
And guide me with his eye;
How can I sink with such a prop,
That bears the world and all things up!

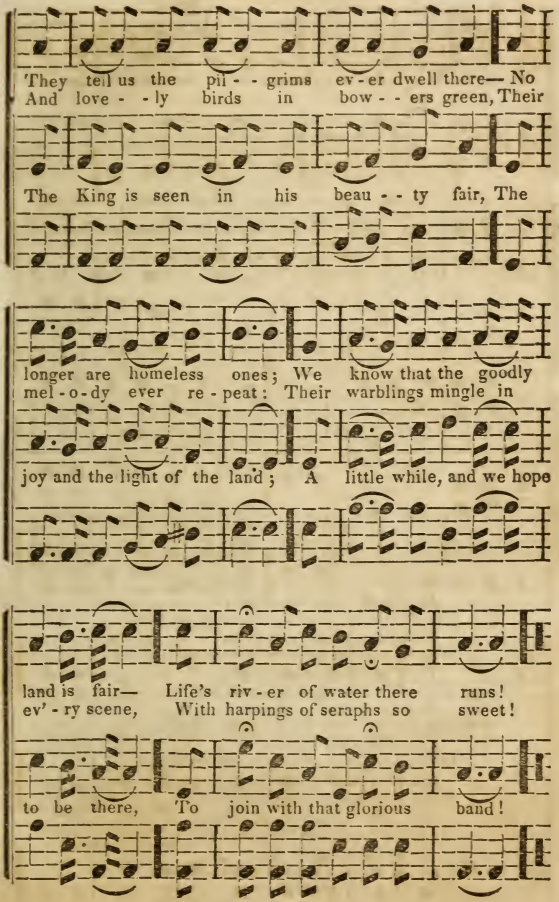
4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy wings expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast!
Oh may I reach the heav'nly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more!

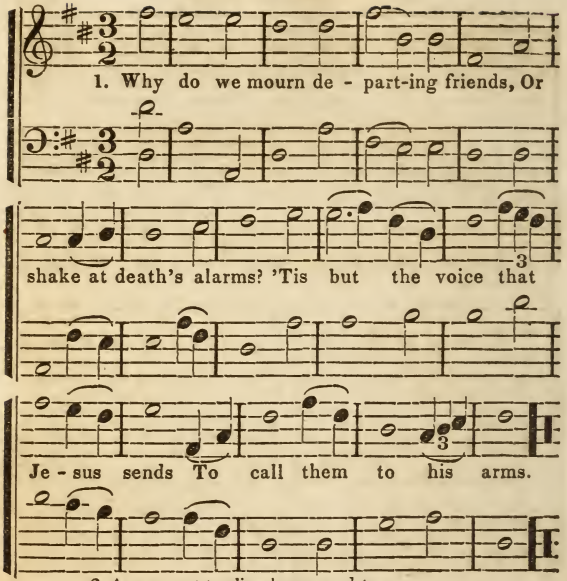
5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And all my storms subside;
Then to my succor fly,
And keep me near thy side;
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, heavenly wind, and blow
A prosp'rous gale of grace;
To waft from all below,
On to my destin'd place:
Then in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

We have heard. P. M.




They tell us the pil - - grims ev - er dwell there— No
And love - - ly birds in bow - - ers green, Their
The King is seen in his beau - - ty fair, The
longer are homeless ones; We know that the goodly
mel - o - dy ever re - peat: Their warblings mingle in
joy and the light of the land; A little while, and we hope
land is fair— Life's riv - er of water there runs!
ev' - ry scene, With harpings of seraphs so sweet!
to be there, To join with that glorious band!



2 Are we not tending homeward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head.

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground·
Ye saints ascend the skies.

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